

THIRTY CENTS

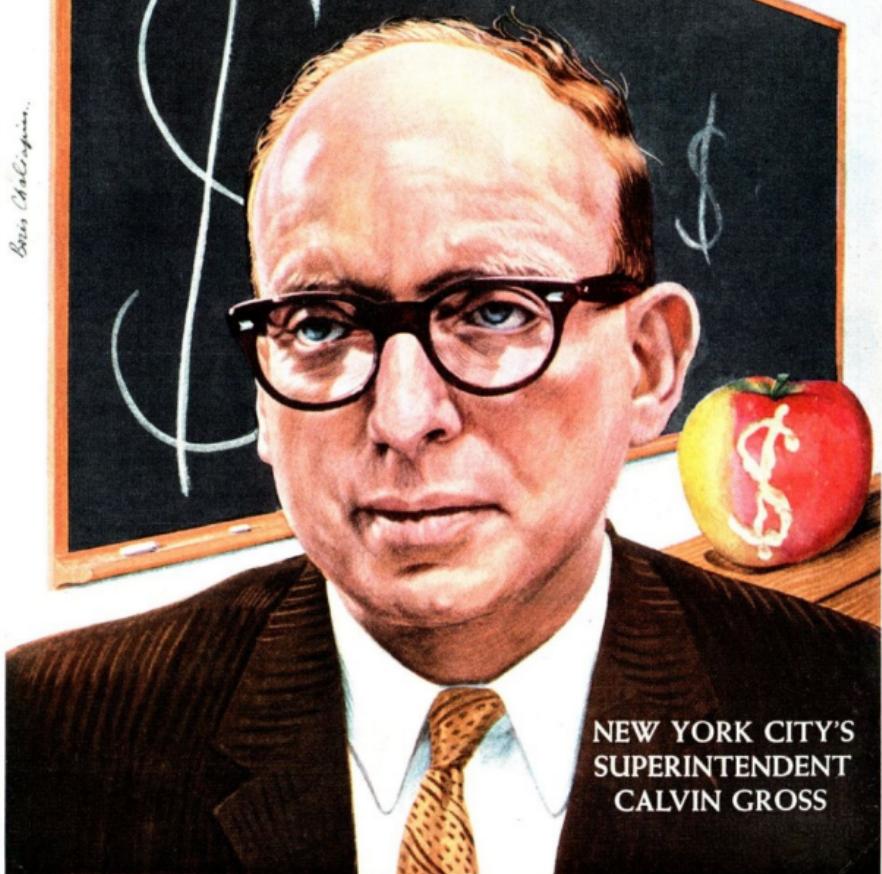
NOVEMBER 15, 1963

THE MAN WITH 1,000,000 CHILDREN

TIME

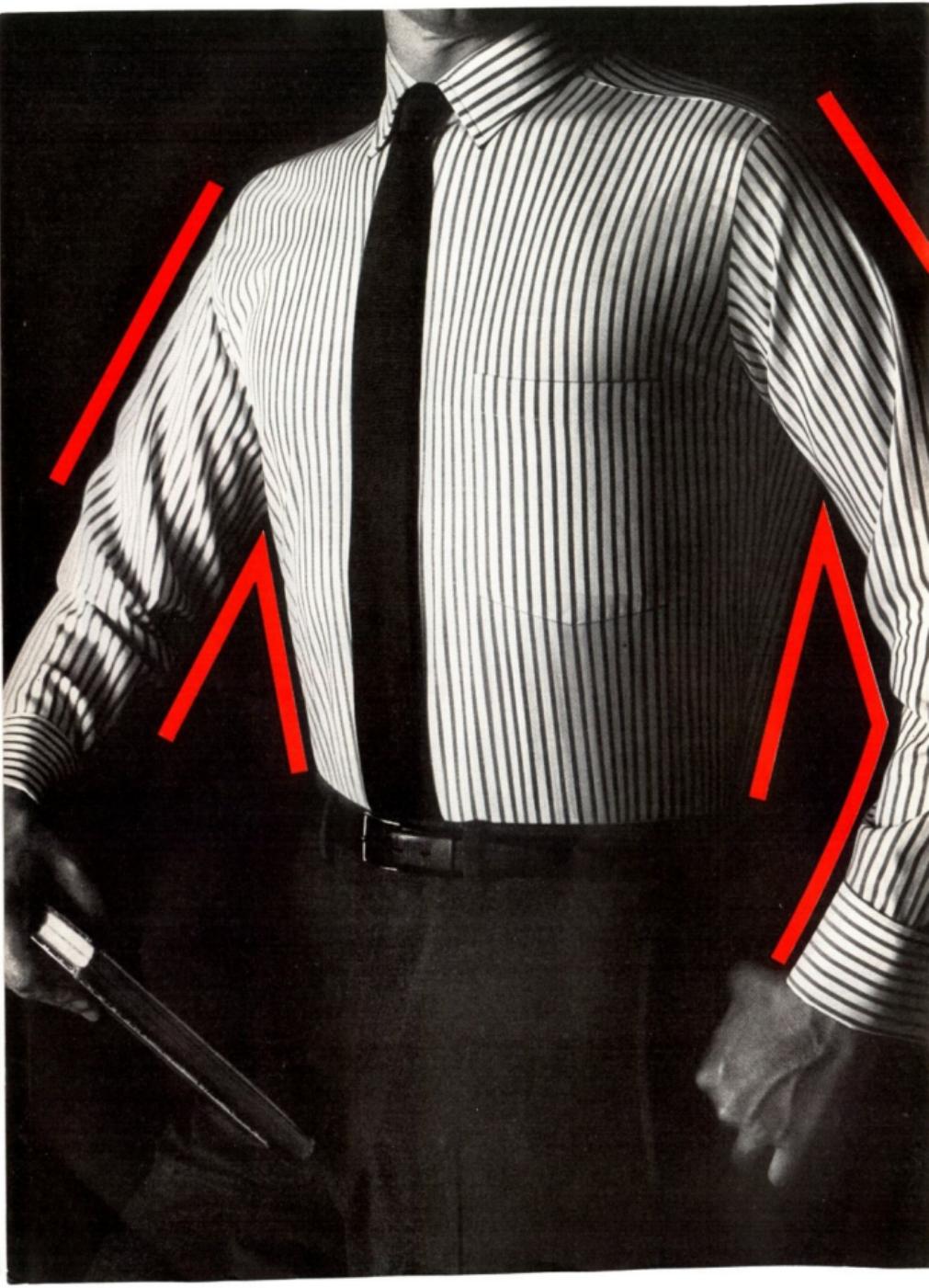
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Ernest Chancery.



NEW YORK CITY'S
SUPERINTENDENT
CALVIN GROSS

VOL. 82 NO. 20
(1963 U.S. PAT. OFF.)



HOW TO LOOK SLIMMER WITHOUT LOSING AN OUNCE:

Hathaway introduces the Trim shirt— slim in the arms, and a flattering 3 inches trimmer around the middle



HATHAWAY cutters are all fierce perfectionists. But even perfectionists disagree.

Our older cutters stand foursquare behind shirts that are generously cut, particularly around the middle.

Our younger cutters say no. The slim tailoring that gentlemen favor these days calls for a shirt to match. The slimmer the cut of his shirt, the taller and leaner a man looks.

To settle the argument once and for all, Hathaway now makes two distinctly different kinds of shirts: 1) the good old generously cut variety and 2) the *Trim* shirt—with noticeably narrower sleeves and a tapered body, fully three inches trimmer than regular shirts.

You will never catch a *Trim* shirt wrinkling up under your coat. Or billowing over your belt. And notice how snugly the sleeves fit under the arms. No bat-wing effect.

Dauntless buttons and discreet seams

Hathaway tailors the new *Trim* shirt with their usual cunning and care and

passionate attention to detail.

Each collar is turned *by hand*. This is the only way to get a soft, comfortable, *natural-looking* contour instead of the stamped-out look that a mass-produced shirt has.

The seams are all sewn in a *single* row, with stitches so tiny (22 to the inch) that you can barely see them at two paces.

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!"

"White shirts look like a uniform in the morning—and like murder by midafternoon," says Hathaway's chairman, Ellerton M. Jetté. "And furthermore, they are a pitiful abdication of individuality."

Many men take the same view. A few emphatically do not.

If you're a white-shirt addict, we still suggest that you inspect some of Hathaway's new stripes and checks and solid shades. They give you a much better chance to express yourself—yet they are well within the safety zone of good taste.

The buttons are big and easy to handle—and noted for their longevity. No peeling or turning yellow.

Also, they stay anchored to your shirt, because they have *three* holes—which actually make a more secure catch than you ever get from the customary four holes. (Euclid could tell you why.)

Stripes stolen from an Oxford don

Take another look at those uninhibited stripes on the opposite page.

Hathaway's overseas fashion scout spotted their prototype in England last spring. And on a proper Oxford don, at that.

Deciding that American men have seen enough of tepid, timorous stripes, our scout immediately sent word to Hathaway's weavers—and here you see the result.

Just the ticket for adding dash to your somber Fall suits.

To get a free, 16-page dictionary of shirts and shirtings (along with a list of store names), write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXFORD 7-5566 in New York.

Hathaway's new Trim shirts come in everything from \$6.95 Oxford cloth to \$18.95 Sea Island cotton. Shown here: a fine broadcloth in stripes of true blue, crimson, or jet black. With a fashionably high collar and French cuffs. \$8.95



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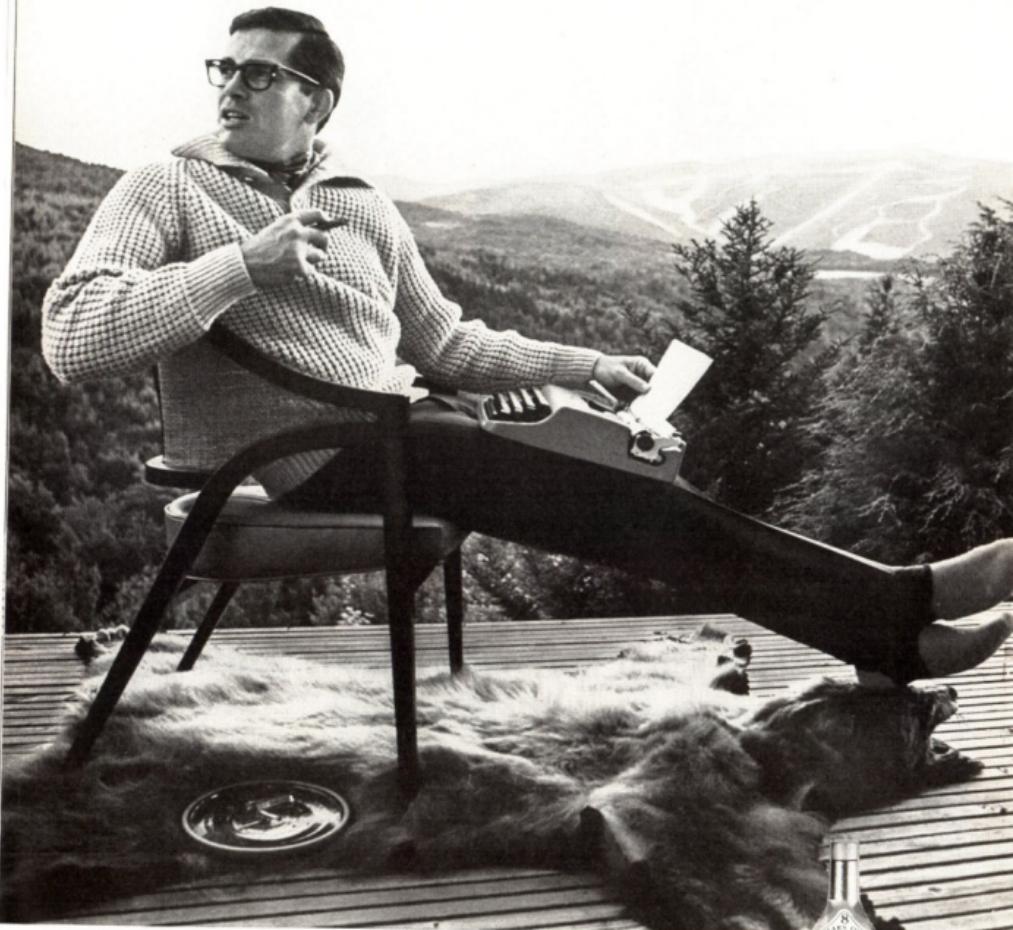
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TIME, NOVEMBER 15, 1963

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Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? And we'll have a private little Christmas celebration. Umm. Of course it's good. Grant's is eight years old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, my love.

The choice and cherished eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Grant's Eight is imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York.

1963 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.



INTRODUCING THE DEPENDABLES FOR '64



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So's our chief engineer

If you think our chief engineer would let us build a small car, you should know him better. He's over 6 feet tall and weighs 190 pounds. He's not what you'd call small. Neither is our compact.

Outside, it's bigger for a better ride and a better appearance. Inside? There's room to fit an entire family. On chair-high seats. With lots of headroom and legroom, without short-changing the people in back. The trunk? Just what you'd expect: big! Bigger, in

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 13

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} In detective-story style, a report on how a rumor grew to the point where it affected high-level decisions.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Soprano Eileen Farrell, Actor Louis Jourdan and Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan.

Thursday, November 14

THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Brandon de Wilde is the patient on whom a doctor wants to try a risky new drug.

Friday, November 15

THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob Hope, Kathryn Grant (Mrs. Bing Crosby) and Jill St. John in a slice-of-life about a middle-class couple who buy a house next to a notorious gangster. Color.

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guest stars include Rhonda Fleming, Martha Hyer, Nancy Sinatra and Dana Wynter.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Charlton Heston stars as Thomas Jefferson in a dramatization of Sidney Kingsley's play *The Patriots*, dealing with the struggle between Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Color.

Saturday, November 16

EXPLORING (NBC, 1-2 p.m.). The story of Montezuma, ruler of the Aztecs. Eli Wallach narrates. Color.

Sunday, November 17

DISCOVERY '63 (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Bill Baird's Puppets dance to Saint-Saëns' *Carnival of the Animals*, with poetry by Ogden Nash.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Former President Eisenhower is interviewed from his Gettysburg farm.

NBC NEWS ENCORE (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). A repeat of David Brinkley's 1961 tour of Hong Kong. Color.

SUNDAY SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5:30 p.m.). The Harlem Globetrotters play British stage and screen celebrities in London.

THE TRAVELS OF JAIME MCPHEETERS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Charles Bronson joins the wagon train for the remainder of the journey.

THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Zina Bethune discards her nurse's uniform to try singing and dancing with Vic Damone.

Monday, November 18

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison in *The Reluctant Debutante*. Color.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The life and career of "The Unsinkable Bette Davis."

BREAKING POINT (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Shelley Berman plays a salesman accused of attempted assault.

Tuesday, November 19

COMBAT (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Denise Darcel shields a wounded American soldier.

* All times E.S.T.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Joan Sutherland, Patti Page, Martyn Green, Maria Tallchief. Color.

CINEMA

KNIFE IN THE WATER. In this sophisticated thriller from Poland, Director Roman Polanski puts two men and one woman aboard a small sloop, where he can explore human relations at his leisure—and with a surgeon's skill.

TOM JONES. A peerless comic novel of two centuries ago has been pinched, patted, fondled and smacked into sidesplittingly funny life by Director Tony Richardson. As the hero, Albert Finney makes Olde England jolly indeed, and Hugh Griffith richly earns bed and bawd in a rakeshell portrayal of Squire Western.

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS. In this sensitive first film, Director Ermanno Olmi places one gentle Italian lad inside a large business building and poignantly documents his long, hard climb to clerical nonentity behind a desk of his very own.

MARY, MARY. Jean Kerr's crackling comedy about an all-but-divorced couple (Debbie Reynolds and Barry Nelson) proves, if it proves anything, that incompatibility can be funny as hell.

THE MUSIC ROOM. India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apar* trilogy) examines the affectingly human decline and fall of a proud, fat, foolish old Bengali aristocrat.

MY LIFE TO LIVE. A young wife turned prostitute seeks her salvation in the pursuit of pleasure, a raucous theme developed with unblushing artistry by French Director Jean-Luc Godard, maker of *Breathless*.

THE LEOPARD. Burt Lancaster gives the finest performance of his career in Luchino Visconti's noble, ironic and richly mournful lament for the death of feudalism in Sicily.

THE HOUSEHOLDER. Sweetly humorous are the clashes between Prem and Indu, a pair of young marrieds getting used to each other in spite of themselves in modern Delhi.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ, adapted faithfully but rather ponderously from the short story by Carson McCullers, finds Playwright Edward Albee in middling-to-poor form. However, Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio and a remarkable actor-dwarf, Michael Dunn, give the evening scattered moments of phantasmagorical vitality.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, by Neil Simon, puts a pair of newlyweds (Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford) in a fifth-floor Manhattan walk-up, and lights a crackling bonfire of laughs around them.

JENNIE is a grandiose musical dud, dropped on Laurette Taylor's early life and hard times. Amid the gloom, Mary Martin shines like the inextinguishable star that she is.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE, one-actors by Peter Shaffer, argue that *The Private Ear* attuned to music can be hard of hearing when it comes to women, and that a thoughtful, whimsical sharing of *Public Eye*s can lead to love.

THE REHEARSAL. Anouilh's ironically gay comedy is edged in black—for the draw-



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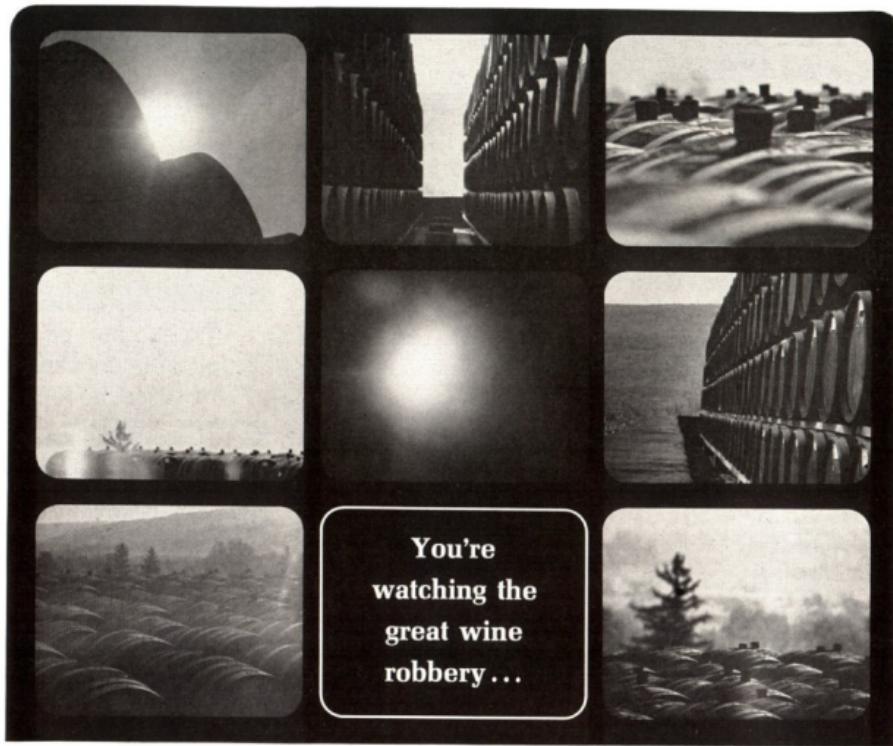
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The culprit is the sun.

The sun draws the wine right out through the white-oak barrel staves. We could shade the barrels from the sun, but then we wouldn't get our famous sherry taste.

For, as the vital sun bathes the 10,000 bar-

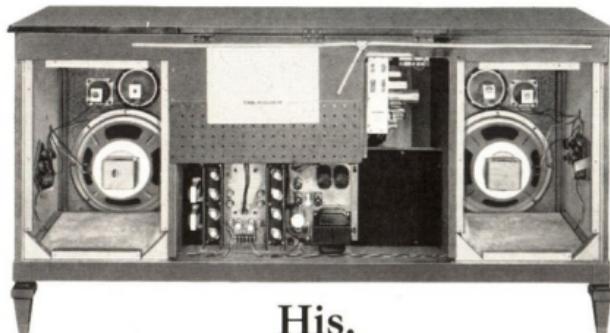
rels on our roofs, bakes the wine inside, and takes its toll, the sherry that remains grows better and better. The evaporation loss over the years is little enough to pay for a sherry taste as great as this.

The next time you feel the sun warming your cheek, imagine the heady smell of sherry wine over our rooftops. Or when you see the sun coloring the horizon of evenings, think of the wonderful robbery it has just committed. Then get a bottle of one of our sherries and taste what the sun has spent years making.

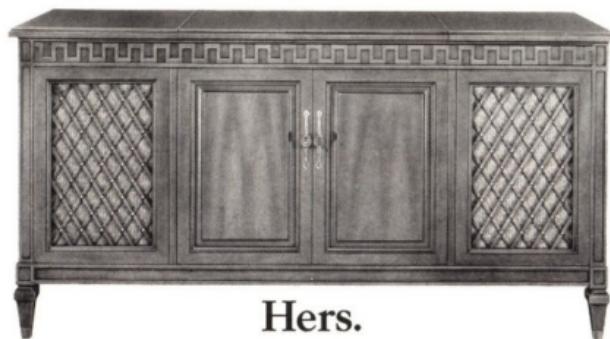


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A Fisher stereophonic instrument is simply a beautifully-crafted piece of furniture with these famous Fisher component designs built into it. It is this expert combination of professional-quality

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The Ambassador VI console illustrated utilizes an extremely powerful, 75-watt transistorized stereo power amplifier, a master audio control center, a Garrard 4-speed automatic turntable with Pickering stereo cartridge and diamond stylus, a highly sensitive AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner and two highly-specialized 3-way speaker systems. The cabinet is crafted of superb hand-rubbed woods of rare beauty and richness.

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ing-room murder of a jaded count's true love for an innocent governess.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, unleashes thundering theater and shaky theology around the man who brought about the Reformation. In the title role, Albert Finney is a sight to behold.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, fights the class war between the Establishment and the proles in a peacetime R.A.F. training camp. The play takes the blight off its agit-prop wash with its humane and rollicking good humor.

Off Broadway

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK smiles through the tears in this musical adaptation of one of 19th century Dramatist Dion Boucicault's marshmellodramas about a mortgage-foreclosing cad of a banker. In a properly silly mood, a playgoer can bear with the ancient corn and relish the singing and miming of a stylishly spoopy cast.

CORRUPTION IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, by Ugo Betti, descends into the degraded minds and souls of men, and in that hell finds a startling hope of heaven.

THE ESTABLISHMENT. A fresh band of tart and antic young Britons are sinking satirical switchblades into Richard Nixon, Conrad Hilton, the former Lord Home and other biggish names and issns. Roddy Maude-Roxby is maniacally funny, and fetching Carole Simpson sings songs of 20th century woe with almost Brechtian detachment.

RECORDS

THE MUSIC OF ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, VOL. II (Columbia). Conductor Robert Craft, long-established as a specialist in the modern repertoire, remains a masterful interpreter of Schoenberg's music. The CBC Symphony is cool and clear in performances of *Pelleas und Melisande*, *Prelude to the Genesis Suite*, *Three Little Orchestra Pieces*, *Variations for Orchestra* and *Verklärte Nacht*—which Schoenberg wrote as a string sextet in 1899 and revised (for string orchestra) 44 years later.

RÉGINE CRESPIN (Angel). Soprano Crespin has the distinction of being both the finest operatic voice of France and one of opera's leading Wagnerians. Here she sings arias from *Tannhäuser* together with Verdi's *Otello* and *H. Trovatore*, Rossini's *William Tell* and Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, and seems equally at home in all four styles and all three languages.

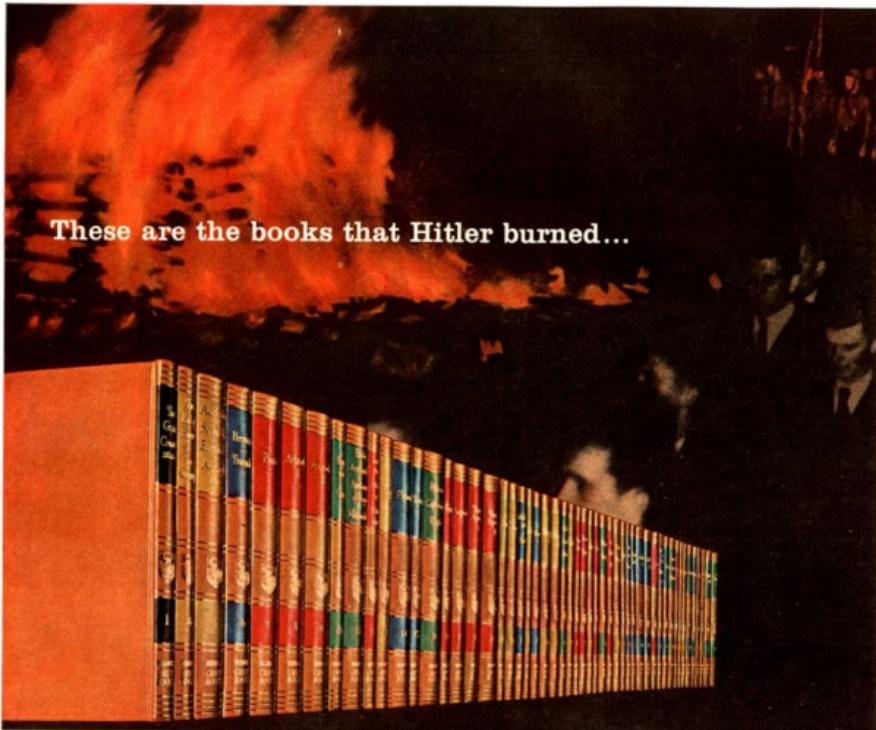
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES: MÉLODIES DE FRANCE (Angel). Soprano De los Angeles has a voice as well-suited to dulcet song cycles from France as to the Spanish repertory she often sings. Here, with little help from the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Georges Prêtre, she sings Ravel, Duparc and Debussy with ease and grace.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 6 ("THE PASTORAL") (RCA Victor). A sumptuous offering by Cliff Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, encased in a fat album full of prints of famous landscape paintings and snatches from famous poems—all in celebration of nature.

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PLANET OF APES, by Pierre Boulle. By keeping the pace fast and sideshows en-



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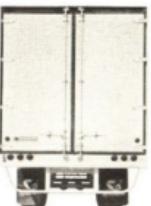
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tertaining. Author Boulle gets a whole novel out of a one-line joke—what life would be like if monkeys, not men, won the anthropological race.

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS, by Jean Genet. Playwright Genet's first novel is a scatological search for his own soul, carried out by shadowy, bisexual characters who turn out to be various elements of his psyche.

JOHN KEATS, by Walter Jackson Bate, and **JOHN KEATS**, by Aileen Ward. Bate pays extensive attention to the poetry; Miss Ward is more absorbed with the poet's life, but both biographies are first-rate.

TELEPHONE POLES, by John Updike. Poems of grace, brevity, wit and wisdom by a man who was a light-versifier before he was a novelist.

THE HACK, by Wilfrid Sheed. A kind of *Miss Lonelyhearts* in reverse, the hero is a successful writer of sentimental pap for Catholic publications, who realizes, with horror, that he is losing his sincerity and developing writer's cramp in the smug swamps of suburbia.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited by Andrew Turnbull. "Read this letter twice!" Fitzgerald once wrote to his daughter in the course of advising her about love, money and manners. Most of these letters to her and to his friends are worth at least one reading.

BEYOND THE MELTING POT, by Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan. The authors' conclusion is that the pot does not melt. Their blunt approach to the thicketts of sociology makes excellent reading, though not everyone will agree with their tendency to pigeonhole particular national characteristics.

THE McLANDRESS DIMENSION, by Mark Epernay. A slyly satiric formula for estimating the character of statesmen and public personages by calculating their ability to concentrate on something other than themselves and ironic assaults on the dignity of bureaucracy. The pseudonymous author is ex-ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith.

Best Sellers FICTION

1. *The Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (2)
3. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (3)
4. *Caravans*, Michener (4)
5. *The Three Sirens*, Wallace (7)
6. *The Living Reed*, Buck (10)
7. *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*, Godden (5)
8. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (9)
9. *The Collector*, Fowles (8)
10. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (6)

NONFICTION

1. J.F.K.: *The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (2)
2. *The American Way of Death*, Mitford (1)
3. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (4)
4. *Rascal*, North (3)
5. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (5)
6. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (6)
7. *The Education of American Teachers*, Conant (9)
8. *A Kind of Magic*, Ferber (8)
9. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis (7)
10. *The Wine Is Bitter*, M. Eisenhower (10)

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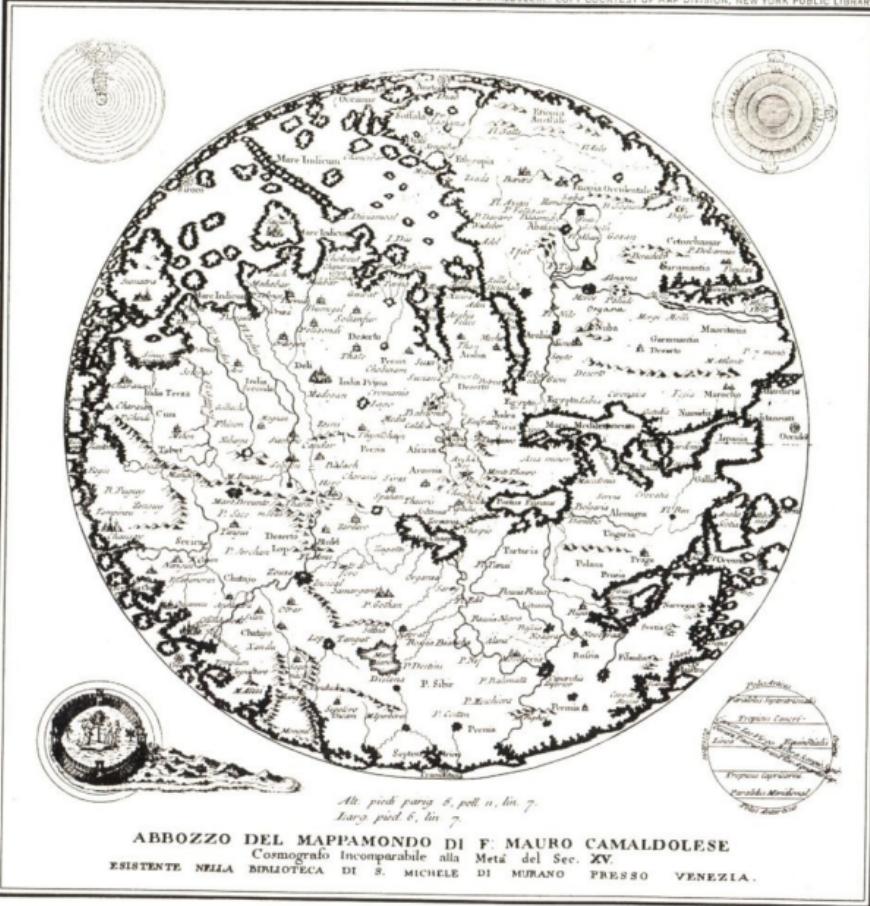
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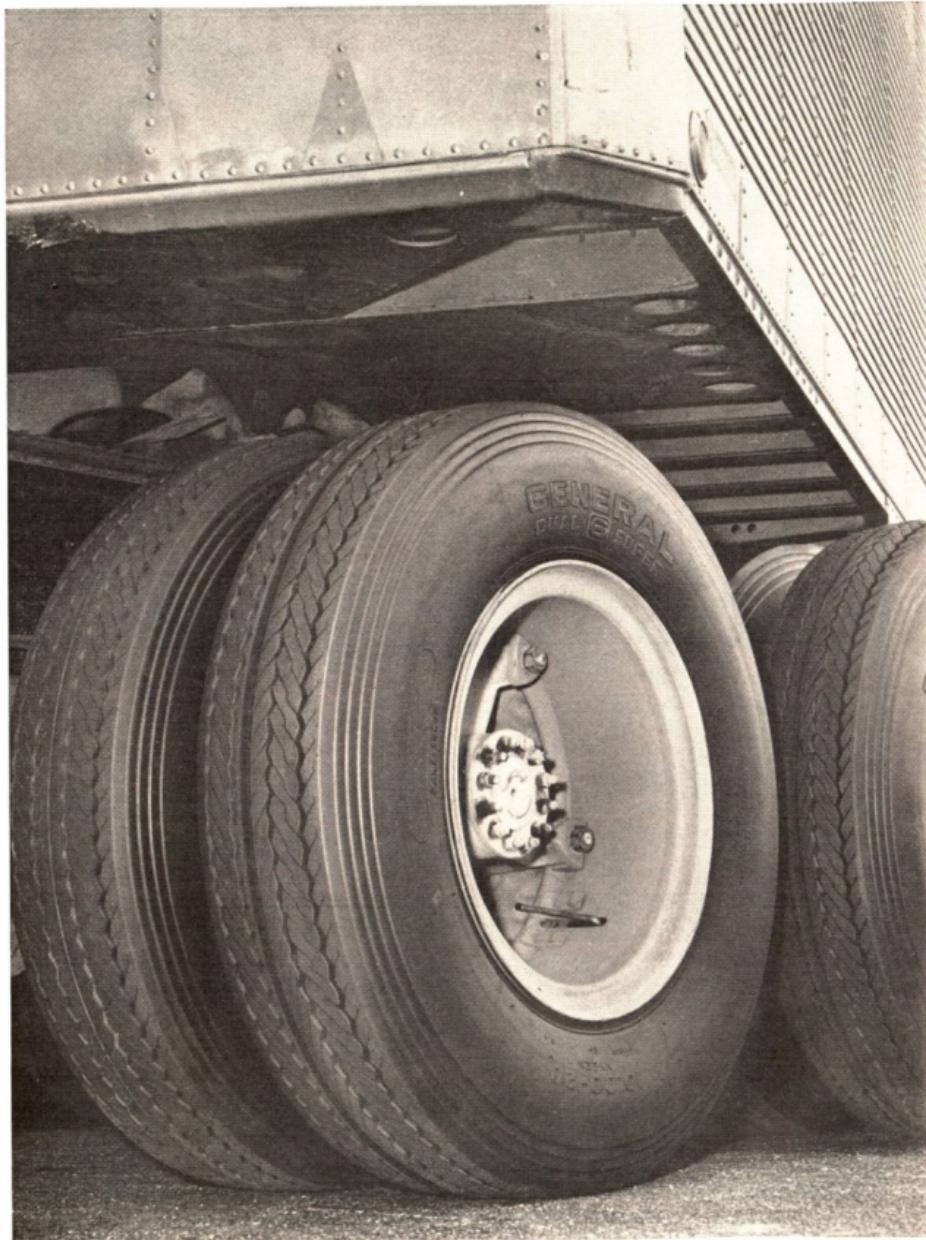
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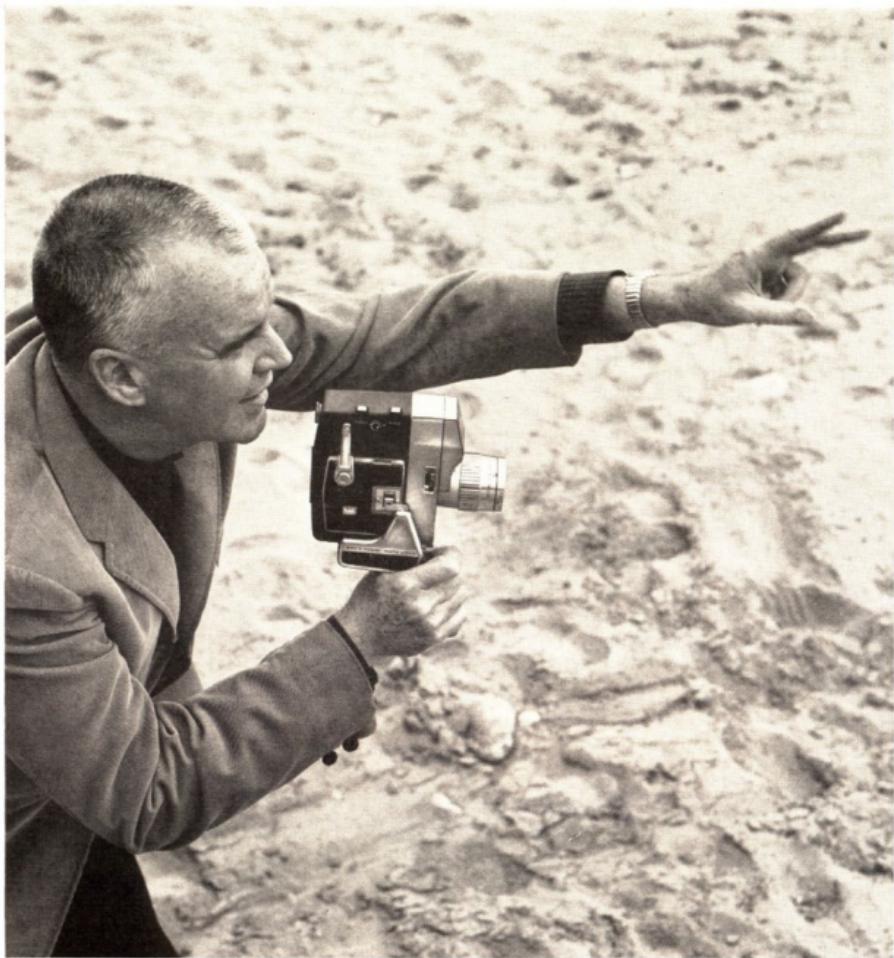
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How your community, too, might have escaped the effects of the October drought

Large areas of the nation have this year experienced one of the driest autumns in history. By the end of October, New York City's reservoirs were at 30% capacity. Depth gauges in Pennsylvania's Susquehanna River registered zero and the Delaware at Washington's Crossing, near Trenton, was nearly dry. Forests and parks were closed due to woodland fires in at least 21 states.

In Virginia, approximately three-quarters of the state's counties qualified for feed grain assistance, while 35 counties in neighboring North Carolina were declared crop disaster areas. A large eastern food processor, requiring volumes of water, cut from three shifts to one. In some areas, towns had to truck in drinking water.

As she meandered off southern coasts, Ginny possibly became the first hurricane that residents of the area hoped would strike over land. Her millions of gallons of run-off might have offset the devastation she could have brought.

Plenty in the midst of drought

Man has still to find a way of preventing drought. Yet, in the midst of some of the worst-hit areas,

cities and towns proved that drought effects can be minimized by water management programs.

Dallas, Texas, historically drought ridden, had an untapped lake in reserve, as reservoirs in its master water plan provided all the water the city needed through the dry season.

Officials of Springfield, Ohio, estimated that without the water program started in 1954, there would have been a six-million-gallon daily deficit this fall. Instead there was abundance.

At Culpeper, Va., a multipurpose dam constructed as part of a small watershed development was down only 3½ feet. Water was plentiful when nearby water tables had fallen 20 feet.

The widespread drought of 1963 dramatizes one aspect of our nation's water problem. Although two thirds of the country was affected, the problem of water management can best be solved locally. And, as our population grows and per capita water consumption rises, water conservation desperately needs attention.

Water management is most appreciated when it's most needed. But it pays generous returns every day of every year.

The water management problem has been solved in many communities . . . by informed, concerned individuals. If you would like to know more about our nation's water problem, what needs to be done, and how you can help—write now for "Water Crisis, U. S. A." Write to Department T-33, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill.

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Death in Saigon

Sir: As an American serving our country "in the hour of its greatest need," I am shocked and ashamed of our part in Viet Nam [Nov. 8].

I wonder if Kennedy will turn the French against De Gaulle, the Koreans against General Park and the Egyptians against Nasser if they refuse to bow to our way of thinking.

(SP5) RONALD B. RUISINGER
Fitzsimons General Hospital
Denver

Sir: I am rejoicing about the overthrow of the Diem regime, as many are. However, as wrong as the Nhus might have been, they believed in their cause.

I extend my deepest sympathy to Mme. Nhu on the death of her husband and brother-in-law.

W. G. SEVRENS

Woburn, Mass.

Sir: The only possible good that might result from the overthrow of the brothers Nhu is the tendency toward future discouragement of governments ruled by coalitions of brothers. Let us hope so: '64 is drawing near.

ROBERT C. OPPER JR.

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: My deepest sympathy to Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu and her family. I wish to remind those who vilified her late husband and brother-in-law that they were perhaps far less guilty than those who set themselves up as their judges. Put them beside a Khrushchev, a Tito, or even a Chiang Kai-shek, and they were like innocent lambs. May God grant them eternal rest!

GLORIA LIEU

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: A small trickle of Christian Asian blood reaches across the Pacific all the way from Saigon to that oval room in the White House where Kennedy must now ponder the moral truth that he who wills an act is responsible not only for the act itself but also for all the unforeseen sequelae of that act.

Kennedy will never forget what his blunder brought about in South Viet Nam. Neither should we voters.

EMIL D. CRISCIETTO
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

Sir: The slogan used by Premier Diem—"Follow me if I advance! Kill me if I retreat! Revenge me if I die!"—is the literal translation of what Benito Mussolini said some 30 years ago.

But the old Duce's words, "Se avanza

seguitemi. Se indietreggio uccidetemi," showed a much greater Christian spirit because he omitted any reference to vendetta.

FABIO MARCOTULLI, M.D.

Los Angeles

► Some Fascist posters, signed by Mussolini, did in fact add the final phrase, "Se muoio, vendicatemi!"

Mussolini and Diem owe the slogan to its originator, the Royalist La Rochejaquin, who shouted the same enjoinder—in French—to his Catholic followers during the War of the Vendée (1793), a vain counterrevolution against anticlerical republicans revolutionaries.—Ed.

On the Integrated Street Where You Live

Sir: Your statement [Nov. 8] that Negroes "have been shut out of *My Fair Lady*" is stupidly misleading. Pointing out that there are no Negroes in *My Fair Lady* is tantamount to complaining that there are no Hungarians in *The Mikado*.

In fact, you do not know. George Bernard Shaw wrote *Pygmalion*, from which *Fair Lady* was derived, in 1911, and in the Wimpole Street-Ascot Park-Covent Garden London of that time one would hardly expect to find Negroes among the costermongers, buskers and toffs, and certainly not as a Henry Higgins-type phonetician.

CARL COMBS

Los Angeles

La Cucaracha

Sir: I have just returned from Vallarta [Nov. 1]. It is a filthy, dirty little Mexican town. Its hotels are higher-priced than Acapulco's and the food worse. It has no beach worth a damn. Gringo Gulch is a dirty alleyway. Its inhabitants are the kind that are always running away from life. There is one decent hotel there. For half the price, you can stay on the Bay of Lobsters in Acapulco and get three good meals a day. No one who has been to Acapulco would consider Puerto Vallarta for a vacation.

LEE ROBERTS

Palm Springs, Calif.

Erhard's Germany

Sir: Your report on the new *Bundeskanzler* [Nov. 1] stresses German concern over a possible U.S. sellout of Germany to the Soviet Union. It seems appropriate to point out that in the past it was mostly Germany or Prussia that sold out its

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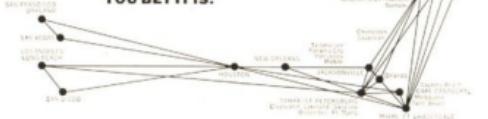
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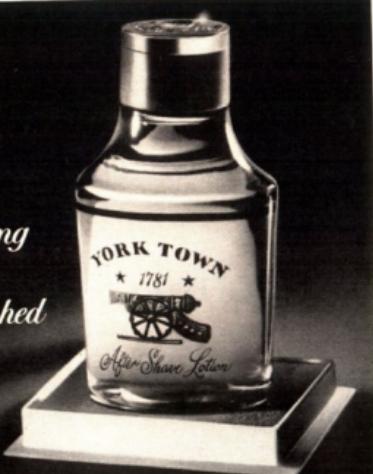
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Western allies to Russia: Frederick II, General Yorck von Wartenburg, Bismarck, Rappallo and, *cum grano salis*, Hitler-Stalin.

MARTIN W. WILMOT, PH.D.
New York City

Sir: Judging by the physiognomy of West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, one might feel that Mr. Annigoni should have been more humane, and let "the Fat One" read and smoke. Nevertheless, the picture has its merits, as does the artist.

SETH A. SCHWEITZER

Boston

Sir: In your otherwise excellent article on Germany, you describe a mythical young executive floating around in the restaurant-lounge of the "revolving" television tower at Stuttgart and giving only occasional thought to *die Flucht*. Obviously this is a case of *Wohlstandsalkoholismus* on his part, or a flight of fancy on yours, since that pie-in-the-sky eatery is as adamantly immobile as De Gaulle's views on NATO.

JAMES V. McCONNELL
Professor of Psychology

The Worm Runner's Digest
Ann Arbor, Mich.

► TIME erred.—Ed.

Where's the Party?

Sir: Thank you for indicating that the alleged sex scandal at Harvard [Nov. 8] involves nothing more than an accentuated version of the annual moral debate between administration and students.

You can imagine the effect that nationwide coverage of the issue has had at the college. So many undergraduates, feeling neglected, are searching out possible wild parties that they have heretofore neither heard of nor seen.

FREDERIC J. ARTWICK

Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: The behavior of Harvard students with Radcliffe (ugh!) girls (or any other girls, for that matter) is no one's business but their own. One should be free to partake of either intellectual pursuit or sexual intercourse, as one will, during free hours.

Here at M.I.T. Harvard's hours seem unduly restrictive. We're allowed women guests in our rooms for a total of 55 hours a week. Any attempt by the administration to investigate the activities of these hours, much less reduce the hours, would be a flagrant violation of student freedom.

The loss of virginity among college women is caused, not by seductive persuasion in some Harvard boudoir, but by the pressures of college and society. Their promiscuity is their business, not Harvard's, and certainly not TIME's.

LEONARD LEVIN

M.I.T.
Cambridge, Mass.

Vissi d'Arte

Sir: Your article about Felsenstein [Oct. 18], the operatic director in East Berlin, seemed to depict him as a dauntless and admirably dynamic personality.

But perhaps, for just a moment, you might consider how you would feel if you were the employee of a man like Felsenstein in the Communistic East.

How would you feel if such an employer threatened to end your career if you insisted on the terms of your contract? How would you feel if you were humiliated every day by having to read the newspapers to see what role you might sing



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next? How would you feel if your family were not permitted to attend your rehearsals, your friends insulted and forbidden to enter your dressing room after your performances, if you were threatened with physical abuse onstage? How would you feel if you were bullied and threatened in the name of art? Would you care about art?

JOAN WALL
Mezzo-Soprano

Deutsche Oper Berlin
Berlin-Charlottenburg

Hats on to Motherhood

Sir: You state [Nov. 1] that there are ten or eleven children in the average Bolivian family. Could it be the bowlers?

About 80 years ago, the story goes, a salesman took bowler hats to La Paz but could not sell them. Playfully, he placed one on the head of an Indian woman and told her that if she wore it she would have many children. Agreeable, she soon gave birth to twins. That did it. Today every Indian woman in Bolivia wears a bowler or derby hat.

JAMES B. STEWART
American Ambassador, Retired
Denver

Fruitful Training

Sir: "Conning the Professor" [Nov. 1] is the amusing, and terrifying, end result of the philosophy of life known as apple polishing. Students are in for more when they leave college.

The modern corporation psychologist tells employees that the most important thing they have to do is get along with their fellow employees and bosses.

Carrying out this philosophy results in a relationship of sham, hypocrisy, even outright lying, with never a possibility for true friendship, honesty or rugged individualism. Beware the man who speaks what he thinks!

(MRS.) JEANNE HYDE LISLE
Waterford, Conn.

Sir: Jonathan Swift perhaps anticipated by 200 years TIME's exposure [Nov. 1] of classroom con men (and women) when he wrote in *Cadenus and Vanessa*,

*Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.*

JAMES R. KING
Pullman, Wash.

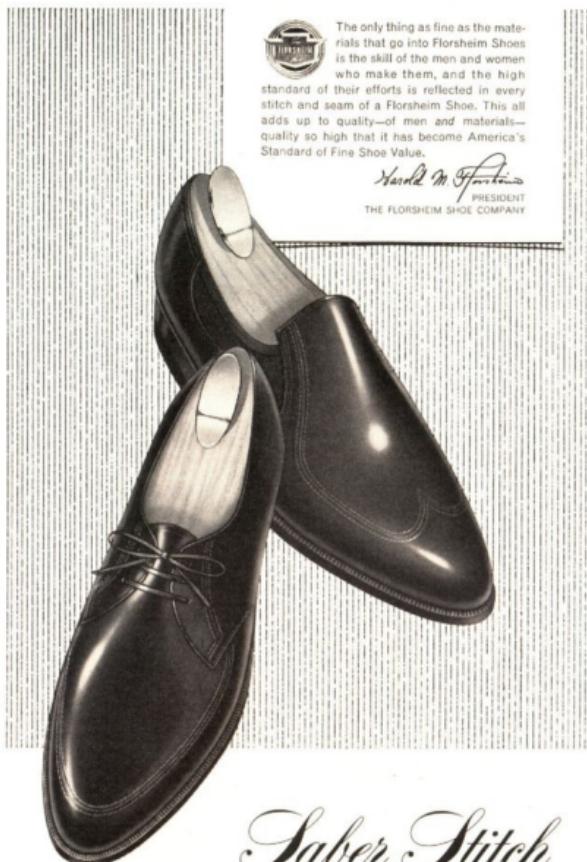
Lady Tackles?

Sir: In answer to Kathleen DeVoto's letter [Nov. 1], asking why can't women play football: they ain't built right, thank God! And if they did play, I can just see all of those penalties for illegal use of hands and offensive and defensive holding.

PHILIP QUALL
Everett, Wash.

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TIME TRAVELERS BEING GREETED BY KHRUSHCHEV IN THE KREMLIN*

in the Kremlin, shook hands with each, and after much picture taking, cracked: "You think the Communists are in control here, but you see the photographers are in control." He did not wait long to tell the party that "capitalism is a dirty word" in Russia, but he spoke with a smiling, bantering kind of informality.

At the end of that three-hour session, which ranged over a vast area of issues and propaganda (see *THE WORLD*), Khrushchev was told that we proposed to report fully on the meeting and assumed that he had no objection. That was quite an assumption, considering the usual Soviet practice, but he replied: "That is your right. You are certainly free to use it." A TIME working contingent spent the next seven hours preparing a verbatim transcript, for we had decided that this unique interview should be shared directly with the press of the world. We released the complete text to the entire Western press corps and, to the considerable surprise of old Moscow press hands, there was no effort by the Soviet authorities to edit or expurgate it. It was this text that was the basis of front-page stories around the world.

In two other later encounters with the TIME group Khrushchev maintained the same jocularly tough mood. When the conversation at a reception turned to food, he indicated that he was wor-

ried about a common executive problem. "I weighed myself today," he confided, "and I weighed 96 kilos (212 lbs.). But I used to weigh 97, so things are not so bad." Characteristically, he could not resist a little needling. "We want you to be fat," he said, "because that's unhealthy. We shall become thin, and that's good for us, anyway."

When TIME President Jim Linen asked him when he might let our product circulate freely in Russia, Khrushchev replied in a vein that did not offer us much hope. "Well, it will have to depend on the quality of the product," he said. "The most important thing for a producer is to adapt his product to the taste of the consumer."

From Moscow, the TIME group flew on to Germany, bound also for Belgium and France, for visits with more key news sources as well as a look at such important news sites as the Berlin Wall. There was no doubt that the whole trip would be useful, fascinating and instructive. When the group landed in West Berlin from Moscow, Major General James H. Polk, American Military Commandant, greeted them with: "Welcome to the free world." The travelers burst into heartfelt applause.

* In foreground, from left: Linen, Harper and Elizabeth Noll, secretary in the TIME-LIFE London bureau; at right, Wheeler.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Dance of the Gooney Birds

When the Russians held up an American convoy en route to Berlin last month, a top U.S. State Department officer wrote it off as a misunderstanding by Soviet junior officers. But, he added worriedly, "had it turned out that it was part of a deliberate policy at the top—that they were going to push to its ultimate conclusion—then, of

have meant war. "It is a matter of a soldier being a soldier," he said. "If someone wants to break through, then it is in the natural course of things that force will be met by force."

Head Count. When the topic is Germany, the new, relatively friendly "spirit of Moscow" obviously does not apply. The cold war's thaw can turn into a freeze over trifling matters—in last week's case, a demand that the passengers on Berlin-bound allied convoys

Johnson waiting impatiently in Berlin for the convoy to arrive, Colonel Glover S. Johns Jr. ordered his men to dismount to speed things up. Ever since, the Russians have frequently demanded that troops in large convoys get out of their vehicles to be counted.

Elaborately Wacky. After last month's blockades, the U.S. decided to avoid future "misunderstandings" over the dismounting business by putting all the rules on paper. And the rules, as one



U.S. CONVOY PULLING INTO BERLIN

Behind the ritualistic williwaws lay a dangerously unresolved argument.

course, we would have a hell of a crisis on our hands."

Last week it became perfectly plain that the Soviet autobahn harassment was no mere junior officer's misunderstanding. The results, if not a hell of a crisis, were at least a touchy 41 hours and an argument that remains dangerously unresolved. As a Berlin-bound U.S. convoy rumbled into East Germany at 9 one morning, Russian officers at the Marienborn checkpoint refused to let it pass and threw up a blockade of armored personnel carriers and tractor-trailers. It was the fourth such incident in a month along the 110-mile autobahn, and, as Premier Khrushchev told a group of 21 U.S. executives visiting Moscow (see THE WORLD), it could

dismount from their vehicles to be counted by Russian soldiers.

The U.S. insists that the Russians have no right to control allied movement on the autobahn—except to verify that the troops going in and out of West Berlin are really allies. But over the years, to speed up the verification process, the allies have made minor concessions to the Russians.

Dismounting was one of them, and it was made almost inadvertently in the hurry to get a 1,500-man U.S. battle group to Berlin a week after the Wall went up in August 1961. At the Marienborn checkpoint, the Russians complained that they could not get an accurate count. With brass bands, massed crowds and Vice President Lyndon



LIEUT. LAMB & GENERAL POLK

U.S. official puts it, are as elaborately wacky as "the dance of the gooney birds on Wake Island."* Thirty passengers are considered a small convoy, and everybody stays put; more than 30, and everybody dismounts except drivers and assistant drivers, who are not counted. In no case may the Russians lower the tail gate of trucks or order the passengers to stand up. Reason: a test showed that even a 5-ft. shrimp could count heads by just looking into the back of a U.S. Army truck with its tail gate raised. Some

* A breed of albatross, common to the central Pacific, the gooney bird goes through a stately dance during courtship rites, punctuating his performance with mournful groans and metallic clackings of his beak.

British lorries have higher tail gates, so the British regularly lower them when the Russians insist.

Over such ritualistic williwaws did last week's impasse develop. Overriding British and French objections that it would be a mistake to codify the rules, the U.S. talked its allies into drawing up a memorandum that went to the Russians two weeks ago. For six days the Russians did not even acknowledge the memo. But when the U.S. sent a twelve-vehicle convoy across the East German border, Moscow gave its reply. As the convoy reached Marienborn, Lieut. Colonel Viktor Spiridonov ordered passengers to get out. Since there were only 20 passengers in the convoy (along with 24 drivers and assistant

REUTER



NHU CHILDREN ARRIVING IN ROME

Would they become martyrs and symbols?
drivers), 1st Lieut. John C. Lamb, 25, refused.

At once, word of the blockade was flashed to U.S. headquarters in Berlin. U.S. Commander Major General James H. Polk, immediately fired off a message advising the Russians that "it is the allies who determine under what circumstances they will order troop passengers to dismount." Snapped Spiridonov: "It is the Soviets and not the allied authorities who determine convoy processing procedures."

Around the Curve. Following his contingency instructions, Lieut. Lamb waited until nearly midnight, then started the convoy rolling again. A quarter of a mile down the road, around a curve, a line of Soviet armored vehicles and sedans blocked his way.

As the G.I.s settled down for a long wait, setting up latrine screens off the road and eating hot meals brought in by MPs from nearby Helmstedt, Western statesmen weighed the implications of the blockade. After all, as Khrushchev remarked last week, "A soldier is not a foreign minister. He cannot enter into negotiations and he has to carry out his orders. That is the law for both our soldiers and yours." British

and French officials agreed to stage a show of support for the U.S. by mounting convoys of their own to test the Russians. But the Russians waved the allied convoys past the checkpoints almost contemptuously. This quarrel was with the Yanks.

As the hours passed, Spiridonov urged Lamb to lower the tail gates, to have his men stand up in the trucks, to do anything that would even hint of a breakdown. Lieut. Lamb refused. Finally, 41 hours after it began, the blockade was lifted. "We will clear you on your terms," said a Russian officer.

The Real Point. The Russians claimed victory; actually nobody really won. Though the Russians succeeded in demonstrating that they will not be happy until Khrushchev gets that Berlin bone out of his throat, the allies stood firm in the face of Soviet pressure. But they were also reminded that Moscow can heat up a crisis at any time over Berlin. "Sometimes," explained Dean Rusk at week's end, "these incidents look rather artificial. But that is not really the issue. The point is not whether a particular tail gate is lowered. The point is freedom of access to West Berlin."

"You're in America Now"

Washington was cautiously optimistic—or was it optimistically cautious?—about the military coup in South Viet Nam. Everyone agreed that it was, indeed, a pity that President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu had to get murdered in the process. After the U.S. conferred diplomatic recognition on the generals' government, Dean Rusk said: "We think the new regime will be able to resolve the internal problems and unify the people."

It had better work out that way—for, as the Kennedy Administration knows so well, failure of the U.S.-encouraged generals' junta to hasten the pace of the Vietnamese war might have explosive domestic political implications in 1964. Certain to be heard from for quite a while is Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu—who looks as though she might stay on in the U.S. for as long as possible.

\$100,000 & Sympathy. Last week Mme. Nhu was in mourning in Los Angeles with Daughter Le Thuy, 18. Her three younger children were whisked out of Viet Nam after the coup. At first, Mme. Nhu planned to meet them in Rome, but then she decided to have the children join her in California. Sympathetic messages poured in all week—telegrams from such people as Democratic Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Los Angeles' Mayor Sam Yorty, Publisher William Buckley; a six-minute phone call of condolence from former Vice President and Mrs. Richard Nixon. *Paris Match* magazine offered her \$100,000 for her life story.

Mme. Nhu's warmest admirers turned out to be enthusiasts of the radical right wing, who seemed determined to

set her up as a martyr and symbol—like General Edwin Walker. The day before the coup, Millionaire Patrick Frawley, president of Eversharp, Inc., and staunch supporter of Dr. Fred Schwarzs Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, gave a private luncheon for her to meet some of the state's leading conservatives. After that, members of the super-conservative California Young Republicans offered to pay for her \$90-a-day suite at Los Angeles' Beverly Wilshire Hotel. But Robert Gaston, president of the organization, tested even his own followers by proclaiming: "This little woman could be the end of Kennedy."

The Beliegued Lady. At week's end, Mme. Nhu, repudiating all those stories of a villa on the Riviera and a bank account in Switzerland, told the



"...THE GREAT BUDDHA
HAS ANSWERED OUR PRAYERS..."

press that she was without funds—except for money out of her reach in Viet Nam. She and Le Thuy moved into a four-room suite in the Bel Air mansion of Financier Allen Chase, who has vast investments in the Orient with TV Performer Art Linkletter, and was an occasional visitor at President Diem's palace.

However deep her private grief over the deaths of her husband and brother-in-law was, Mme. Nhu wept in public only once. As she and her daughter left the hotel for Chase's home, they were engulfed in an army of television cameramen and photographers. Police men battered a path through the crowd to her car. Mme. Nhu rushed in and slumped in the back seat, then turned and sobbed helplessly in Le Thuy's arms. A short time later, at the entrance to Chase's four-acre estate, the same squad of camera carriers blocked the driveway, forcing the car to a stop. One TV type poked a microphone through the car window, almost hitting Mme. Nhu in the face. She shrank into a corner of the seat. Cops again shouldered the crowd aside and the car sped through. A cameraman was enraged. He shouted after the beleaguered lady: "You can't treat us like this! You're in America now."

THE SECOND MOST IMPORTANT BROTHERS IN WASHINGTON

As the crisis in Viet Nam unfolded, President Kennedy naturally consulted with Brother Bobby. Later he conferred with Special Assistant McGeorge Bundy, 44, the former Harvard dean who now supervises national security affairs from a White House office. Having heard what Mac had to say, the President asked: "Why don't you find out what your brother thinks?"

The question came naturally—for McGeorge and William Putnam Bundy, 46, have become the New Frontier's No. 2 brother team. Mac is the more widely known. But Bill, a twelve-year veteran of Government service, is regarded as one of Washington's most knowledgeable men on Asia and on the U.S. military assistance program. In September, he accompanied Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Joint Chiefs Chairman Maxwell Taylor on their Viet Nam tour as a top adviser. As the newly named Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, he runs a 360-man shop and is, in effect, the Pentagon's "Secretary of State."

"Which One?" Both Bundys are close to the mainsprings of power. Last fall, while McGeorge was setting up the now-famed "ExComm" to handle the Cuba crisis, Bill was running a command post of his own at the Pentagon to rush arms to India in the wake of the Red Chinese border invasion. During last week's Viet Nam crisis, the two sat side by side at conferences in the White House Cabinet Room. When Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger announced after one meeting, "Bundy was there," reporters shouted, "Which one?" The brothers phone one another frequently—and not to chat about Bill's three kids or Mac's four. Says Bill: "He will start, 'The President wants . . .' and I will answer, 'The Secretary doesn't know about this yet, but . . .'"

Like the Kennedys, the Bundys grew up in a big, lively Boston family that put performance at a premium. Their father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, was an outlander from Grand Rapids who made good as a lawyer in Boston, later served as Henry Stimson's assistant in the Hoover and F.D.R. administrations. Their mother, a niece of longtime Harvard President A. Lawrence Lowell and poetess Amy Lowell, was a leading light of Boston's intellectual and social communities. Around the Bundy dinner table, conversation among the parents and five children was always so spirited that the family motto became DON'T TALK WHILE I'M INTERRUPTING.



BILL

MAC

Hairline Edge. Except in height—Bill is a spidery 6 ft. 4 in., tall, Mac a solidly built 5 ft. 10 in.—the two look remarkably alike, with Wally Cox-type faces and plastic-rimmed glasses. A year apart, both finished first at Groton. Both were Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, and both were tapped for Eli's elite society, Skull and Bones. Both emerged as privates during World War II, emerged as officers. But Mac always seemed to have a hairline edge. "He was more outstanding at Groton," says a friend, "a little more dazzling at Yale."

Bill, a lifelong Democrat, joined the Central Intelligence Agency in 1951, soon locked horns with the late Senator Joe McCarthy over a \$400 contribution he had made to a defense fund for Alger Hiss. "I believed him worthy of a full defense," he says, "and the Hiss family didn't have the means." The fact that Bill was married to the daughter of McCarthy's archfoe, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, did not exactly endear him to the Senator. Neither did the fact that McGeorge Bundy, though a Republican himself, had edited Dean Acheson's state papers, *The Pattern of Responsibility*, and written a forward pointedly rebutting McCarthy's diatribes.

CIA Boss Allen Dulles fended McCarthy off, and Bill Bundy served as his deputy for nearly ten years. In 1961, Kennedy moved him to the Pentagon, and his new office in the outermost "E" ring is just down the hall from where his father used to operate under Stimson.

God on Sunday. Mac joined the Government via a more circuitous route. After the war he helped Stimson write his fine memoirs, *On Active Service in Peace and War*, joined the Harvard faculty in 1949 as a lecturer. Within four years he became the first Yale-educated dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, one of the top jobs in U.S. education.

McGeorge Bundy was only 34 at the time, and the combination of his meteoric rise and his abrasive manner-

isms made him a juicy target. Harvard's humor magazine, the *Lampoon*, found the mark:

McGeorge Bundy,
Born on Monday,
Groton on Tuesday,
Yale on Wednesday,
Army on Thursday,
Harvard on Friday,
Dean on Saturday,
God on Sunday.

As dean, Bundy renewed his acquaintances with Harvard Overseer John F. Kennedy. The two sat together during the 1960 commencement, and not long afterward Bundy publicly endorsed Kennedy for the presidency.

Kennedy made Mac his chief aide on national security. Operating out of the west wing of the White House, he funnels important reports to the President, sees him half a dozen times a day. Partly because he owes no political debt to Kennedy, partly because the two are temperamentally alike in their appreciation of power and their delight in decision making, their relationship is frank and unstrained. Kennedy has no Sherman Adams, but Bundy is one of the handful of men who comprise an informal general staff for the President.

"Big Mac." Both Bundys come in for a good measure of criticism, McGeorge more than Bill. Because of his deep involvement in foreign policy and his closeness to the President, State Department types call McGeorge "the usurper" and "Rover boy." Three years in Washington have mellowed and humbled him somewhat—he was particularly shaken by the Bay of Pigs fiasco, a project he backed wholeheartedly—but some acquaintances still complain of his intellectual arrogance, and one official refers to him as "the coldest fish around." At the Pentagon, Bill is occasionally accused of a lack of imagination and a Brahmin disdain for his colleagues, but that is minority view.

Inevitably, the two are also avidly compared by acquaintances. "Bill is less driven," says one friend. "Mac is tougher and more aggressive and perhaps more incisive," says another. Watching the two Bundys operate during the Viet Nam crisis, newsmen came up with their own evaluation. Inspired by the references to "Big Minh" and "Little Minh" in dispatches from Saigon, they took to referring to the Bundys as "Big Mac" and "Little Mac." By "Big Mac," they meant McGeorge, who though the younger and shorter by half a foot is presently the more powerful of the two. From the looks of things, though, a little fraternal rivalry can be expected from now on.

THE CONGRESS

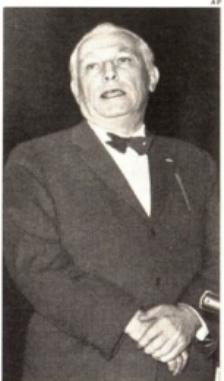
Timetable

The prospects:

Tax Cuts: Passed by the House, but locked in Conservative Democrat Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, and won't even get to the Senate floor before Dec. 20, at which point the Senate plans to adjourn for the Christmas holidays until Jan. 2.

Civil Rights Bill: Locked in House committees until the first week of December. If it gets to the Senate, it faces a filibuster.

The betting: no tax cuts or civil rights bill this year.



DODD

A good old-fashioned exchange of insults.

Skunk at a Lawn Party

Perhaps Connecticut's unpredictable Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd just wanted to liven things up. He rose in the Senate chamber early one evening last week and demanded to know why his colleagues were preparing to recess, when there was only a little past 6 p.m. The Senate has been keeping Wall Street hours of late, he complained.

With that for a starter, Dodd proceeded to unleash a lengthy criticism of both the Democratic and Republican leadership. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, he said, was a kind, gentle, understanding, noble fellow, and all that. But "I worry about his leadership . . . I wish our leader would be more of a leader. We are being frivolous with the people's business." Dodd did not refer to Minority Leader Everett Dirksen by name but called the Republican opposition "so soft, so cozy, that it does not count for much."

Well, it has indeed been a tedious Senate year. But Dodd's outburst was most unclubby, and his victims had to answer him when they got there—which was next day. An exchange of insults is rare in the Senate these days, and it was plain that there has been some decline in the art of invective.

As if to illustrate Dodd's charge, Mike Mansfield offered a kind, gentle, understanding, noble explanation of why things are slow at the Senate (everything is locked up in committees). He admitted that he himself is "dull and dreary" but insisted that he was not about to turn the Senate into a "Roman holiday or sideshow."

Ev Dirksen was in his most Vesuvian oratorical humor. Dodd's criticisms, he cried, amounted to "incoherencies." Noting that Dodd had not yet arrived



MANSFIELD



DIRKSEN

on the floor, Dirksen said that "the brave crusader from the Nutmeg State on his white charger has great zeal for being here and getting on with business, and he is not here."

Soon Dodd arrived to detail his complaints. "I do not believe a similar situation can be found in the entire history of the Senate," he said. "The whole Senate seems to be pervaded by a spirit of lethargy."

Based on the record of the 1963 Senate so far, Dodd had a point, but Dirksen still felt mortally wounded. "Mr. President," he cried, "I would be the last Senator ever to use the Senate chamber for a glorified wailing wall." It so happens, said Dirksen, that he and many others have a lot of chores to keep them busy. But "it may be that the distinguished Senator from the Nutmeg State does not have anything to do in his office." And if Dodd wanted an answer to his complaint about Senate inaction, Dirksen shouted, "I will answer the distinguished Senator from Connecticut, and he will know well that he will have been answered when I am through!"

Dodd: I would be happy to have the Senator make his answer!

Dirksen: I will answer in my own good time!

Dodd: I hope the Senator will have the courtesy to let me know.

Dirksen: The Senator is not around enough, I can prove it . . . If the Senator wishes to stay here until midnight, we can keep him here! . . .

Dirksen: He does not frighten me if that is his purpose with his menacing words addressed to me, and the implications. So I say to the Senator from Illinois, "Come on with your answer. I will be here too."

Dirksen: The answer will come, but it will not come to the floor in a 20-page effusion, first having delivered it to the press, to make it appear what a great crusader the Senator from Connecticut purports to be, emotionalizing on a 24-hour Senate day!

Dodd: I did not.

Later that day Tom Dodd sheepishly rose on the floor to confess that he "felt like a skunk at a lawn party." He had gotten a call from Mansfield, and "it made me feel like a peanut." Mansfield, said Dodd, is a "gentle, decent, honest man, a great soul . . . We do have wonderful men leading us."

FOREIGN AID

Chip, Chip, Chip

The U.S. Senate was chipping remorselessly away at the foreign aid program, and at week's end President Kennedy urgently called for a halt.

"There are those who find it politically convenient to denounce foreign aid with one breath and the Communist menace with another," said the President in a Manhattan speech before the Protestant Council of the City of New York, which gave him its first annual Family of Man Award. "I do not say there have been no mistakes in aid administration. I do not say it has purchased for us lasting popularity or servile satellites. I do say that it has substituted strength for weakness all over the globe, encouraging nations struggling to be free to stand on their own two feet. To weaken and water down the pending program, to confuse and confine its flexibility with rigid restrictions and rejections, will not only harm our economy; it will hamper our security. It will waste our present investment."

Less Than Lipstick? Noting that the Congress seemed set to cut at least \$600 million from the \$4.2 billion foreign aid authorization recommended by its Foreign Relations Committee, Kennedy asked: "Is this nation stating that it cannot afford an additional \$600 million to help the developing nations of the world become strong and free—an amount less than this country's annual outlay for lipstick, face cream and chewing gum? Are we saying that we cannot help our 19 needy neighbors in Latin America with a greater effort than the Communist bloc is making in the single island of Cuba?"

State Secretary Rusk reinforced Kennedy's plea. Said Rusk at a televised press conference: "I am very much concerned about the tendency in the Con-

gress to legislate foreign policy as it might apply to specific situations or specific countries. The legislative cycle moves a year at a time; the world moves very fast. It is not possible for the Congress to anticipate in advance what the circumstances are going to be in any given situation."

But for the foreign aid program, the situation may already have gone beyond remedy by words, no matter how reasonable. Not even a bipartisan effort by the Senate's leaders could stem the anti-foreign aid tide. In the vain hope of preventing worse cuts, Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield and G.O.P. Leader Everett Dirksen had agreed to drop \$385 million from the \$4.2 billion recommended by Foreign Relations. But the Senate went even farther, whacked \$25 million from the Development Loan Fund, \$125 million from the President's foreign aid contingency fund, reapplied \$75 million of that to increase the Alliance for Progress authorization to \$600 million—for an additional foreign aid loss of \$75 million.

"Playboy Antics." After whittling down the dollars, the Senators had some strong opinions on how the remaining money should be used. Minority Whip Tom Kuchel proposed that no funds should go to nations that try to assert exclusive fishing rights beyond the three-mile off-shore limit recognized by the U.S. "What has happened off the coast of South America is positively shocking," said Alaska's Democratic Senator Ernest Gruening, referring to harassment of U.S. fishermen by Ecuador, Chile and Peru. "It is time for the United States to crack down hard." The amendment carried, 57 to 29.

Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire moved to cut off aid to Indonesia unless the President declared that it was vital to U.S. interests. Cried Proxmire: "Millions of dollars of our previous aid to Sukarno have been wasted or used for Sukarno's own playboy antics rather than for improvement in his national economy." The Senate shouted its approval by voice vote. Proxmire then proposed a ban on all aid to Communist Yugoslavia, denying the President any discretion whatsoever. Again, voice approval followed quickly.

When Gruening moved to apply a similar ban on aid to Egypt, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman William Fulbright objected, proposed that the President be given discretion. "I do not think we in Congress should undertake to tie the President's hands," said Fulbright. The Senate rejected Fulbright's amendment, prohibited aid to Egypt. To make its general intent even clearer, added a ban on funds to any Communist-dominated country anywhere.

During the entire week, the Administration scored only one victory: the Senate did agree to restore presidential authority to give most-favored-nation tariff treatment to Yugoslavia and Poland. But still before the Senate are some 50 more amendments, almost all of them aimed at cutting foreign aid further.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Big Wheat Deal

To hear Nikita Khrushchev tell it, the \$250 million wheat deal between the U.S. and the Communist bloc was about to crumble like a dry cookie. "I do have a feeling one might not come to an agreement," he told Moscow's visiting U.S. businessmen. "It may well happen that we will let you eat your own grain."

As it turned out, Khrushchev's information was slightly stale. After a month of fruitless haggling, the Russians had indeed been on the verge of calling the whole deal off early last week. Their main complaint was a provision that the wheat must move in

gorgeous Midwestern elevators, and millions of bushels of corn and sorghum have just been dumped on the ground. In Hannibal, Mo., the corn is higher than an elephant's eye. Smack in the middle of lower Broadway lie 57,304 bushels of corn in a pile two stories high. The U.S. has lately sold corn to Hungary. Would Russia like some?

REPUBLICANS

"I Shall Go to New Hampshire"

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller got up one grey morning last week to appear on NBC's *Today* show at 8:30. It happened to be one time of day that he could get guaranteed, live, national network coverage for his big

ART SHAY



STORING CORN ON STREET IN HANNIBAL, MO.
After stale information, a fresh approach.

U.S. ships, whose rates were as much as \$10 a ton higher than foreign rates.

Since the grain deal is tricky politics at best, the Kennedy Administration is doing its best to make it appear no giveaway. Anxious to see the deal go through, U.S. shippers have agreed to trim their prices to within a few dollars of foreign rates. The Administration also has another way around its shipping dilemma: let its eager private dealers sell the grain on a "cost-and-freight" basis, under which they will arrange the shipping themselves, and include the cost in the total package. The dealers will take a chance on getting smaller profits if they have to ship American, but can reap larger profits if they move the grain in foreign bottoms.

The Russian negotiators in Washington cabled details of the plan to Moscow, and less than 24 hours after he had threatened to break off the talks, Khrushchev declared that "the grain dealers in America have made a reasonable approach." At week's end the Russians accepted the terms, and the scramble was on among grain companies for orders that are expected to total 150 million bushels of wheat.

For U.S. feed grain dealers and elevator operators, the wheat cannot move fast enough. Bumper harvests have

announcement. Said Rocky: "I am here this morning—and I shall go to New Hampshire immediately following this meeting—formally to announce my candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination and my entry, at the proper time, in the New Hampshire primary election of March 10, 1964."

People might have been more surprised if he had told them the sun had come up on schedule that morning. Rocky has been running hard for a long while. But he injected some fresh drama into the occasion by charging off to New Hampshire, where he planned a slambang handshaking tour to kick off his campaign. It was raining buckets that day, but Rocky plodded gamely on, sometimes through ankle-deep mud. Despite the storm, he found hundreds of hands to shake. And he played the grass-roots campaigner to the hilt. In Milford he sipped a chocolate soda in a drugstore. In Nashua he visited a Methodist church, and devoured a steak in a restaurant while a crowd stood outside in the rain and peered at him through the window. In Manchester he bought a pair of overshoes while photographers recorded the purchase.

Others might count him out and declare his remarriage to be a hopeless liability, but Rocky insisted that he was

in the race to stay. And though eager to bring down Barry Goldwater, he fired away, as a good Republican should, at the Democrats instead. He had three things against the Kennedy Administration, he said: "Its failure to stimulate the American economy . . . its failure to preserve the strength and the unity of the free world and the vitality of its alliances, and its failure to understand and meet the menace of Communism."

ELECTIONS

Less Than a Bomb And More Than a Sparkler

Looking toward the big year of 1964, politicians of both parties tried to assess last week's off-year elections in terms of the explosive power of the civil rights issue. The results were inconclusive. The issue had no megaton power—yet. But even though it cast its sparks in all directions, it plainly was much more than a Fourth of July plaything.

Problems in Philly. In Philadelphia, Democrats were fearful that Mayor James Tate, a party plodder who inherited the office last year when Crusading Liberal Richardson Dilworth resigned to run unsuccessfully for Governor, would be in trouble with whites for his acquiescence to demands from a notably militant grouping of Negro organizations. As it turned out, Tate won—but by the thinnest edge the Democrats had sweated in twelve years of power.

Ninety-four percent of Tate's 61,000-vote margin came from the city's 17 predominantly Negro wards. But among white voters Tate did poorly, barely managed to split even with Republican James T. McDermott, a political unknown. In heavily Italian South Philadelphia, scene of some of the city's worst racial clashes over Negro integration thrusts in housing and jobs, Democrat Tate lost two of the three wards that voted hugely for Dilworth in 1959 and John Kennedy in 1960.

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN

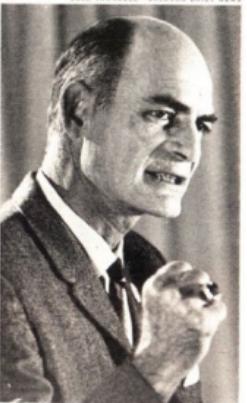


PHILADELPHIA'S TATE WITH WIFE & DAUGHTER
Thin edge.

Since Philadelphia gave Kennedy a 331,500-vote plurality in 1960, enough to swing the whole state for him, U.S. Representative William Green, boss of the city's well-oiled Democratic machine, professes not to be worried about next time. Another Democrat whistled a graver tune: "Pennsylvania is no sure thing for Kennedy. We've got troubles."

Border-State Breathetaker. In Kentucky, Democrat Edward T. Breathitt, 38, won the governorship by a breathless 13,000 votes out of 880,000 cast. A protégé of outgoing Democratic Governor Bert Combs, Breathitt supported Combs' controversial, sweeping anti-discrimination executive order by promising to put civil rights before the state legislature. His Republican opponent, Louie B. Nunn, 39, called the order "dictatorial," vowed to rescind it. Breathitt's pluralities fell sharply in such forget-it-we're-Democrats places as western Kentucky's First Congress-

JACK THORNELL—JACKSON DAILY NEWS



MISSISSIPPI'S BARNETT
Amazing opposition.

sional District, the old Kentucky home of the late Democratic Vice President Alben W. Barkley, Louisville, where Negroes have full franchise, gave Breathitt a 4,000-vote margin over Nunn.

Who's the Supreme? In Mississippi, where only 6% of the state's Negroes have the vote, the issue was who would be the supreme white supremacist. Paul Burney Johnson Jr., Democratic Lieutenant Governor, had a head start as the outdooring disciple of segregationist Governor Ross Barnett. Once a man gets the Democratic nomination in Mississippi, he is usually as good as elected, but Johnson had to work hard to win the general election last week. He was opposed by Republican Rubel Phillips, who ran as a Goldwater-backing candidate and polled an amazing—for a Mississippi Republican—123,000 votes. The last Republican to run for Governor in the state, in 1947, got 4,102 votes.



KENTUCKY'S BREATHITT & WIFE
Breathless votes.

Democrat Johnson lambasted Phillips as being no Republican at all (Republican Phillips was recently a Democrat), while Phillips accused Johnson of being, of all things, a Kennedy Democrat. It wasn't a very elevating dialogue, but Mississippi may become a healthier place if it does in time become a two-party state.

The Champion. In Boston, where some 30 of the city's 190 schools have 85% or more Negroes—and are therefore described by civil rights organizations as being *de facto* segregated—Mrs. Louise Day Hicks was re-elected chairman of the Boston School Committee, and emerged as the city's champion vote getter. Mrs. Hicks, a lawyer, had attracted a good deal of attention by insisting that in Boston "there is no *de facto* segregation." She piled up 20,000 more votes than able Mayor John Collins, 44, who won re-election by pointing to his record of massive urban renewal.

In several places around the U.S., Negroes themselves ran for office, with mixed success. In Lexington, Ky., Harry N. Sykes, a bowling alley operator and one-time basketball player for the Harlem Globetrotters, became the first Negro ever elected to the city commission. In Essex County (Newark), N.J., a militant Negro-Puerto Rican slate ran as third-party "New Frontier Democrats," failed to win any offices but trimmed votes enough from regular Democratic candidates to help several underdog Republicans get elected. (The Democrats had a bad day generally in New Jersey: the Republicans won control of both houses of the state legislature for the first time since 1957.)

All in all, it was the very inconclusiveness of the civil rights issue that left politicians warily watching it, like a fuse that might—say, next year—blow any or all of them to eternity.

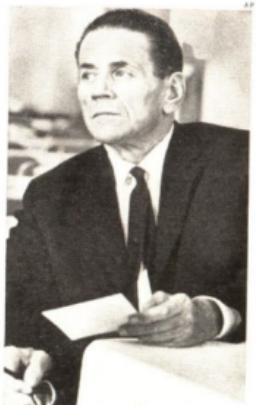
MISSISSIPPI

The Closed Society

Jim Silver keeps a loaded shotgun in his Oxford, Miss., home. It is not for hunting; it is for protection. For 27 years Silver, a history professor at the University of Mississippi, has spoken out against the segregationist way of Mississippi life. The anonymous threats against him have been so numerous that he long ago lost count. He has been hauled before the Ole Miss board of trustees on Citizens Council charges ranging from practicing communism to insulting a Confederate general's memory. In Mississippi, his has been a lonely battle.

Last week, as he stepped down as president of the Southern Historical Association, Silver delivered a scathing attack on life in mid-20th century Mississippi. It was by all odds the finest engagement he has fought so far.

"Mississippi," said Silver, "has been on the defensive against inevitable social change for more than a century." He charged that the state's churches have hemmed and hawed between racial right and wrong, that lawyers and judges are confused about whether or not to obey federal courts, that legislators spend much of their time "devising legal subterfuges to keep the Negro in his place," and that business leadership has abdicated its power to the white Citizens Councils. Even in such a "closed society," Silver found, the Negro has made some gains—and will make more as he demands and is grudgingly accorded the right to vote. But Mississippi whites themselves have succeeded only in losing freedom. "The white man, determined to defend his way of life at all costs, no longer has freedom of choice in the realm of ideas because they must first be harmonized with the orthodoxy," said Silver.



HISTORIAN SILVER

Fighting a lonely battle against harmony.

By committing itself to defending the biracial system, he said, Mississippi has erected a "totalitarian society" that blocks change and causes social paralysis. "Thus the Mississippian, who prides himself on his individuality, lives in a climate where nonconformity is forbidden, where the white man is not free, where he does not dare to express a deviating opinion without looking over his shoulder."

At age 56, Silver was obviously risking his Ole Miss job with some nine years left before pensioned retirement. That made no difference. He was just plain fed up.

ARMED FORCES

Stormy Days for the Navy

When the sea winds howl and the ship wallows, the smart skipper heaves to and rides out the storm. By this standard, the Navy's new Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral David Lamar McDonald, 57, is as wise as they come.

Other admirals may saltily denounce the Pentagon's civilian bosses, but McDonald tries to make friends of them. While others are unnerved by the policies of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, McDonald calls him "probably the best Defense Secretary ever." While admirals shiver their timbers in fear that Whiz Kid Alain Enthoven, 32 (who is conducting McNamara-requested cost-performance studies affecting the Navy's future), is trying to scuttle the fleet, McDonald takes him to the Navy-Notre Dame football game.

Friendship may work; at least hostility may not. And seldom has a new Chief of Naval Operations taken over at such a stormy time. Items:

► The Navy's top command is scrambled. McDonald himself succeeds Admiral George Anderson, whose option was dropped because he disagreed too often and too publicly with McNamara. While McDonald is popular, the manner of Anderson's ousting was hardly calculated to raise Navy morale. No sooner had McDonald assumed his new post than Navy Secretary Fred Korth was fired—for writing letters on his official stationery concerning business for his old employer in Fort Worth, the Continental National Bank. Whatever his faults, the admirals thought that Korth was on their side. Korth's successor, Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze, has already been forced onto the defensive, even before being confirmed as Navy Secretary. The Senate Armed Services Committee last week barraged Nitze with questions about statements he had made that some considered too liberal or pacifistic, postponed a vote on him.

► It does not even help to have an old Navy lieutenant in the White House. In a series of major command shifts, the Navy has lost responsibility for vast areas of the globe. Last week McNamara announced that the Army-Air Force Strike Command would take over top U.S. military authority in parts of the



ADMIRAL McDONALD

Saving the fleet at a football game.

Middle East, in Southern Asia, including India and Pakistan, and in all of Africa south of the Sahara. The Navy's Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean headquarters had previously held much of this authority.

► The Navy is anguished by McNamara's recent rejection of its request that its next carrier be built with a nuclear propulsion plant as was the two-year-old carrier *Enterprise*. The decision led some admirals to complain that the Navy cannot hope to have its second nuclear carrier in operation before 1971. And if the Navy has not gone nuclear by then, moans one, "it will be too late." The broader questions of just which type of ships should be nuclear and what role carriers should perform in the future are the subjects of Enthoven's ominous studies. The Navy fears that the answer will be a mere limited-war, show-the-flag role, which would mean few if any new carriers.

► The Navy is also upset by the seeming success of the massive "Operation Big Lift" that moved an Army division from the U.S. to Europe by air. Declares one top officer: "If they really think they can airlift a division into combat, or near combat, then the day of the Navy is over."

McDonald, a thin, quiet man who reached his job via Annapolis, naval aviation, carrier service and top European commands, is painfully aware of the Navy's problems, but feels he can weather the storm. He is convinced that the Navy's case is a reasonable one, that McNamara and his aides are reasonable men. Says he of McNamara's decisions: "If I simply cannot live with the policy, I will face my superior with the fact and will either get his modification of the policy or will leave my job."

Meanwhile, about the only thing that can bring a smile to an admiral's face these days is the sight of Navy Quarterback Roger Staubach.

THE WORLD



KHRUSHCHEV, INTERPRETER & WALL STREET'S FUNSTON AT PARTY

Like a corporation president in trouble with his board of directors.

COLD WAR

Nikita & the Capitalists

He called them "gentlemen capitalists," and only occasionally suggested that all capitalists are really robbers and cheats. Communist delegations from all over the world crowded into Moscow for the 46th anniversary celebrations of the Bolshevik Revolution. But Nikita Khrushchev devoted a total of seven hours to a traveling group of 20 top American executives (plus one educator) as if he found more challenge in their company.

On a European tour sponsored by TIME, the visitors first called on K. at the Kremlin. In the Oval Room, where the Soviet Council of Ministers usually meets, the callers sat in rows of small desks while he answered questions from behind a huge barricade of a table. He asked them to drop in at his anniversary reception the following day, and they in turn asked him to a party of their own (the promptly accepted). Throughout, Khrushchev put on one of those marathon propaganda performances at which he is by turns hearty, earthy, funny, menacing, seemingly frank, and totally impervious to argument.

He sounded his usual note of ritualistic optimism, vowed that in seven years—no more and no less—Russia will overtake the U.S. economically. To Henry R. Robertis, president of Connecticut General Life, "he acted like a corporation president who is in trouble with his board of directors and is trying to get out of his dilemma by making aggressive and boastful statements."

Murder at the Wall. Apart from claiming victory in last week's Berlin incident and deplored the difficulties on the wheat deal (see THE NATION), Khrushchev suggested that Russia had not really given up on the moon race, at least not for the long run, and he almost teasingly hinted that the Sino-Soviet split might be mended one of

these days: "The more you rejoice about the differences, the greater your disappointment will be."

Again and again he made a pitch for trade with the U.S., repeatedly pointed out that the U.S.'s allies trade far more heavily with Russia than the U.S. itself. Actually, as these businessmen well knew, Russia has few gold reserves to pay for U.S. products and little in the way of exportable goods that might interest the U.S. When National Cash Register President Robert S. Oelman asked what products Russia could offer, Khrushchev cited U.S. trade in machine tools with West Germany. "If we have managed to build a rocket no worse than anything you have in the U.S., then I am sure we will be able to build machine tools in no way inferior to anything the West Germans can build."

Moving from foreign trade to for-



NEW ROCKETS IN RED SQUARE

ign relations, Khrushchev pulled out all the "peaceful coexistence" clichés, lost his aplomb (but not his temper) only when Chauncey W. Cook, president of General Foods, asked "Why is it necessary to build a Berlin Wall and shoot people down if they try to get over?"

"A state frontier is a state frontier," Khrushchev replied. "And every state, whenever its borders are violated, shoots the violators."

"Not to keep people in, we don't," snapped Cook.

"In your country, children are killed in a church for the sole reason that their color is different," K. snapped back. Before anyone could make the obvious retort—that murder at the Wall, unlike murder in Birmingham, is an act of the government—Khrushchev was off on something else.



U.S. EXECUTIVES DURING MOSCOW BRIEFING SESSION
Challenging company for another doer.

A New Way to Cheat. Loosening up as it progressed, the interview closed in an exchange of banter, with Khrushchev maintaining that capitalists controlled the U.S. Government. "Who was McNamara before he became Secretary of Defense?" asked Nikita. "He was president of Ford Motor," answered G. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange. "He's one out of ten in the Cabinet. Why not talk about the others?"

"What was the occupation of your former commander in Germany?" demanded K.

"General Clay is now with Lehman Brothers," said Avco Board Chairman Kendrick R. Wilson Jr. "He's an army officer who made good," added Funston. Khrushchev raised a pious eyebrow: "You have 190 million people. Why don't they all make good? Certainly they have not trespassed against God."

To Wilson's assertion that the American people, through the stock market, own much of U.S. business, Khrushchev laughed. "Capitalists are very astute to have thought that up," he said. "It's a new way to cheat people." He went on to describe the "parasitic" state of capitalism, where the coupon clipper "can live a life of luxury, drinking, carousing, or changing wives," then eased off. "I'm your host here," he concluded, "so please don't put me in the position of going into each individual here and asking where he directs his activities and so forth, how many wives he has. One of your fellow capitalists—Rockefeller—is losing in prestige because of that."

A Sense of Frustration. Next day, the jovial mood changed. At the traditional Red Square parade celebrating the anniversary of the Revolution, the Russians displayed a squadron of finned, 50-ft.-long rockets, which they insisted were anti-missile missiles (the birds looked more like beefed-up versions of the Soviet SA-2 antiaircraft missile, and Western observers thought that at most they could be the equivalent of the U.S. Army's Nike Zeus). At the Kremlin reception later, Khrushchev's toasts were so heartily anti-Western that U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler finally asked: "Where is the Spirit of Moscow? I haven't heard any toasts I could drink to."

But that evening, walking into the businessmen's reception at the Hotel Sovietskaya (which had been refurbished and restaffed for the visitors), he again was at his most amiable. Sitting at a table, oblivious to the massed diplomats and newsmen who were crowding in to listen, Khrushchev sipped "three-star" Armenian brandy as, one by one, the Americans were guided over to talk to him. Like the master politician he is, K. remembered names, faces and business specialties from the day before, even told a pretty secretary: "You wore a brown dress yesterday." He jokingly hit up Rudolph Peterson, president of California's Bank

of America, for a \$10 billion loan. With Eugene Beesley, president of Eli Lilly & Co., Khrushchev continued a discussion of possible U.S.-Soviet exchanges in medical research, and when he was reminded that a team of four U.S. doctors is in Russia now doing just that, Nikita nodded. "Good," he said. "And let's give them a laxative if they do badly." He eagerly discussed food-processing techniques with General Foods' Cook, magneto-hydrodynamics with Avco's Wilson, and liquor with Seagram's Edgar M. Bronfman ("Our vodka is better than your vodka"). When Stock Exchange President Funston turned up at the table, Nikita

13 years, turning the Tories' 1959 majority of 5,000 votes into a thumping 3,749-vote margin for Labor. The switch, pronounced Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson triumphantly, was clear proof that "the Conservative government has totally lost the confidence of the country."

Next day the Tories had one to talk about, when ballots were at last counted after another by-election in the sprawling Scottish constituency of Kinross and West Perthshire. There, in one of Britain's safest Tory seats, Tory Prime Minister Lord Home—now plain Sir Alec Douglas-Home—won a seat in the House of Commons. His 9,328-vote



DOUGLAS-HOME AFTER ELECTION TO COMMONS
Good training for the coming free-for-all.

Khrushchev chanted, in English: "Wall Street! Wall Street!"

He seemed to regard the businessmen as doers like himself, and once took a left-handed dig at Communist inefficiency: "Capitalists know what is profitable; capitalists are not Soviet bureaucrats." Often Khrushchev returned to his theme of trade: "Remember, please, that you can always make a profit dealing with us." But the question remained: A profit for whom? Wall Street's Funston, for one, concluded that the U.S. should not trade with Russia, should do nothing to make life easier for them. Said he, in West Berlin: "I went away with a sense of frustration. How do you deal with people who lie to you and to whom facts mean nothing?"

GREAT BRITAIN

The Loss of Luton

The booming automobile-making town of Luton, Tory Party Chairman John Hare declared recently, is "a microcosm of the Britain we are building." If so, it may be the Socialists who will take over the construction job. At a by-election last week in Luton, 30 miles northwest of London, voters elected a Labor M.P. for the first time in

margin exceeded his party's most buoyant expectations. What's more, in the course of 72 speeches and a hectic eleven-day campaign, the former peer proved that he is a vigorous, tough-minded politician who seems well-equipped to hold his own in parliamentary free-for-all.

He will have to. In the kind of marginal seat that matters most, like Luton, Tories are faring badly. What troubles the Tories is that Luton is a sign of Tory affluence, with industrial payrolls that have boosted wage levels 20% above the national average. Luton has a bigger-than-average share of the fast-growing middle class that has kept the Conservatives in office for twelve years.

Labor Candidate Will Howie, 39, a neat, bespectacled civil engineer, won over Tory Sir John Fletcher-Cooke, 52, a tweedy, mustached former colonial administrator, by promising Luton the new schools, housing and industrial expansion that Labor is pragmatically building its election hopes around. Before returning to London for Parliament's reopening this week, Douglas-Home, the new M.P. for Kinross, remained professionally optimistic: "Luton was the last page of the old chapter. Kinross is the first page of the new."

SOUTH VIET NAM: The New Regime

FOR a while, Saigon looked like a city liberated. Vietnamese G.I.s guarding public buildings munched oranges, bananas and candy, showered on them by civilians grateful for the overthrow of the regime. Pretty girls embraced soldiers, draped tank turrets with garlands, scrambled squealing aboard army Jeeps. With the lifting of a temporary curfew and Mme. Nhu's ban on dancing, Saigon's long-repressed night life flowered as never before. In bars and cabarets, the B-girls shucked the white, hospital-like smocks they had been forced to wear under the morality laws,

protective custody" several former Diem officials.

In Hué, the rebels had no difficulty laying their hands on Ngo Dinh Can, 50, Diem's brother and tough overlord of Central Viet Nam. Wearing tattered clothes but carrying a valise containing cash, Can sought refuge in the U.S. consulate, only to be turned out after the State Department received assurances that the generals would allow him "due process of law."

The new regime's most embarrassing problem was two corpses—those of Diem and his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu.



SAIGON CABARET SCENE AFTER THE COUP
While some prayed, others shucked their smocks.

wriggled back into their traditional slit skirts, or into U.S.-style slacks, to twist and tango with Viet and American soldiers into the small hours.

Shops reopened, repairmen restrung power lines blown down by battle, and saffron-robed Buddhist monks emerged from jail or hiding (among them: top Buddhist Thich Tri Quang, who had sought asylum ten weeks ago in the U.S. embassy). At Xa Loi Pagoda, principal scene of last August's government crackdown, thousands prayed. From Poulo Condore prison island and other jails, 150 political prisoners were freed, telling bitter tales of torture.

Two Corpses. Behind the first euphoric reaction to the coup there was some fairly grim political business for the crowd of generals who had accomplished it. The officers under Lieut. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh first moved to consolidate their victory. Reportedly they executed the captured commander of Diem's elite Special Forces, Colonel Le Quang Tung, his brother, the Special Forces Chief of Staff, Major Le Quang Trieu, and a former leader of Diem's Republican youth. They also placed under "pro-

The official talk of suicide was obviously phony (*see following story*). At the beginning, the generals apparently tried to spare the brothers' lives, but after Diem escaped from the palace, the junta evidently fell back on the philosophy of 19th century British Poet Arthur Hugh Clough:

Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive

Officially to keep alive.

Three Strongmen. For the living, there remained the task of putting together a government. Premier Nguyen Ngoc Tho, Diem's longtime Vice President, appointed nine civilian ministers—mostly nonpolitical civil servants in the old regime. To counsel Tho's government, the brass named a 15-man "Council of Sages," including business and professional leaders. But it is the military that is running the country. Lieut. General Tran Van Don, 46, the

² Diem's eldest brother, Ngo Dinh Thuc, 66, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Hué, was in Rome attending the Ecumenical Council. Another brother, Ngo Dinh Luyen, 49, was in London, where he resigned as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Diem's 92-year-old mother remained in Saigon, unmolested.

polished, French-schooled staff officer who helped mastermind the coup, was appointed Defense Minister. Major General Ton That Dinh, 36, the aggressive, vain commander of the Saigon district, was named Minister of Public Security, which gives him control of Ngo Dinh Nhu's secret police.

Over both the Cabinet and the "sages" is the rebel officers' 23-member "Military Revolutionary Committee," which last week decreed that "the legislative and executive powers are centralized" in itself, and named General "Big" Minh Chief of State. Within the committee is a twelve-man inner council, with Big Minh as chairman, Don and Dinh as vice chairmen—obviously the ruling triumvirate.

The generals promised that when "all democratic institutions have been set up," the rebels will "transfer all the powers back to our entire people," hinted at elections within a year. In the meantime, as many political shades as possible will be represented in the new government, but, said Defense Minister Don, "we don't want any neutralists." Before the week was out, the regime lifted martial law and censorship. First to recognize South Viet Nam's new government were Malaysia and Thailand, followed by Great Britain and the U.S., which also prepared to restore a \$12 million-a-month import aid program suspended under Diem.

Four Tigers. The most serious danger to the new government is potential rivalry among the generals. The first hints of this were already appearing as little Major General Ton That Dinh injected himself into the limelight with amazing speed. In the first week of victory, Security Minister Dinh conducted several press conferences of his own, and during one interview, while protesting that "we must stay as one," Dinh insinuated that Big Minh was really only his "front man."

But the U.S. is betting that, for at least half a year or so, the generals will stand together, and there are high hopes for a more vigorous, more efficient pursuit of the war against the Communists, with more autonomy for local commanders than allowed by Diem. Said Big Minh: "Our main problem is to make the population happy. This and the military problem are intertwined. If the population does not feel protected, it will go over to the Viet Cong."

In the war, the Communist Viet Cong stepped up probing actions, but Big Minh & Co. ordered a new corps commander into the Mekong Delta, also replaced three division chiefs. Said one pleased American adviser: "They are putting some young tigers out there." Red North Viet Nam's radio charged that "U.S. imperialists schemed through the recent coup to replace the inefficient Ngo Dinh Diem clique by other henchmen who can serve more effectively their aggressive war." It was a handsome testimonial from the enemy.

Saigon 23126 Doesn't Answer

THE smoke lifted quickly from the broad avenues surrounding Saigon's Gia Long palace. In the bright sunlight, the pattern of violence came clear—raw shell holes, the black tongue-traces of flamethrowers, and the fine detail of the coup that overthrew and killed President Ngo Dinh Diem.

In August: Serious talk about an uprising had first started in August, after Diem raided the Buddhist pagodas. Lieut. General Tran Van Don, then acting chief of the Joint General Staff, got word that a coup seemed imminent, and felt (as he now explains it) that the moment was not right. He feared that whoever was planning the affair might not be able to control things, that the Communist Viet Cong might move in on it and take over Saigon. So Don supported Diem's imposition of martial law, and the August coup never surfaced.

But when crackdowns on the Buddhists continued, Don and Lieut. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh grew troubled. Egged on by the disturbed U.S. official community, Don, Minh and most of the key generals prepared a 20-page paper outlining proposed reforms, mostly aimed at getting the war against the Viet Cong back on the move, and presented it to President Diem. The President, said one officer, "agreed to every clause," but did nothing whatever to put the reforms into practice. Diem's determined inaction, say the generals, more than anything else, sealed his fate.

At Lunch. The night of Viet Nam's national elections late in September (at which government-picked candidates predictably won in a landslide), Don kept a rendezvous in the Hotel Cara-

ville bar with his old military-school classmate and drinking buddy, Major General Ton That Dinh, 36. A cocky, ambitious palace insider who affected a gold bracelet and a cotton camouflage uniform, Dinh was commander of the III Corps, which controlled Saigon. He also affected—longer than any other coup leader—a loyalty to President Diem that he did not feel. Over Scotch at the Caravelle, and later in a small nightclub called La Cigale, Don and Dinh began to discuss plans to topple the government.

There is a good deal of morning-after disagreement as to who deserves the credit for signing up whom. Don and Dinh suggest that they brought Big Minh into the picture; followers of Minh suggest that he started it all, and recruited Dinh with Don's help. At any rate, in short order the three men were the key figures. To what extent Americans knew about the impending coup is far from clear. Don and Dinh now claim that they did their best to keep the U.S. military, diplomatic and intelligence community in the dark—they regarded the Americans as the worst security risks in town.

D-day was set for a Friday, largely because the top generals met each Friday morning with Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu to review progress in the strategic-hamlet program. Then the generals customarily broke for lunch together at the Joint General Staff headquarters, near Saigon airport, which the plotters by then had well under control.

Any generals who had not yet been brought in on the coup, reasoned the conspirators, could be won over by Big Minh right there at the luncheon



TRIUMVIRATE MEMBER DINH

Some morning-after disagreement.

table; if they refused, they would find themselves virtual prisoners in the plotters' well-guarded headquarters.

On the Phone. U.S. Admiral Harry Felt kept an appointment with Diem in Saigon on the day set for the coup, a visit scheduled at least a month previously. He and U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge stepped into Diem's office at 10 a.m., apparently unaware that half an hour before key troops had begun moving into position for the coup. They stayed with Diem until well past 11 a.m. As Lodge, who was to leave for Washington the following day, took his final departure, Diem remarked: "Every time the American ambassador goes away, they try to pull a coup."

General Don saw Admiral Felt off at the airport—a little anxiously, for the airport itself was scheduled to be seized in just 90 minutes. Don then went on to the generals' lunch. At 1:30 p.m. sharp, the insurgent force struck, with red-kerchiefed General Dinh barking the orders. Don was assigned to keep Lodge informed, while Big Minh supervised the whole show.

The generals deliberately kept phone lines open to the palace and to the U.S. embassy. The palace switchboard (Saigon 21584) and particularly Diem's direct line (23126) buzzed with telephonic frustration. With the guard barracks and the palace both under siege, Diem at 4:30 p.m. called Lodge to ask for U.S. help against the insurgents. Lodge replied: "I'm concerned for your safety," asked if Diem and his brother would take advantage of the insurgents' offer of safe-conduct out of Viet Nam. "I shall do what duty and good sense indicate must be done," Diem replied stiffly. "I shall try to restore order." He hung up.

At Church. Half an hour later, the insurgent generals called Diem to the phone. One by one, identifying themselves, they asked him to resign and surrender. Finally, Big Minh delivered an ultimatum: "Give up in five minutes or



ANTI-DIEM MOB CELEBRATING REGIME'S OVERTHROW
It began when two drinking buddies got together.

the palace will be bombed." Diem stood firm, and the generals, still reluctant at that point to risk killing him, held their final blow. At 8:13 p.m., Diem and Nhu left the palace—not through escape tunnels, as widely rumored. They simply walked out, each with an aide, and got into inconspicuous sedans. At that point the rebels had not yet sealed off the palace, were still passing civilians who lived on the grounds, and so the brothers managed to drive through unnoticed. They rendezvoused at a villa in suburban Cholon owned by businessman Ma Tuyen, leader of the local Chinese community.

Diem and Nhu spent their last night in the Chinese businessman's villa, actually took calls through the palace switchboard so that the insurgent generals would think they were still there. Late Friday night or early Saturday, the generals called again and told Diem that his last hope of being rescued by loyal troops from outside Saigon was gone; General Huynh Van Cao, commander of IV Corps in the Mekong Delta and the last to hold out, had come over to the rebels. When Diem again refused to surrender, the rebel generals mounted the final assault. The palace fell, with neither Diem nor Nhu inside.

Saturday morning, All Souls' Day, the brothers went to Cholon's St. Francis Xavier Church, arriving at 8:45. They walked in, knelt and took Communion. The junta was tipped off by an informer. Minutes later an M-113 armored personnel carrier roared up to the church and the captain in charge ordered the brothers to get in.

At Headquarters. Saigon still hums with rumors that Diem and Nhu were assassinated in the armored car. According to the new government, which has discarded the original version of suicide, Nhu provoked the captain by insulting him, and in an ensuing scuffle over a gun, both brothers were killed. The government now calls this "accidental suicide," and it is interesting to speculate what U.S. reaction would have been if Diem had put out such a story about the death of some prisoners of his own.

According to the most reliable account, the brothers died quite differently. They were driven directly to Joint General Staff headquarters, where they were taken into a room with "several generals." Diem was handed a tape-recorder microphone and told to make a statement that he was resigning the presidency. Diem threw the microphone down and said: "I will not resign. I am the President. You are guilty of treason." At this point, Nhu leaped into the argument, cursing. One of the generals backed away, drew a pistol and began shooting.

The bullet-riddled bodies were put back in the armored car and taken off to St. Paul's Hospital. The bodies were claimed by a relative of Diem's and placed in hermetically sealed metal caskets, but were later taken back to headquarters.

INDIA Under the Banyan Tree

Meeting under a gaudy circus tent in the fabled pink city of Jaipur, the leaders of India's ruling Congress Party talked themselves hoarse last week in the first intensive effort to refurbish their political image since independence came in 1947. Propped on sausagelike bolsters under a huge portrait of Gandhi, the dhoti-clad politicians pledged "self-sacrifice" and "democratic socialism"—and at mealtimes roared off in fin-tailed limousines. Endorsing "non-alignment," party leaders warned ritually against "entanglement with military blocs"—even as U.S., British

the voters. But the Kamaraj* plan was really used by the Prime Minister as a ruse to flush out all the top contenders for his own job. There is even widespread suspicion that Nehru forced the resignations of his ablest ministers in order to clear the way for his daughter, imperious Indira Gandhi, 45, widow of a backbench Congress politician (no kin to the Mahatma), who has long been the Prime Minister's closest confidante (he calls her Indu, or Moon), official hostess and political troubleshooter.

Ruler of the World. But discounting Indira as a real political contender, the choice of most party members at present is former Home Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, 59, an honest if colorless politician who has been one of Nehru's most loyal lieutenants and who, like his leader, comes from Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous state and the traditional breeding ground of Congress Party leaders. If Shastri is disqualified—he had a heart attack in 1959—a leading contender for the prime-ministership would probably be S. K. Patil, 63, a right-winger who runs Bombay with brisk efficiency and until the Cabinet purge coped ably with the thankless job of Food Minister, though grain shortages prompted the crack that he "gave India food—for thought."

Morarji Desai, 67, a stern ascetic who was Nehru's Finance Minister and was once a favorite to succeed him, has lost much of his popularity in the past year, largely as a result of his Draconian measures to raise taxes for the defense effort, but could still be the powerful right wing's choice.

As for Nehru, he is determined to hold on to his post indefinitely, but even India's most popular man occasionally faces the limitations of fame in a country that is still only 24% literate. In a survey of villagers living less than 20 miles from bustling Hyderabad, university researchers reported that peasants variously identified Nehru as "head of a German state," "ruler of the world," and "some Brahman."

GHANA

Justice, Black & White

No one more stridently denounces South Africa's violations of human rights than Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah. Last week he dispatched a recorded diatribe to an anti-apartheid rally in London, whose participants protested the law under which South African citizens may be jailed for indefinitely repeated 90-day stretches. The very next day Nkrumah armed himself with a measure that makes the South African statute look pale by comparison.

Since 1958 Nkrumah has wielded a law allowing his government to lock up any Ghanaian without trial for five years, merely by charging that the activities of the accused might prejudice



POTENTIAL SUCCESSOR SHASTRI
In the background, the boss's daughter.

and Indian warplanes flew over New Delhi in joint air exercises. After a six-hour debate on the definition of socialism, the delegates adjourned the two-day conference and went home to give the subject more thought.

Boost for Indira. Another subject they thought about, one that has almost become a national obsession, is the successor to Jawaharlal Nehru, 74. India today is still smarting from the savage beating it took at the hands of Red China last fall, the economy is faltering under bureaucratic controls, and the faction-riven government is flawed with corruption. Restive politicians say bluntly that all their problems cannot be solved by the stooped, careworn Prime Minister and the elderly, out-of-touch Congress Party leadership.

A celebrated criticism of Nehru is that he resembles India's banyan tree, which proverbially kills every other organism that grows in its shade. In the wake of three parliamentary by-election defeats last spring, Nehru announced that he would ask a dozen top Cabinet and state ministers to resign from the government in order to let them go to work revitalizing the party organization and rebuilding its strength among

* Named for Kamaraj Nadar, former chief minister of Madras, who first employed it to advantage in his own state administration.



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national defense, relations with other countries or security. Last week the Accra Parliament shouted through an amendment authorizing the President to extend for an additional five years the detention period of anyone held under the original act. The amendment is believed aimed at 40-odd opposition leaders who have been in prison since November 1958, accused (but never convicted) of conspiring to assassinate government ministers and to poison the main Accra water reservoir.

SPAIN

Voter No. 41 Does His Duty

"Franco or the street cleaner," boasted an official of Spain's Ministry of the Interior, "every voter is entitled to the same treatment." Well, not exactly.

Some 8,000,000 Spanish "heads of families" went to the polls last week in municipal elections to cast their ballots for a list of government-approved candidates. Voter No. 41 in Section 9, Quarter 5 of Madrid's Revised University District stepped into a Cadillac for the brief ride from El Pardo Palace to a tiny yellow schoolhouse. There, under the gaze of his own official portrait, *El Caudillo* greeted members of the municipal election board, who graciously waived the usual identification procedure. Franco reached into an inside pocket of his double-breasted dark grey suit, removed an already filled-in ballot. He handed it to the board president, who solemnly announced, "His Excellency Francisco Franco Bahamonde, profession—Chief of State, married and with residence in the Palace of El Pardo, votes," and dropped the folded paper in a lantern-shaped glass ballot box. It was the first time that Dictator Franco had cast a ballot since the Civil War began in 1936.

CIFRA GRATICA



FRANCO CASTING BALLOT
Identification was not necessary.



WINNER PAPANDREOU



LOSER KARAMANLIS

The people showed who needed whom.

GREECE

Hubris Doesn't Win

For committing the sin of *hubris* (overweening pride), the Fates toppled the heroes of ancient Greece. Last week Greek voters defeated the most successful Premier in the country's history, handsome, hard-driving Constantine Karamanlis, who had shown more than a touch of *hubris* when he said in a campaign speech: "The true political leader does not need the people. The people need the true political leader."

During his eight-year reign, Karamanlis had, as he said, "transformed Greece from an Oriental village to a European country." He brought the nation into the Common Market as an associate member, built dams and roads. On the average, manufacturing has grown an impressive 8% annually in the past decade; government reserves shot up by 400%, and revenues more than doubled—thanks in part to tourism, which this year grossed some \$90 million. There are dark spots in this sunny picture—some 100,000 young Greeks have emigrated to West Germany to find jobs, and poverty retains its grip on primitive mountain villages. Street peddlers in Athens still haul sponges, bananas and chestnuts—but they now walk beneath glittering neon signs that reveal the internationalization of an increasingly modern economy: IBM, Siemens, Haig & Haig, Diners Club.

Rejected Advice. Strongly anti-Communist and pro-NATO, Karamanlis welded his right-wing National Radical Union into a powerful party, gave Greece the longest stretch of political stability in modern times. But there were protests, when Karamanlis was re-elected for a fourth term in 1961, that police in the back country had intimidated voters. Though many election brawls were deliberately provoked by leftists, they convinced left-wing British

Laborites and other allies abroad that Greece lived under a tyranny. Last June, after King Paul and Queen Frederika rejected Karamanlis' advice to call off a state visit to Britain because of the danger of leftist demonstrations in London, the Premier quit in a huff.

While Karamanlis sulked in a Swiss villa for three months and a caretaker Cabinet led by his political allies ruled the country, the opposition Center Union Party launched an intense election campaign. It was led by an aged Demosthenes, George Papandreu, 75, veteran of several prewar Cabinets and the nation's first postwar Premier.

To Karamanlis' boast that Greece has prospered, Papandreu replied: "Numbers prosper, the people suffer." Farmers, who had benefited least from the boom because of low prices for their goods, got Papandreu's easy promise that he would forgive their debts. Above all, Campaigner Papandreu concentrated on the old 1961 charges of election fraud, cried that he was determined to save the nation from the "fascist and terrorist" policies of Karamanlis.

No Thanks. Karamanlis, relying on his impressive economic record, campaigned as though he expected the people to thank him for running. To the surprise of almost everyone, they didn't. A near-record turnout of 4,600,000 voters gave Papandreu's Center Union 140 seats in the 300-member Parliament; Karamanlis' National Radicals got 128. Winner Papandreu celebrated by dancing most of the night. Karamanlis was furious, hastily announced he was quitting politics.

After a talk with King Paul at Tatoi palace, he changed his mind. After all, Papandreu lacked a majority by eleven seats. The Premier could have a safe margin if he accepted the eager support of 30 pro-Communist Deputies, but so far pro-Western Papandreu has re-

jected the offer. Between now and Dec. 11, when Parliament convenes, Karmanlis hopes to attract enough Deputies to defeat the opening vote of confidence. If he succeeds, Greece will be in for new elections and another free-swinging campaign.

FRANCE

Ghost from the Past

The Popular Front seems as distant a memory of the '30s as the League of Nations and Josephine Baker, but it stirred uneasy echoes in France last week. French Socialists and Communists were again talking about unity, this time in an electoral alliance aimed at defeating Charles de Gaulle in the next presidential election (which must be held some time before De Gaulle's current term expires in December 1965). The alliance would not be so naive a collaboration as the disastrous partnership of the 1930s, but the resemblance still appears too close for comfort.

One architect of the plan is the clever and capable Gaston Defferre, 53, Socialist mayor of Marseille for the past decade, and the man most talked about in France these days as the challenger to run against De Gaulle. Though he has proved himself staunchly anti-Communist in the rough and tumble of Marseille politics, Defferre tacitly accepted Communist support during last year's voting for Parliament in order to give his slate a better chance against Gaullist candidates (three out of five Socialists in his department did win). Chief supporter of the unity maneuver is Defferre's noted fellow Socialist, ex-Premier Guy Mollet, who for years rigorously attacked the Reds as being "not left, but East," then did a significant turnaround in the same parliamentary elections. Local Red candidates in his constituency withdrew in Mollet's favor, and Mollet for his part obligingly called for a "public dialogue" between Socialists and Communists.

Last week Defferre, Mollet and an eight-member Socialist delegation returned from Moscow, where they had a nine-hour conference with Nikita Khrushchev. A few years ago such a mission to Moscow would have been political suicide for Socialists. But things are different in the balmy atmosphere of the East-West détente. In Moscow, Mollet claims to have detected a tendency of Communism "to orient itself toward truly democratic formulas." To most connoisseurs of Communism, such talk is dangerous nonsense. But French Socialist leaders insist that they have high hopes for a possible deal with the Reds for a single candidate to run against De Gaulle.

The Communists love the idea. They are saying reassuringly that they would not make France pull out of the Common Market or NATO at the price of "workers' unity." That is the same sweet line the Communists are taking in Italy,



SOCIALIST MOLLET IN MOSCOW
Walking a sweet line.

where the Reds' longtime allies, the leftist Nenni Socialists, are on the verge of entering the government.

While French Socialists are cozying up to Moscow, Charles de Gaulle is making sheep's eyes at Peking as part of his strategy of the higher politics. He would like to revive France's dusty influence in Asia. Commenting on the coup in South Viet Nam, Information Minister Alain Peyrefitte last week renewed De Gaulle's proposal, plainly designed to embarrass the U.S., of a united and neutral North and South Viet Nam "free of foreign influences." A five-man group representing the *Patronat*, the French equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers, has just returned from a month's trip to Red China encouraged by the prospect of increasing trade. Also bound for Peking was ex-Premier Edgar



MARSEILLE MAYOR DEFFERRE
Too close for comfort.

Faure, who has long urged French diplomatic recognition of Red China. Though traveling "unofficially," Faure carried a message from De Gaulle to Mao Tse-tung that reportedly deplores Communist China's isolation. While ruling out formal recognition in the near future, Premier Georges Pompidou remarked that it was ridiculous not to recognize that Red China "exists."

ITALY

Waiting Is a Way of Life

In dirt-poor western Sicily, few peasants can read, even fewer can afford to buy a book. So what was anyone talking about in Roccamena last week? Shakespeare, Brecht, Dante, Aeschylus, to name a few of the poets and playwrights whose works were featured in the town's first informal festival of the performing arts. Star performer was Movie Idol Vittorio Gassman, who for two straight nights strode a sidewalk "stage" illuminated by car headlights while declaiming passages from *Julius Caesar*, *The Divine Comedy* and other works. Whatever they made of it, the Roccamenesi were an appreciative audience.

Actually it was a fast not a feast that brought Gassman, Novelist Carlo (Christ Stopped at Eboli) Levi, poets, folk singers and droves of journalists to the bleak little mountain town south of Palermo. Ever since 1929, when a visiting Fascist minister promised that the government would build a dam near by, Roccamenesi have eagerly looked forward to the day when they would be able to irrigate their parched fields and perhaps even stanch the northward exodus of hungry peasants that has emptied whole villages in the area. In 1952 the government finally earmarked \$12.8 million for the project and promised repeatedly that construction would start in no time. Then, last summer, the indignant townsfolk discovered that they had been hoodwinked: the funds allotted for their dam had been spent elsewhere. To protest their scurvy treatment, nearly 200 townsfolk joined in a 24-hour hunger strike last week.

Roccamena's protest attracted major attention when it was joined by Danilo Dolci, a famed crusader and author who has staged five previous hunger strikes to prod the government into doing more to alleviate Sicily's poverty. Dolci's announcement that he would fast for ten days rallied support from leading Italian intellectuals, would-be intellectuals and influential admirers all over the world. After Dolci had gone nine days without food in a flyblown little room off the Piazza Matrice, the town square, a Christian Democrat bigwig from Palermo announced to the crowds that the government would start building the dam in November 1964 and, if it proved impractical, promised that the money would be spent on other needed projects in the area. It seemed a long time to wait, but then waiting is a way of life in Roccamena.



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RUSSIA

Vacation on the Volga

For those in search of what travel writers call the truly unforgettable vacation, Moscow's Literaturnaya Gazeta had the perfect answer: a trip for "rest and relaxation" down the Volga in the time of the *inventarizatsiya*, or inventory taking, as the season ends and the Volga excursion boats batten down for the winter. But as Writer Natalia Ilyina made clear, the adventure is not for the weak or querulous.

First Day. The night, as she puts it, was "rather cool because the stewardess had brought us very damp bedding. But by morning it is absolutely dry." All over the ship, stewardesses and sailors are busily rolling up carpets and unscrewing light bulbs, "because everything has to be accounted for and prepared for inventory." When lunchtime comes round, the seven first-class passengers are cheered to find that the menu offers a sumptuous variety of dishes—"and opposite each was the word *Nyet*." A few unreasonable passengers complain, but they are soon silenced by Waitress Raechka, who tells them they can have pea soup and goulash and like it.

Second Day. "For some reason, it's become cold in the cabin," Natalia's husband gets lumbago. At lunchtime, Raechka explains that there are no plates for the passengers; they are being counted and locked away.

Third Day. One passenger threatens revolt, but a lady doctor from Leningrad points out: "We have only three more days to rest and we should be brave." Raechka urges them to try the caviar, since it has been on the boat "for many trips and may dry up completely" if no one eats it.

Fourth Day. The passengers are locked out of the dining room because Raechka has just put clean covers on all the chairs—for next season. One of the passengers, an elderly geologist named Viktor Ivanovich, protests, but Raechka counsels sweetly: "No hysterics, Pop. Be reasonable." Later on Viktor Ivanovich has a heart attack.



RESCUED MINER & SWEETHEART

Fifth Day. One passenger eats some food they have been able to buy at a brief stopover in Kazan. An old woman is running a temperature, "obviously gripe." The engineer explains why it's so cold in the cabins: insufficient fuel. "It's the last trip."

Sixth Day. Passengers gnaw crusts in their cabins. Stewardesses pass up and down jingling keys and looking for more things to inventory. "They may come for our bedding at any moment, but we've decided to fight," reports Author Ilyina. "I begin to see things: I see the stewardess' eye at the keyhole, and the handle begins slowly, slowly to move." The passengers finally track down Raechka, who graciously gives them the last of the dry caviar. Finally the boat docks and the passengers totter off—Viktor Ivanovich and several others head for clinics—while the stewardesses inventory bed sheets.

One passenger wrote the Minister of the River Fleet: "Everywhere we saw posters urging the personnel to fight for better service for passengers. Perhaps they'll stop fighting and simply start behaving in an ordinary, human manner toward us, giving us for our money (pardon this detail) what we are legally entitled to!" But as wise old Viktor Ivanovich says: "Alas, it's this way not only on boats."

WEST GERMANY

From the Tomb

When a reservoir broke and flooded an iron mine near Lengede, Saxony, two weeks ago, 79 workers scrambled to safety, and ten more were rescued. The remaining 40, entombed without food for ten days, were given up for dead. The giant oil drill that had bored the rescue shafts for the others was dismantled and started on its way back to



UP
LOWERED "THE BOMB"
Memorial services were canceled.

The Netherlands. The crowds of reporters and onlookers drifted away. All that remained was to hold a memorial service.

Some of the survivors insisted that the rescuers continue boring exploratory shafts, using a smaller drill. Suddenly the skeptical rescue team was electrified by a series of raps on the drill bit. Over a quickly lowered phone line, word came that eleven men were alive in an abandoned gallery, 196 ft. below. Memorial services were canceled and the oil rig hurriedly recalled.

There were breathless phone conversations between the miners and their wives, some still in black mourning dresses. Food and tranquilizers were sent down. Chancellor Ludwig Erhard flew in from Bonn by helicopter and made a little "good luck" speech to the trapped men. Said he: "All German hearts are with you, in confidence that you'll soon again see the light of day."

An investigation was launched to see if there had been negligence at the mine, and the East German radio even managed to find a propaganda issue—capitalist callousness. Meanwhile, the rescue work continued. The drill had to work slowly because of the danger of a cave-in, but eventually and luckily pierced the only spot in the gallery's roof that was solid rock. Just 103 hours after the eleven were heard from, the first of the miners emerged from the "rescue bomb," a sort of torpedo-shaped elevator that had been lowered into the new shaft with two volunteer rescue workers. Fifty-seven minutes later, all eleven were miraculously out, weak but unharmed after 13 days underground.

But mining remains perilous. Within hours after the German miners were miraculously saved in Saxony, a coal dust explosion on the southern Japanese island of Kyushu killed more than 400 miners and injured hundreds of others.



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ESTATE OF JOSÉ LÓPEZ MATEOS

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As ritualistic as a papal succession.

MEXICO

Presidential March: Left, Right

Mexico's most popular guessing game in recent months has started with the phrase, "Quién es el tapado?"—Who is the hooded one? In other words, what man was the all-powerful Party of Revolutionary Institutions (P.R.I.) secretly choosing to be the country's next President? Last week the guessing was over. The P.R.I.'s choice is Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, 52, Secretary of Government in the Cabinet of incumbent President Adolfo López Mateos. Díaz Ordaz' title obscured his real importance. As a combination Interior Minister and Home Secretary, he is López Mateos' right-hand man.

Guided Democracy. Barring accidents or acts of God, the rest is foreordained. Next week Díaz Ordaz will be formally nominated at the party convention; he will then "campaign" for six months, showing himself from the back of an open truck in every important town. In elections next July, against two or three hapless opposition candidates, he will win the presidency with some 80% of the popular vote. On Dec. 1, 1964, he will take office from President López Mateos.

Such is the one-party "guided democracy" that has evolved in Mexico since the Revolution of 1910, and it seems to suit the country well. The choice of a new President is as ritualistic as a papal succession. Under the rules, a candidate cannot toot his own trumpet; he must never give the slightest inkling that presidential ambitions have entered his modest head. Instead, his friends quietly start the bandwagon rolling and set about persuading the party powers that their man is ready for the No. 1 spot. The leaders of the P.R.I.'s trade-union wing, the peasant branches, P.R.I.-dominated businessmen's associations, the party's lower-echelon bureaucracy are all consulted. A half-dozen or more names may flash before the public. At last, a central core of party chieftains, a few ex-Presidents with influence and, most important, Mexico's current President, make the decision.

The one thing Mexicans could be fairly certain of was that the new man would be slightly right of center. By long tradition, Mexico's Presidents follow a political pendulum—right, left, right—and López Mateos calls himself "left within the constitution." He nationalized and subdivided some 30 million acres of land during his five years in office, bought out private power companies, nationalized the nation's cinemas. All the while, however, he tried to industrialize Mexico and encourage the creation of private capital. Reflecting this, his Cabinet was filled with men who stood to the right of him.

Díaz Ordaz was one of the outstanding men on the President's right. The lawyer son of a postal worker from the mountainous state of Puebla, he has built a quiet reputation for high intelligence through a steady succession of government jobs from minor state posts to Cabinet officer. He is also a shrewd politician. Though he is a practicing Catholic, he bowed to Mexico's revolutionary anti-clerical tradition by standing outside Mexico City's fashionable La Profesa Church last year while his 21-year-old daughter María Guadalupe was inside getting married. Yet he has not pussyfooted against latter-day revolutionaries. As López Mateos' Government Secretary, he crushed a 1959 railroad strike and jailed its leftist leaders. He signed the controversial warrants charging Mexico's top Communists (and top artist) David Siqueiros with "social dissolution" and confining him to jail. And Díaz Ordaz was the man who rigidly suppressed leftist demonstrations during the Cuban missile crisis.

Viva Zapata. Mexico's far left fought him bitterly. As his influence spread within P.R.I. councils, the Communist weekly *Política* printed a grotesque photograph of him on its cover with the caption: "He will not be President." Ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas, the nation's foremost leftist and the man who nationalized foreign oil companies in 1938, pressed desperately for compromise candidates at least slightly to the left of Díaz Ordaz. But maturing Mexico has outgrown Cárdenas; López Mateos and the P.R.I.'s other leaders listened with respect, then respectfully ignored the 68-year-old leftist.

The decision to bypass Cárdenas has its dangers. Though he has lost the personal power he once wielded, the revolutionary tradition he stands for still runs strong in Mexico. To flout it could split both P.R.I. and the country. Plainly, Díaz Ordaz' first duty as President-elect is to bridge the division. And so he did last week, pronouncing himself "preoccupied with the *campesino* problem," promising that "the banner of Zapata will never be lowered" and professing sympathy for trade unionism and loyalty to the long-ago principles of the 1910 revolution.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Hammer & the Anvil

There is much to talk about at the lengthy Cabinet meetings in Rio's Laranjeiras Palace, where President João Goulart makes his headquarters when he is in Rio. Brazil's economy is a shambles, the army uneasy, the unions are grumbling. But none of these rates as Topic A with Goulart. His consuming interest is what to do about the occupant of a palace less than a mile away: Carlos Lacerda, 49, governor of Guanabara state (which includes Rio) and Goulart's most dangerous political foe.

Always Before Him. For two racking years, Lacerda has tormented Goulart at every step, and Goulart in turn has done his best to destroy, or at least neutralize, his enemy. Yet Lacerda is still governor, still trying to drive Goulart out of office, and still gathering strength for his own run at the presidency in 1965. One Brazilian Deputy told Congress: "The President cannot sleep for seeing Carlos Lacerda in front of him."

Lacerda is one of the most spectacular prodigies that Brazil has ever produced. The son of an influential Rio journalist, he was managing editor of one of Brazil's most powerful newspapers at 26, owned his own paper at 34, in between was the country's most popular columnist and radio commentator. As governor of Guanabara he has built schools, modernized hospitals, cleared slums and lured foreign investment to his state. But his strongest talent is for violent political warfare. "Carlos Lacerda," says his longtime friend, former Bahia Governor Juracy Magalhães, "is a man who cannot live without an anvil to hammer on."

Bullets & Jail. As a youth, Lacerda championed the Communist cause, then broke with the Reds in 1939 to be-

MANCHETE



CRICIT LACERDA

As near as the next palace.

come their implacable foe. Over the years, his campaigns against the left, against would-be dictators and just plain opponents have earned him one bullet (in the foot) and three severe beatings; he has been jailed nine times, chased into hiding for two years and went into exile for one year.

In 1954 he led a fire-breathing editorial attack on corruption that eventually drove President Getúlio Vargas to suicide. The following year, when Juscelino Kubitschek got himself elected President with the help of Vargas' party, Lacerda fomented a coup to prevent Kubitschek from taking office; only a counter-coup by loyal army officers upset the plot. All the while, Lacerda was blistering Jânio Quadros, then governor of São Paulo, whom he called "a paranoiac," "a delirious virtuoso of felony," "the Brazilian version of Adolf Hitler." The two called off the feud long enough to cooperate in the 1960 elections, Quadros winning the presidency and Lacerda the Guanabara governorship. No sooner was Quadros in office, however, than Lacerda was at him again, ripping Quadros for his left-leaning foreign policy and accusing him of attempting to set up a dictatorship. Most Brazilians think that Lacerda's attacks led the erratic Quadros to resign after barely seven months in office.

"Enemies of Liberty." Of all the villains, none rings louder than Goulart, whom Lacerda regards as a potential tyrant and "the most dangerous politician in Brazil." When Quadros resigned, Lacerda called openly for a military coup to prevent Vice-President Goulart from taking office. "We cannot allow the enemies of liberty to exploit liberty for its destruction," he cried. When Goulart in office agreed to renew diplomatic relations with Russia, Lacerda thundered Communist. When, despite Lacerda's opposition, a plebiscite finally gave Goulart full constitutional powers, Lacerda charged that "the mission of the new Cabinet is to hand Brazil over to Russia."

In reprisal against Lacerda's attacks, Goulart withheld federal funds voted by Congress for Lacerda's state, blocked a \$4,000,000 aid agreement between the U.S. and the state. The fight has gone beyond mere words. A month ago, a group of pro-Goulart military men staged an abortive attempt to kidnap Lacerda. Now Goulart is working more subtly. To undermine Lacerda's ability to protect himself and to provide normal state services, Goulart has opened federal police ranks to draw away all he can of the governor's lower-paid keepers of public order. Despite hurry-up wage boosts by Lacerda, 70% of the state's militiamen, civil police and even firemen have applied for transfer to Goulart's payroll.

It looks like a fight to the finish between Brazil's president and the governor of its most important state. Brazil will be lucky if the issue is eventually settled at the ballot box. More violent settlements remain a possibility.



PRESIDENT ILLIA

"These people's" children are in charge.

ARGENTINA

The Italian Way

At the turn of the century, Argentine President Julio Roca, a Spanish-descended champion of the landed gentry, was visiting a jammed Italian-immigrant hostel. "What's going to happen," he muttered distastefully, "when the children of these people want to run the country?" Were Roca alive today, his tone might soften appreciably. "These people's" children are indeed running Argentina, and the Italian imprint is everywhere—shaping Argentine culture and character and giving Argentina's industry much of its momentum.

Form Hands to Presidents. Argentina's great wave of Italian immigrants—which in time reached 2,250,000—began in the 1800s, when the country needed farm hands to help bring in its beef and wheat crops. Before long, thousands of Italians—giddy with romantic tales of the Argentine pampas—were hurrying across the Atlantic. In the mid-1800s, some 200 Italian fami-

lies set up a silk-spinning industry in Chaco province; later they began a cotton industry. When Argentina constructed a new Congress building, it was an Italian architect who designed it, an Italian company that built it. And who became the incarnation of the Argentine tango and Argentine Gaucho? None other than the handsome young Italian boy Rudolph Valentino.

Many Italians drifted into politics. Since the social revolution triggered by Dictator Juan Perón (who was of Italian ancestry), Argentina's presidential palace has been home to a Lonardi, Frondizi, Guido, and now to Dr. Arturo Illia—all of them of Italian descent. Today, 1,200,000 of Argentina's 21 million people are Italian-born, and another 7,000,000 have Italian blood in their veins.

Toscanini to Pucci. The Italian presence is ever more inescapable in modern-day Argentina. Statues of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Columbus populate large urban plazas. Street names run from "Venecia" and "Milán" to "José Verdi" and "Arturo Toscanini." Newsstands are thick with Italian magazines, bars flow with Campari, coffee shops with *café alla italiana*, and restaurateurs serve up steaming hot pizzas, ravioli and pasta frola—even if they cannot always spell the names. Argentine men favor Italian-style stovetop trousers and moccasins; many women are forsaking French styles for designs like Simonetta and Pucci.

Nowhere is the Italian influence more spectacular than in commerce and industry. In the first six months of the year, Argentina reduced its imports from the U.S., West Germany, France and Britain by 30% to 45% while increasing its imports from Italy by 70%. Italy has become Argentina's second-best customer (after Britain), and Argentina, in turn, is Italy's second-best (after the U.S.).

Argentina's turbulent economy has frightened off many other foreign investors, but not the Italians. They are moving into Argentina in large numbers, producing everything from auto tires and heavy steel to photo paper, vermouth and sewing machines. Since 1948, Italian companies have poured \$1 billion into Argentine industry, and current investment runs to \$1,000,000 a month. Fiat alone has put \$140 million into its automotive and truck-tractor plants in Córdoba; the Techint industrial complex outside Buenos Aires represents another \$75 million in Italian capital. In the export market, Olivetti Argentina is now selling typewriters and calculating machines to Peru and Turkey, Gilera motorcycles from Argentina are buzzing around the U.S., and Fiat electrical motors—also made in Argentina—will soon go to Egypt. Last week the Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi, Italy's state oil monopoly, was reportedly negotiating with high-level Argentine officials, hoping to pick up the U.S. oil contracts that Illia has threatened to annul.



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National
Receivables

For past blessings...a time for gratitude

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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PEOPLE

The story was that she had a throat abscess, but rumors persisted that her "throat" had been treated in a maternity ward. Finally **Sophia Loren**, 29, told Italy's leading weekly, *Oggi*, that she had indeed recently miscarried after two months of pregnancy. Because of Roman Catholic Italy's refusal to recognize her marriage to twice-wed Carlo Ponti, Sophia had always before thought it best not to have children. But now her mind was made up. "Nothing is more important to a woman than a child. I have always dreamed of a daughter for Carlo and me. I already see her little fat legs in a short skirt, straight hair, high cheek bones like mine and the constant good humor of Carlo."

He has not been feeling up to snuff since September, when his sailboat capsized, tossing him into chilly waters at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., for an hour and into a hospital with pneumonia. Now **President Scientific Adviser Jerome Wiesner**, 48, has definitely decided to leave his White House post. But health is only part of the reason. On leave from M.I.T. for nearly three years, Wiesner is more concerned about losing touch with the academic world, and will return to the institute in his old job as professor of engineering, probably early next year. His successor: Princeton Chemist Donald F. Horning.

While Pop, the P.M., was seeking election to Parliament in Scotland, **Muriel Douglas-Home**, 24, her two sisters and brother decided that they would renounce their courtesy titles (hers is Lady) because of "the love and favor



PHILIP & GLOBETROTTERS
Up with royal cunning.

and affection which they bear toward their parents." A few weeks before, Lord Home shed his own title to become just plain Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and that made the noble bit a little conspicuous for the children. Muriel took a proper commoner job as salesgirl at Bumpus, London's venerable bookshop. A photographer caught her melding into her new scenery during lunch hour, going shopping like everyone else.

Hickory Hill is a Virginia home that houses one turtle, one frog, one guinea pig, one donkey, one crayfish, two lizards, two horses, two servants, three salamanders, three toads, three dogs, three birds, three roosters, four ducks, six ponies, eight children, 22 tropical fish, hundreds of meal worms, and Bobby and **Ethel Kennedy**, 35. It is a bad house to live next to if you are not kind to animals. When Ethel made up her mind that the man next door was starving his horse to death, she quickly brought the creature over to Hickory Hill, where the horse died anyway. She complained to the Animal Rescue League, and last week Neighbor Nicholas Zemo went on trial. Hearing Ethel's testimony, the judge said, "This is one of the clearest cases of cruelty by neglect I've ever seen," and fined Nasty Neighbor Nick \$250.

The Lord's Taverners are a group of British showbiz and sporting chaps who like to yuk it up in various sports that catch their fancy. At this year's outing the game was basketball—and against the court-clowning Harlem Globetrotters, no less. In the first half, the Globetrotters laughed their way to a 20-0 lead. But the script always calls for the Taverners to win. And so **Prince Philip**, 42, a Taverner reserve and part-time Gunja Din, donned white waiter's jacket and served the visitors champagne in silver cups. While the Globetrotters reeled, his mates stole one of the baskets. That bit of gamesmanship gave

the Taverners a 26-24 victory, and Philip's favorite charity got \$22,400 in proceeds from the event.

In 1958 the Archbishop of Dublin blocked performance of *The Drums of Father Ned*, and in retaliation **Sean O'Casey**, 83, announced that nevermore would any of his plays be produced professionally in the Republic of Ireland. But Dublin's famed Abbey Theatre is due to perform two of his works—*Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*—next year in London at a drama festival of companies from all over Europe. Naturally they want to do the plays justice, and they have asked permission to produce them in Dublin for a two or three weeks' trial run. "I could not honorably or sentimentally refuse." But just this once, said the playwright.

The fallout was still raining down from that after-debut brawl that left a Southampton, L.I., mansion in ruins and resulted in indictments for 14 young socialites. To make sure that nothing like that happens to her again, **Fernanda Wanamaker Wetherill**, 18, and her parents have called off a second coming-out party, which was to be held at Christmastime in a Philadelphia hotel. The money will go to a local boys' school—"a much better cause," allowed her stepfather. Said Fern: "It was the only thing to do. This whole deb business is getting my down."

Ill lay: Author-News Commentator **Lowell Thomas**, 71, in Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital in satisfactory condition after a mild heart attack; Actor **Anthony Perkins**, 31, for three days, after he sprained his ankle while chasing through the woods with Brigitte Bardot during the filming of *Une Ravissante Idiote* near Paris; Balldayplayboy **Bo Beilinsky**, 26, for a day, after breaking his nose in two places when his surfboard rose up and clobbered him off Waikiki.



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SCIENCE

AWARDS

Nobelmen & Nobelwoman

Princeton's courtly Physicist Eugene P. Wigner, though his name is not a household word, ranks high among the pioneers who led a nervous world into the age of the atom. In 1939, he was one of the five farsighted scientists who wrote a letter for Albert Einstein to send to President Franklin D. Roosevelt suggesting that "it may become possible to set up a nuclear chain reaction in a large mass of uranium, by which vast amounts of power would be generated." He was present at the University of Chicago's secrecy-shrouded squash court under the Stagg Field stands when the first nuclear reactor went critical on Dec. 2, 1942. He was responsible for the design of the great plutonium reactors at Hanford, Wash.

Endless honors have already testified to the scientific achievement of those hectic days, and modest Dr. Wigner has received a valuable share—the Enrico Fermi Award (\$50,000), half of the Atoms for Peace award (\$75,000). Last week he got his highest accolade: half of the Nobel Prize in physics (\$51,158).

For a man whose tireless activities range through varied fields, from scientific administration to advising the Government, the prize was presumably recognition of a lifetime of accomplishment. But Nobel committees tend to focus on the specific, and Wigner was cited for early theoretical work on the structure of the atomic nucleus and his early recognition of the shattering implications of quantum mechanics.

Valuable Bond. The award was also a reminder of the brilliant and valuable band of scientific immigrants who fled Central Europe to escape Hitlerism. Wigner came to the U.S. from Germany in 1930. That same year, Mrs. Maria Goeppert Mayer, who shared the other half of the physics prize with Professor J. Hans D. Jensen of Heidelberg, came to the U.S. from Germany.

The only woman besides Marie Curie to win (1903) a Nobel physics prize, Mrs. Mayer was honored for research showing that atomic nuclei are built of onionlike layers of neutrons and protons held together by complicated forces. This concept, paralleling work by Professor Jensen, replaced the idea that the nucleus resembles a liquid drop, and it explained many nuclear properties.

Chemical Trickery. This year's Nobel Prize in chemistry was split between Director Karl Ziegler of the Max Planck

Institute for Coal Research in Mülheim, West Germany, and Professor Giulio Natta of the Polytechnic Institute of Milan, Italy. Both men were among the first to recognize the potentialities of macromolecules—the aggregations of thousands of atoms that play an ever-increasing part in modern chemical industry. Some macromolecules, such as the cellulose molecules in cotton or wood, are formed by nature. Others must be formed by chemical trickery. Drs. Ziegler and Natta developed practical methods by which molecules of



NATTA



ZIEGLER



WIGNER



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simple substances can be linked together in large but orderly chains or networks, producing the plastics and synthetic fibers that have become so prominent in everyday life.

GENETICS

How Nature Reads the Code

Although geneticists agree that the giant molecules of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) contain the coded information that controls the development of living organisms, they have yet to decipher the message. But the varieties of experimental attack seem almost unlimited as stubborn scientific cryptologists continue to study one of nature's most intractable secrets.

German Chemists Peter Karlson and Adolf Butenandt of the University of Munich collected three tons of silkworm pupae, ground up the little animals, then carefully processed the mess to extract 100 milligrams (one three-hundredth of an ounce) of a hormone called ecdysone. They knew ecdysone played a large part in the silkworm's life cycle, and when they discovered that it was remarkably similar to human sex hormones, they were fascinated. But what, if anything, did it have to do with DNA's genetic code?

Karlson dipped into his tiny supply of pure ecdysone and sent a five-milligram test sample to Ulrich Clever, a young biochemist at the Max Planck Institute in Tübingen. Clever had been investigating the appearance of puffy swellings on microscopic, DNA-carrying chromosomes in the salivary glands of fly larvae. The puffs appear just before the larvae mature and change into pupae, and the tiny swelling seems to cause the metamorphosis. Karlson wondered how ecdysone would affect that transformation.

Chemist Clever soon had his answer. Within 20 minutes after a larva got an injection of ecdysone, its chromo-

somes grew puffs. Shortly after that, the larva turned into a pupa.

On this one phenomenon Karlson has built a sweeping theory of how DNA controls the development of an organism, and how nature reads its own code. The great store of hereditary information that DNA contains, says Karlson, is not needed all at once. It comes into play gradually, as if it were being looked up, item by item, in a book of instructions. When the time comes for a larva to turn into a pupa, ecdysone secreted by its glands circulates among the cells and comes in contact with the long, ropelike molecules of the DNA in the chromosomes. The hormone affects only those parts of the DNA molecule that contain a few items of chemical instructions needed for metamorphosis. The parts become suddenly active; they swell up, forming visible puffs which show that the hormone has told them to do their stuff. Dutifully they release their information by forming "messenger RNA" (ribonucleic acid) that diffuses into the body of the cell and manufactures the protein enzymes that bring about metamorphosis. Then the puffs disappear, and the chromosomes wait for other hormones to come along and tell them to release other items of information.

* The others: Leo Szilard, Edward Teller, Victor F. Weisskopf and Enrico Fermi.

† Others were Mathematician John von Neumann, Physicist Hans Bethe, Aerodynamicist Theodore von Kármán.



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MUSIC



THE BEATLES



PERFORMANCE IN BUXTON
The audience is pretty funny too.

SINGERS

The New Madness

A midnight panic swept through the crowd at Carlisle: girls screamed, sirens wailed. Four thousand stood all night at Newcastle, faces pinched and grim in a drenching rain. Fifty bobbies were needed to fight the crush at Hull in Yorkshire. "Beatlemania," as Britons call the new madness, was striking everywhere, and last week the Queen Mother herself confronted the four young Liverpudlians responsible. There on the stage of London's Prince of Wales Theater stood a wild rhythm-and-blues quartet called the Beatles, and there across the moat of Establishment faces sat the Queen Mother. "Those in the cheaper seats, clap," cried the Beatles' leader. "The rest of you rattle your jewelry." Then the Beatles broke into *From Me to You*, and the Queen Mother beamed.

A Maniac's Shaping. Though Americans might find the Beatles achingly familiar (their songs consist mainly of "Yeh!" screamed to the accompaniment of three guitars and a thunderous drum), they are apparently irresistible to the English. A short year ago, they were back in Liverpool singing such songs as *Twist and Shout* and *Love Me Do* into the din of the tough Merseyside pubs. Now they earn \$5,000 a week playing one-night stands all over Britain. Their records have sold 2,500,000 copies, and crowds stampede for a chance to touch the hem of the collarless coats sported onstage by all four of them.

Although no Beatle can read music, two of them dream up half the Beatles' repertory. The raucous, big-beat sound they achieve by electric amplification of

all their instruments makes a Beatle performance slightly orgiastic. But the boys are the very spirit of good clean fun. They look like shaggy Peter Pans, with their mushroom haircuts and high white shirt collars, and onstage they clown around endlessly—twisting, cracking jokes, gently laughing at the riotous response they get from their audience. The precise nature of their charm remains mysterious even to their manager. "I dropped in at a smoky, smelly, squallid cellar," he says of the day he discovered them, "and there were these four youths. Their act was ragged, their clothes were a mess. And yet I sensed at once that there was something here."

Just Ciggies. Such talk amuses the Beatles, who all talk and behave like students of *If*.—Says Beatle Spokesman John Lennon, 23: "The day the fans desert us, I'll be wondering how I'm going to pay for my whisky and Cokes." The other Beatles—Guitarists Paul McCartney, 21, and George Harrison, 20, and 23-year-old Drummer Ringo Starr (who wears four rings on his fingers)—are also keeping their heads. "We're not interested in living it up," says Ringo. "All our money goes into Beatles, Ltd., and we take only enough out for clothes and a few ciggies."

SOPRANOS

"Absolutely Priceless"

The reviews that greeted Soprano Reri Grist in her debut with the San Francisco Opera company might well have been written by her mother. She was an "exquisite" Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, an "absolutely priceless" Despina in *Così Fan Tutte*, "the very incarnation" of Sister Constance in *Dia-*

logues of the Carmelites. Last week, when the opera went on tour to Los Angeles, the critics sounded almost as infatuated—petite! graceful! enchanting! pretty! The last time a new singer so captured the San Francisco season, the object of affections was Leontyne Price.

Grist has none of Price's sensuous power, either in voice or performance. She is a coloratura to the heart; her voice has a light, facile, May-wine beauty, and her acting is warmed by fluttery humor and grace. In opera's endless supply of roles for frivolous coquettesses, she could hardly be better off, but the buoyant ease of her voice is her main distinction: she stopped a performance of *Ariadne auf Naxos* in her La Scala debut with a crystalline rendition of Zerbinetta's notoriously difficult aria.

Singing in the Fields. Reri ("Who ever heard of a name like Reri?" she says) grew up in Harlem. Her mother tugged her around to auditions when she was a child, as much to get her off the streets as onto the stage. She won a succession of small singing bits before she was 20. Her best Broadway role was Consuelo in the 1957 production of *West Side Story*, in which she sang *Somewhere*, the show's most operatic song. Upon hearing her, Composer Leonard Bernstein invited her up the street to sing in Mahler's *Fourth* with his New York Philharmonic. Since then she has sung only classical.

She forged the basis of her career during a camping tour of Europe. "I would wake up in the mornings and sing out into the fields," she says, "then go into the towns for auditions." In the past three years, she has been a regular at the Zürich Opera and has sung at the Vienna Opera and Covent Garden.

Where the Work Is. She long ago gave up on the U.S. as a place to live, and even her toast-of-the-town success in California is not likely to tempt her back from her home in Zürich. "People stare at me in Europe," she says, "but out of curiosity. When I come back here, the stares have a malice in them. Besides, my life is in the opera now, and Europe is where the work is."

FOTO PETERS



SOPRANO GRIST
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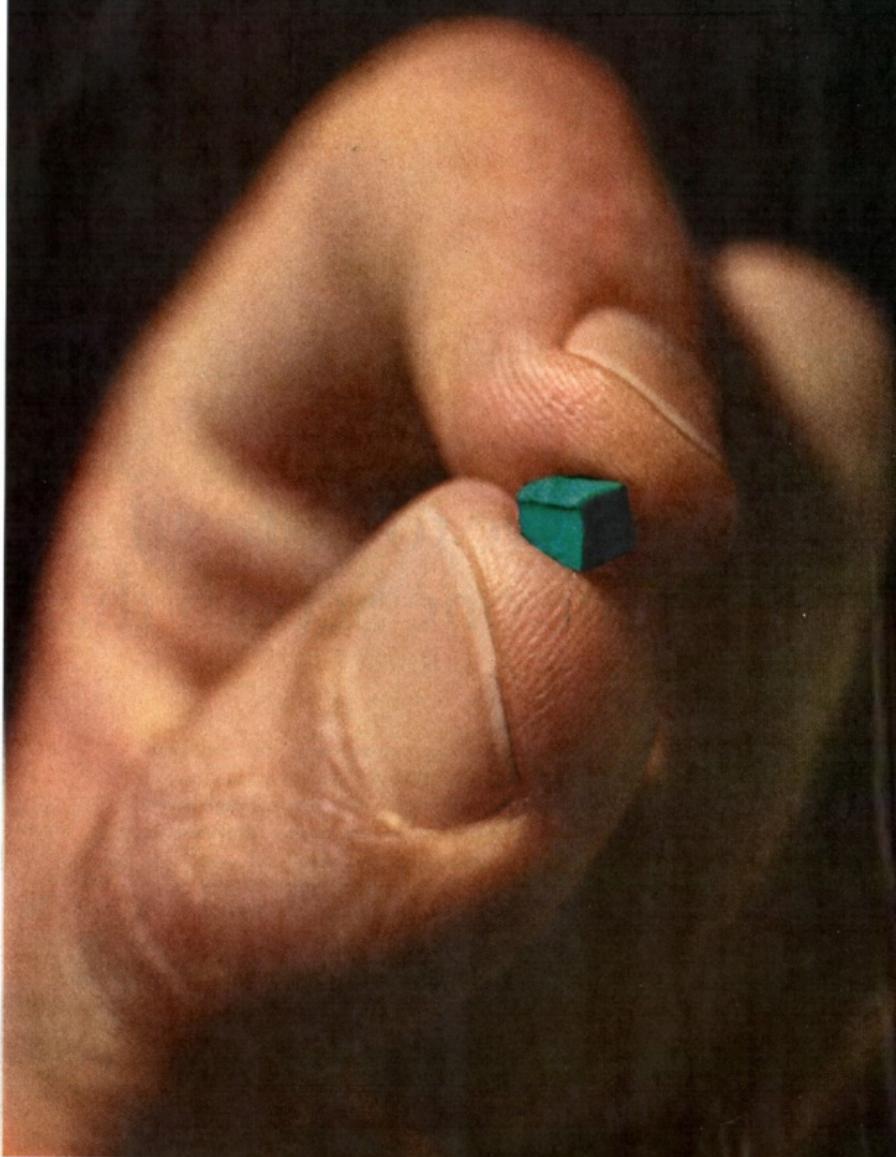
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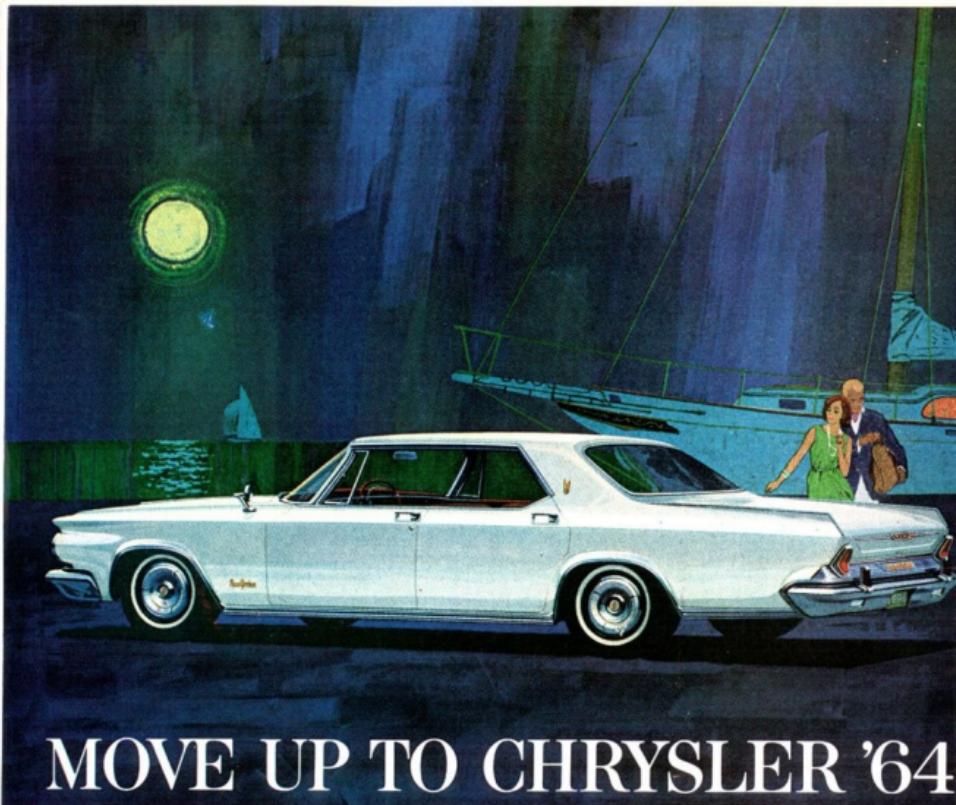
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The big news in the skin game is that it's getting masculine to be feminine. The leathery look in men is Out. Creams and cleansers, powders and pomades, hair-tinting combs, face-tightening masks, nail lacquers, hair sprays and sweet-smelling stuff in all sizes, shapes and prices are booming in the male market, and the cosmetics industry is rushing to repack its female products into something for the boys.

Green for Ruddy, Blue for Sallow.

The trend became obvious two years ago, when Elizabeth Arden noticed a sudden sales increase on its Arden for Men line (which includes face cream and face mask, hair spray, brilliantine, three kinds of seen and two shades of powder). Sales doubled in 1962 and are running about 100% higher this year. Revlon and Lanvin have followed Elizabeth Arden into the masculine market; Clairol may soon join the parade.

A mask called Sudden Youth is a big seller at Jerry's barbershop on Madison Avenue, where the favorite tinting color is Banker's Grey and a new hair-styling by Jerry himself costs \$25. About half

I discovered that about 50% of my customers had husbands who were using their beauty creams. We sell green powder for ruddy skin and blue powder for sallow skin. We don't sell them powder puffs, of course. We sell a special soap cream with sea salt grains. One night, there was a knock on my door. It was a man who said, "My wife and I have separated. I used to use her pore cleanser. Now my skin is breaking out again."

The Rush to Foo-Foo Juice. The new customers are not just Madison Avenue-iks and Wilshire Boulevardiers, who might be especially uninhibited about nurturing their masculine beauty. Men from Boston to Houston are sloshing themselves with expensive colognes and lotions as never before.

Jordan Marsh's department store in Miami spent twice as much on men's cosmetics this year as last year. "It's fantastic," says one of the buyers. "I can remember when we had one unit on the floor for men's cosmetics. This Christmas we'll have four units, plus three tables to display the merchandise. We have a face cream for men that costs \$15 a tube!" Burdine's Miami store reports that more and more men are buying "friction lotions"—light colognes for use after bathing—and deodorant "body fresheners" in such hairy-sounding scents as Clover Hay, Tumbleweed, Boots and Saddle.

Why the sudden rush to foo-foo juice in the land of Willy and Joe, Huck Finn and Bathless Groggins? No one seems to know. "Men have just decided not to smell like men any more," said a female department-store buyer happily last week. "They want to smell good."

CUSTOMS

Ads in Reverse

The American Cancer Society has thought up a new kind of advertising—uncommercials. Called "Athletes Against Cancer," the campaign is a series of cigarette testimonials in reverse. "I don't smoke," grins Olympics Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias. "Smoking cuts down on wind. And an athlete needs wind as much as he needs his legs. Athletes in top condition don't smoke—they can't afford to." Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford (who did some testimonial commercials last year for Camel) says: "Cigarette smoking is dangerous for your health. I guess we all know that science has proved it to be the major cause of lung cancer." Other anti-cigarette athletes: Track Stars Jim Beatty and Tom Courtney, Tank Stars Buster Crabbe and Patricia McCormick, Fighters Jack Dempsey, Sugar Ray Robinson, and Floyd Patterson.

Aiming its ads at young people, the Cancer Society supplies them free to national teen-age magazines that will promise to run them (ten have so far signed up). "We want to change the



SUDDEN YOUTH AT JERRY'S
And a knock on the door at 9 p.m.

of his clients are show biz; the rest are executives, and they are the ones that care. "A lot of actors don't worry about what they look like except when they're onstage," says Jerry. "But a businessman has to think about it all the time."

Beautician Aida Grey has branched out from her female trade in Beverly Hills to open two masculine beauty parlors—the Esquire for Men and Boys, and the more expensive Olympian, where she has facilities for facials, massages, instant skin-tanning and eyebrow tinting. "In the past year, or year and a half," chirps chic, French-born Aida, "there's been a tremendous rise in men's cosmetics. I got into the male line when



The big flip-top box for the smoker

BRITISH POSTER



I DON'T SMOKE

*When a man is competitive, he only wants fresh air. He wants to stand tall and strong. And an athlete needs wind as much as he needs his legs. So when you're thinking about smoking—try this: "I don't smoke." Bob Mathias
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY*

I
DON'T
SMOKE

image of the cigarette smoker for youngsters," says a spokesman for the society. "If we can just get them before they start!"

In Europe the anti-tobacco campaign is far less circumspect. The British Ministry of Health has put up more than a million posters. One says: "Why be another sheep? Before you smoke, THINK. Cigarettes cause lung cancer." Another shows a half-open coffin, with the legend: "The big Flip-Top Box for the Smoker." In Italy, all tobacco advertising was made illegal in 1962.

Living & Dying

Beginning next February, the U.S. cost-of-living index will include the cost of dying, the Bureau of Labor Statistics has announced. Bestselling Author Jessica Mitford and all the current furor about the high cost of dying had nothing to do with it, insisted Bureau Assistant Commissioner Arnold E. Chase. Bureaucracy doesn't move that fast. Over a year ago, said Chase, the bureau decided to add the cost of funerals to the 300 items included in the monthly index, along with 50 other new additions. Among them: legal expenses, installment credit, hotel and motel rates.

TRAVEL

Wherever She Goes

When the Greyhound bus company plunged into a series of depth interviews with its customers, it turned up the fact that on long trips scenery, comic books and comfort stops are not enough—bus riders are bored stiff. On the ground that a sizable number of their passengers (teen-agers, servicemen, bored old ladies) are compulsive listeners to radios, Greyhound has decided to spend about \$2,000,000 installing transistor radios above each seat in its 1,945 transcontinental buses. They operate only through headsets, which the radio fan may buy for 50¢ as he enters the bus. Research revealed that people are not happy about using a headset that "has been in someone else's ear," so the sets are collected and destroyed after each use. Even so, Greyhound expects to make a profit on it.

THE LAW

LAWYERS

Now, About the Fee . . .

Anyone who has paid a lawyer's bill lately may be forgiven if he thinks that lawyers make a great deal of money. But according to a survey conducted for the Philadelphia Bar Association, most members of the legal profession would probably disagree. About 60% of all practicing lawyers in the U.S. operate on their own in one-man offices, and in this go-it-alone group the average income comes to only about \$8,000 a year. Dentists without partners average \$12,000, and medical doctors more than \$18,000.

The way to prosper at law, it appears, is to belong to a firm, the bigger the better. In Philadelphia, the median income of lawyers who work by themselves is \$11,000 a year. In partnerships of two or three lawyers, the median rises to \$15,000. With four or five in the firm, the figure is \$17,000. In firms where the roster of partners runs to twelve or more lawyers, median income reaches upward to a level that many a successful doctor might find impressive—\$28,500 a year.

JUDGES

Jurist Before the Bar

He looks like a casting director's choice for the job—plump, bald, ruddy, even a little belligerent. At 70, age has not withered his stern skills nor staled his colorful style. But now, after 23 years on the bench, New York State Supreme Court Justice Samuel Simon Leibowitz finds himself before the bar as a defendant, his very qualifications to serve the law subject to review by a panel of his peers.

Having reached the mandatory retirement age, Judge Leibowitz applied for an extension of his term. By tradition, approval should have been almost automatic. So much about high-court New York judgements is automatic that it is a tradition around the courthouse that they all but offer a lifetime job. Election to one 14-year term carries a virtual promise of endorsement by both political parties should the judge decide to run again.

So it went with Sam, who was re-elected to the bench in 1954 after a brief fling as a splinter party mayoralty candidate. And so it might have gone with his request to stay on; over the years the Administrative Board of the Judicial Conference has demonstrated a remarkable reluctance to say no. But then, in a strongly worded letter to the conference, the judiciary committee of the New York City Bar Association recalled Sam's "demonstrated lack of judicial temperament, his habitual arrogance and discourtesy to lawyers and litigants, and his frequent

embroilment in distasteful and grossly unjust judicial incidents."

Unforgivable Error. The harsh charge called up memories of a life of outspoken advocacy and fierce controversy. A Brooklynite, whose parents brought him to the U.S. from Rumania in 1897, Sam Leibowitz went to Cornell Law School and became a dramatically successful criminal lawyer. In the 1920s and '30s, his roster of clients included some of the country's most notorious hoodlums—Al Capone, Kid Twist Reles, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss. He fought for the Mad Dog Killer and the Bread



"SENTENCING SAM"
"I'll give you a thousand years."

Knife Murderess, and of more than 100 defendants charged with first-degree murder, Sam saved all but one from the electric chair. The loser made the unforgivable error of leaving his fingerprints behind.

Sam's most celebrated triumph as a lawyer was his defense of the "Scottsboro boys"—nine Negro youths accused of raping two white women in a railroad freight car near Scottsboro, Ala. An Alabama court sentenced eight of the boys to death and the ninth to life imprisonment. In proceedings that lasted from 1933 to 1937, Leibowitz, serving without fee, won a reversal from the U.S. Supreme Court, succeeded in establishing the legal principle that a Negro cannot be assured a fair trial in a community where Negroes are systematically excluded from jury service.

But Leibowitz made victory the harder and slower by a newspaper interview in which he described the jury members as "bigots whose mouths are slits in their faces, whose eyes pop out at you like frogs, whose chins drip tobacco juice, bewhiskered and filthy." The Alabama judge used the published statement as an excuse to postpone the trials. Sam Leibowitz was already sounding

off in the free-wheeling manner which would later get him into continuing trouble on the bench.

Eliminating the Snake. When Lawyer Leibowitz ran as the Democratic candidate for a Brooklyn county-court judgeship in 1940, his opponents warned that a defender of criminals would surely be soft on criminals before the bar. As if in answer, the new judge acquired the nickname "Sentencing Sam." "Once a criminal has the handcuffs on him, he knows it's not going to be a picnic in Kings County Court today," said Leibowitz. He was especially tough on criminals with previous arrests on their records. "I'll eliminate a poisonous snake from the community."

Over the years complaints piled up about Leibowitz's court, and in one way or another, most of the grumblings reflected the same trait that got Sam into needless trouble in Alabama: he simply could not help putting his opinions and emotions loudly on the line. In the courtroom he referred to an accused criminal as a "rat" or an "animal." Occasionally he broke into a purple tirade. When a big-time gambler who had talked freely to a grand jury later clammed up in court, Leibowitz roared: "I'll give you a thousand years, if necessary! You'll be buried in jail so you'll never see daylight again!"

He could be as rough on lawyers as on defendants, often barked his caustic impatience when counsel seemed to him to be sluggish or ill-prepared. "His facial expressions and gestures," said one critic, "his intonations, his pauses at the proper moment, all clearly indicate his belief or disbelief in a witness' testimony." He got into rows with his colleagues too, once said in open court that he hoped another judge would "keep his filthy mouth shut." The remark brought official rebuke for "using a courtroom as a forum for vilification of a fellow jurist."

A Mighty Arm. The record that bothers the Bar Association committee so much has been a long time in the making. But despite all the contention, and all the criticisms, when the judicial board hands down its decision, it will probably rule for Sentencing Sam. The New York State Association of Trial Lawyers, familiar enough with the lash of the Leibowitz tongue, declares that his "wisdom, courage and ability to maintain decorum in his courtroom have not diminished with the years." Judge Leibowitz, says a lawyer who has been one of his severest critics, "guards against unjust acquittal as well as unjust conviction. He's the toughest judge in the city of New York, but nobody gets sent away who is innocent."

Even colleagues who have found fault with Leibowitz's performance now seem agreed that he ought to be permitted to remain on the bench. Either he, they or all have mellowed. One judge, who calls Leibowitz "egocentric and blustering," nonetheless adds with fraternal

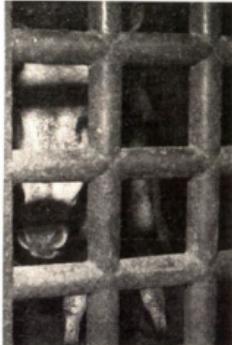
loyalty: "This is an able judge, with an understanding of the criminal elements beyond compare. He's a mighty arm, and his aim is in the public weal and interest."

CRIMINAL LAW

Asinine Behavior

Last summer a Brazilian farmer named Osório Fernandes took his donkey Pelé with him to town. In the marketplace of Venceslau Guimarães, a small boy began tormenting Pelé with a stick, and the donkey struck back—killing the boy with a kick in the head. Police Chief Emiliano Gonçalves had the farmer arrested, but Fernandes wept so

LUIZ PARAGUASU



PELÉ IN JAIL
Braying for release.

profusely in his jail cell that Gonçalves changed his mind and locked up the donkey instead. The charge against the animal: murder. Osório Fernandes angrily leveled a charge of his own against the police chief: "He has been anti-donkey ever since the day he left his office door open and a donkey wandered in and ate all his papers, including his marriage license."

Anti-donkey or not, Chief Gonçalves mulishly insisted that the donkey was dangerous and had to be kept behind bars, despite Farmer Fernandes' pleas that the animal had only kicked in self-defense. Months passed. The other prisoners, being human, had protested that the donkey stank; even worse, it brayed all night. The prison cook complained because he had to prepare special meals for the donkey. The jailer, grumbling that cleaning up the animal's cell had doubled his work, threatened to go on strike unless he got extra pay.

Last week, to the great relief of jailers and prisoners, Pelé was back on Fernandes' farm. In Salvador, the state capital, the state security secretary, hearing of the case, had sent the police chief a telegram curtly informing him that "the donkey has served his sentence," even though he had never been tried, and ordering his release.

First came clocks.
Then clock-radios.

Now...the clock-radio-television's here
It goes on and off automatically

(And its etched-circuit board is guaranteed for life*). Set this compact 18½-pound beauty by your bed. Let it lull you to sleep with radio or 11" TV (diag. meas.), then shut itself off automatically. Next morning it can turn itself back on to wake you. It's even equipped with private earphones for considerate late-movie fans. Perfect for desktop and kitchen televiewing too. (Do you know a more entertaining way to time the spaghetti sauce?)

*The General Electric Company guarantees the Etched-Circuit Board to be free of manufacturing defects for the life of the television receiver. The General Electric Company will, at its option, repair any defects or accept claims for such repairs provided repairs are made by one of the following: a. General Electric Distributor, b. Franchised General Electric Dealer, c. Authorized Independent Service Agency. The picture tube is warranted for one full year in all receivers. All other parts are warranted for 90 days in monochrome receivers and one year in color receivers.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

SHOW BUSINESS

RECORDS

Nun's Story

Two years ago, a battered, rattling two-cylinder Citroën stopped outside the offices of the Philips record company in Brussels, and two nuns got out. Inside, the older one did all the talking. "You see, we have these retreats for young girls at our Fichermon monastery, and in the evenings

PARIS MATCH



SISTER LUC-GABRIELLE WITH GUITAR

Holy joy among the sugar beets.

We sing songs composed by Sister Luc-Gabrielle here." She gestured at her round-faced, bespectacled companion. "The songs are such a hit with our girls, they ask us to transcribe them." Would the company make a record and a hundred or so copies, which the sisters could give as gifts? The sisters were ready to pay. Sorry, said the record men in effect, you have hit us during the Christmas rush.

Slipstream. Three months later, the nuns tried phoning. Would the company make the records now? Philips gave in, and Sister Luc-Gabrielle arrived with a new guitar and a chorus of four, habited in black and white. During recording sessions, Sister Luc-Gabrielle made little nunnish jokes to ease the strain, and at lunchtime all five sisters would repair to a nearby monastery for prayer and refreshment.

When Philips executives heard the recorded songs, they flipped. The songs of Sister Luc-Gabrielle were light, melodic, and as gently pleasing as the sounds of a country evening. Instead of the few pressings requested, Philips turned out thousands, sent them out into the commercial slipstream as the album of "*Soeur Sourire*" (Sister Smile). Almost instantly, *Soeur Sourire* became a byword throughout Belgium,

The Netherlands, France, Spain, Canada, Switzerland and Germany.

Well Adapted. But when Philips tried the album—calling it *The Singing Nun*—in the U.S. last summer, it went nowhere. Philips then tried an old sales stimulus, taking two songs from it and putting out a 45-r.p.m. single. One side is called *Dominique*, and it has taken off like a grass fire. U.S. teen-agers are mad for the singing nun, even though *Dominique* is in French, and few are aware that the song lauds the virtues of the founder of the Dominican order. More than 400,000 have sold in three weeks, and the full *Singing Nun* album, thus primed, has now sold 300,000.

Sister Luc-Gabrielle is 30, blue-eyed, friendly and full of common sense. She is an odd competitor for the Bobbie Darins and the Paul Ankas, as anyone would agree who could see her in her heavy shoes and grey apron with a big knife cleaning sugar beets on the convent farm. "She's wonderfully well adapted to Dominican life," says a fellow sister who acts as her manager. "She's very joyful, and holy joy is the principal trait St. Dominic wanted to infuse in his order."

The songs will eventually earn about \$100,000 for the Dominicans. The money will be spent on foreign missions, including one to South America, where Sister Luc-Gabrielle will be sent when she finishes her training. Meanwhile, when reporters and photographers seek her out, she shies away. "I don't like all that," she says. "Missionary work is far more important."

MOVIES ABROAD

Sex & the Swedish Master

Of course, we have to educate the audience. It is our duty. At first you give the audience a pill that tastes good. And then you give them some more pills with vitamins, but with some poison too. Very slowly you give them stronger and stronger doses.

—Ingmar Bergman

When sex is the strongest chemical in the pill, it takes a phenomenal dose to have much effect on the shockproof Swedes—but Bergman at the moment has them reeling. His new film, *Silence*, has opened in Stockholm, and for the first time a sizable number of Swedish moviegoers are wondering if the dose has grown too powerful. Growling dark epithets, people are actually leaving the theater midway through the film. Others go away slowly at the end, stunned, like children retreating from a keyhole.

Inflammations. The people in *Silence* move through an almost undersea life where they have little communication with one another, less with the surrounding world, and none with God. A woman, her young son, and her unmarried sister travel through a country invented by Bergman, where people speak an incomprehensible rococo-syllabic

language, also invented by Bergman. The story line is wavy and apparently aimless. The unmarried woman has a marked erotic interest in her sister. The sister's heterosexuality is fired rather than suppressed by this. It is inflamed further when she goes to a variety show at a local theater and sees a couple in the audience clearly engaged in making love. In a frenzy, she finds a waiter who has flirted with her and takes him to bed. While they are together, the older sister intrudes and rages at them. The little boy absorbs these events in silence. His mother takes him away the next day. His aunt stays behind and dies.

Bergman's treatment of this is unloveliness. There are no suggestive fadouts. The camera coldly watches the coupling of his unloving couples, and the result is unlovely. When his waspish lesbian is left alone, the camera lingers to record an act of self-love.

Poem or Muck? Swedish newspapers, in recent weeks, have printed more than 200 articles debating whether Bergman's film is art or pornography, whether it is "his strongest poem" or simply "muck." Letter-writing men are more shocked than women. Swedish teen-agers, usually celebrated for their easygoing physical outlook, are offended. "Right now I don't want to see

HARVEY KARPFF



SISTERS & WAITER IN "SILENCE"

Lust in an invented speech.

any more Bergman films," said one girl last week. "The sex scenes were almost animalistic, and I was shocked."

The general intellectual counterattack to all this was summed up in a letter to the daily *Aftonbladet*. "Is a film immoral?" asked the writer, "just because it shows immoral people?" The point remains moot in smoldering Stockholm. Bergman himself has had no disturbing second thoughts. *Silence* is the third segment of a trilogy about God, according to Ingmar. The first two parts were *Through a Glass Darkly* and *Winter Light*. *Silence* is intended to depict the cold horror of human existence when God averts his face and there is no light at all.



Starfire

High adventure starts right here!

Someday there'll be another car that combines the niceties of life with the thrill of the open road as neatly as Starfire does. But not *this* year. From its bold grille to its exclusive dual chambered exhausts, this beauty's new action silhouette says '64 belongs to Starfire! Sample the response of the 345-h.p. Starfire V-8. The quiet authority of Hydra-Matic, power brakes, power steering. Along with leather-trimmed buckets and sports console, they're all part of the package! One thing's for certain: When you flip the key to a Starfire, you're pulling the pin on one of America's most exciting performers.

'64 OIDS WHERE THE ACTION IS!

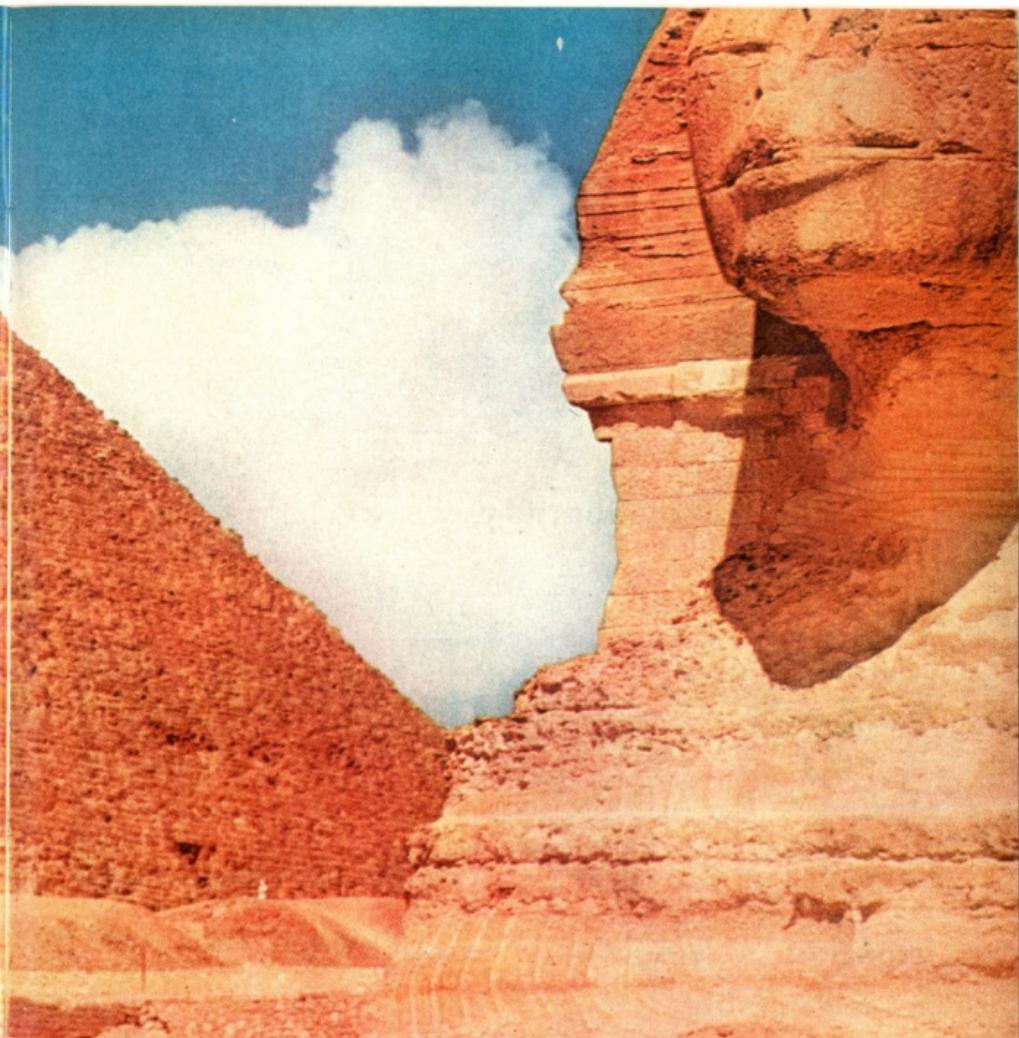


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QUALITY BUILDERS OF
NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE,
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Egypt's Great Cheops Pyramid was built with lever, roller, inclined plane — and 20 years of colossal human drudgery.

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Champion Papers 

SPORT

TENNIS

On to Adelaide

Tennis fortunes wax and wane—and Australia's mostly wax, while the U.S.'s mostly wane. The Aussies have won the Davis Cup in eleven of the past 13 years; the U.S. has not even reached the Challenge Round since 1959. But last week U.S. fortunes took a distinct turn for the better. The U.S. team had already beaten Mexico and Britain handily. Now it needed only to get past India in the interzone finals to challenge Australia for the cup.

Out in Bombay the Indians did their bit to make the matches interesting. Captain Ramanathan Krishnan inspected the Cricket Club's slick clay court, groaned, "The Yanks will murder us on this," and ordered a new court to be built immediately—out of sand, an old Indian recipe guaranteed to take the bounce out of the ball, to say nothing of the Yanks. On the appointed day, the temperature was in the 90s, flocks of cawing crows hovered low overhead, and Indian fans heckled the Americans both from the stands and from nearby apartment-house balconies. When California's Dennis Ralston blasted a serve past Krishnan and the linesman signaled a clean ace, the galleries set up such a hullabaloo that the umpire shrugged, and replaced the linesman.

India won the skirmish, but the U.S. won the war. Ralston, the Peck's Bad Boy of tennis, for once kept his temper under control, beat Krishnan at his own sandy game, with short volleys and dinky drop shots that won in straight sets, 6-4, 6-1, 13-11. Texas' Chuck McKinley, mounting the same kind of whirlwind attack that earned him the Wimbledon championship, needed only 72 minutes to dispose of India's Permit Lall, 6-4, 6-3, 6-0. Ralston and McKinley then won the doubles to give the U.S. a 3-0 lead and turn the last two singles

matches into a meaningless exhibition. Final score: U.S. 5, India 0.

Australia may once again prove too strong for the U.S. when they meet in Adelaide next month. But the Aussies are worried enough to try luring Neale Fraser out of retirement. And the Americans have one thing going for them: cheek. "I know these boys can beat the Aussies," crowed U.S. Captain Robert Kelleher, "It's just a matter of applying the right pressure at the right time."

HARNESS RACING

"We Was Robbed!"

The Friday night crowd at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway was in a festive mood. In the grandstand, beer cans rattled and pari-mutuel machines beat a steady thunk, thunk, thunk. In the Cloud Casino, champagne corks popped and waiters served steaks. For some, it was just a night at the races. But most were drawn there by a fantasy of instant wealth.

Just two nights before, Joseph Mariano, 39, a Waterbury, Conn., bartender, had made an alltime record killing—\$79,660.30 on a \$2 ticket—by picking four straight winners in Roosevelt's "twin double." Now, as eight pacers raced toward the finish of the sixth race, 23,127 fans clutched their own twin doubles (85,574 of them) and prayed for Lady Luck to come through again.

In the back stretch, one pacer stepped into the wheel of an opponent's sulky, stumbled—and in an instant the track was littered with horses and drivers. Only two entries managed to skirt the pile-up and keep going. The crowd sat stunned as attendants rushed onto the track to administer to the writhing animals and cart an injured driver off to the hospital. But when the track paid off on the two that finished and voided tickets on the six fallen horses—all legitimate according to the rules—horror turned to unreasoning anger.

"We was robbed!" came the battle cry. A youth hurdled a 3½-ft. fence onto the track, brandished a fist—and hundreds swarmed after him. They attacked the judge's booth at the finish line, injuring John DeMatteo, who was pinned inside. They threw bottles at the infield tote board until the lights that indicate the amount of money bet finally winked out. They pulled a sulky from the paddock and set it afire. Bands of vandals dashed wildly through the stands, breaking windows, lighting bonfires, ripping program booths apart.

Within minutes, 150 police converged on the track in 50 radio cars. Frenzied rioters beat one patrolman nearly to death. Conrad Rothenbach, 65, Roosevelt's security chief and one-time chief of New York City's 20,000 uniformed police, dropped dead of a heart attack. For more than an hour



BIG WINNER MARIANO



ROOSEVELT AT HEIGHT OF RIOT
A night of mayhem.

the battle raged on. When it was finally quelled, 35 people were injured, 15 fans were arrested, and damage to Roosevelt Raceway was estimated at more than \$15,000.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Yankee Catcher Elston Howard: the American League's Most Valuable Player award. First Negro ever to win, Howard batted .287, hit 28 homers, drove in 85 runs for the American League champions. Already chosen as the National League's Most Valuable: Dodger Pitcher Sandy Koufax, who led in won-loss record (25-5), beat the Yankees twice in the Series.

► No. 1-ranked Texas: a narrow 7-0 victory over unranked Baylor, as Quarterback Duke Carlisle sparked a third-quarter touchdown drive that left the Longhorns the only undefeated and untied major college team in the U.S. It was a day for quarterbacks. Navy's Roger Staubach passed for one TD, rammed two more across himself, and the No. 3-ranked Middies torpedoed Maryland 42-7. Harvard's Mike Bassett ran 7 yds. for the deciding score, as the Cantabs dumped undefeated Princeton 21-7. And Mississippi State's Sonny Fisher, playing defense as well as offense, ran 25 yds. with an intercepted pass, set up a field goal that knocked No. 5-ranked Auburn from the list of the unbeaten, 13-10. Other scores:

Michigan 14	Illinois 8
Army 8	Utah 7
Penn State 10	Ohio State 7
Wisconsin 17	Northwestern 14



MCKINLEY

A day of murder.



MADE FROM

100% Golden Corn Oil

CONTAINS
ALMOST
ONE CUP
OF LIQUID
CORN OIL

Lowest in Saturated Fat of the nation's leading margarines

Delicious Fleischmann's Margarine is ideal for low saturated fat diets many doctors recommend. Of the nation's leading margarines, Fleischmann's is lowest in saturated fat because it's made from 100% corn oil. And scientific research indicates liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's helps reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. Ask your doctor how Fleischmann's Margarine can help reduce the saturated fat content of your family's diet.

Fleischmann's also comes Unsalted. Ideal for low-sodium diets. Get Fleischmann's Unsalted Margarine in the frozen food section.



Both margarines sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

Fleischmann's
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

"One Person, One Towel"

For a year and a half respectable professors from the Düsseldorf Academy of Medicine sneaked around public washrooms on an odd mission: checking the hand towels in 136 inns and restaurants. They worked with stealth, lest owners get mad at the impaled aspiration on their premises. Not until he was unobserved did a researcher pull out of his briefcase a letter-sized sheet of sterile, moistened collecting paper and press it against a towel. Then he folded the paper and slipped it back into his briefcase. Back at the laboratory, the sheets were checked for bacteria. Though the public hand towel has long been recognized as insanitary, it is still widely used in Germany, and Dr. Walter Kikuth and Dr. Ludwig Grün wanted to study just how dangerous roller towels were. They wound up appalled.

Of 70 old-fashioned cloth towels, seven were so saturated with germs that no count could be made. Another 63 averaged 16,527 germs per square centimeter, but even worse than the germs' quantity was their quality. Half the towels were loaded with staphylococci, which cause boils and wound infections. A third of the towels bore coliform bacteria, which spread dysentery, typhus and typhoid.

Surprisingly, the doctors found that many hospitals and clinics also use common towels. And some of the hospital bugs were the deadliest of all staphylococci—the strains that are resistant to most forms of penicillin and many other antibiotics. Among the worst places was a maternity ward, where women picked up infections and took them home with their babies.

The Düsseldorf doctors are confident that infectious diseases can be reduced by getting rid of the common towel. But the hot-air dryer, they say, is far from an effective replacement; it spreads germs faster by blowing them into the air. The Düsseldorf doctors prefer either the long roll, in which each part of the towel is used only once, or individual paper towels. Either way, they urge: "One person, one towel."

HEMATOLOGY

Patient to Patient

Most blood donors are selected for their good health and their freedom from sickness that might be passed along in a transfusion. Dr. Charles Gordon Zubrod of the National Cancer Institute has been looking for donors suffering from one form of leukemia and using their blood to treat victims of other forms of the disease. In another feat of hematology, blood from healthy donors is helping to save some leukemia victims from bleeding to death.

In neither case, Dr. Zubrod told the

Association of Military Surgeons last week, is whole blood used; only fractions are needed. In some cases the remainder can be returned to the donor's veins so that his supply is scarcely depleted, and he can act as a donor again within a few days.

100 Billion Cells. In the acute leukemia of childhood, drugs given to fight the cancer also cut down resistance to infection. One common infection, Dr. Zubrod said, exerts its deadly effects because the child lacks a form of white blood cell known as the granulocyte. The condition used to be 100% fatal. But the Government-sponsored Anti-Leukemia Task Force found that adult victims of a different kind of leukemia, the chronic myelogenous form, have a

TOMMY WEBER



RESEARCHER ZUBROD

Now the sick can help the sick.

great excess of granulocytes. Some have donated blood from which up to 100 billion granulocytes have been extracted and given to a single child victim of the acute disease. And in 60% of such cases, the treatment has overcome the infection.

This method cannot yet be used for patients who are free of cancer. But Dr. Zubrod foresees a day when extraction of the granulocytes from normal blood can be made so much more efficient that they will become available for safe treatment of other illnesses.

Spin the Platelets. Progress along these lines has already been made in supplying platelets—the tiny elements in the blood which enable it to clot—from healthy donors to leukemia patients threatened with uncontrollable hemorrhage. A healthy donor gives two pints of blood at a sitting, instead of the usual single pint. But while he is still on the table, high-speed centrifuges separate the platelets. Most of the rest of the blood (red cells, white cells and plasma) is returned to his veins at once. He can continue such donations twice a week for months on end. Already available at the N.C.I. in Bethesda, Md., is the equipment that separates the platelets for leukemia patients is now being installed in Boston, Philadelphia, Houston and Los Angeles.



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ART

Death of the Gargoyle

Yalemen, like most collegians, have long dwelt in the shadow of the gargoyle. Gothic architecture, with its encrusted spires and ogives, was the accepted way of making scholarship look more scholarly. But no longer. In the past few years more advanced architecture has risen on Yale's 150 acres in New Haven, Conn., than in all of Manhattan with all its forest of new buildings. Some of the Yale structures are ordinary, but the boldest buildings have succeeded in giving modern architecture a host of new directions.

Instead of picking one official architect—such as James Gamble Rogers, who weighted the campus down with his Girder Gothic of the late 1920s and '30s, Yale turned to a number of the most lustrous and far-out contemporary master builders: Eero Saarinen, Gordon Bunshaft, Paul Rudolph, Philip Johnson and Louis Kahn. They adhered to no single style, only to the modern mood, which freely explores how steel, glass and reinforced concrete can most beautifully be bent to shelter man. Their stunning results have made Yale more of a laboratory than a museum.

Yale's 250-year-old urban campus was a particularly cramped site for experiment; over the years, an ever-growing university had to build on top of itself. Cheek-by-jowl existed buildings from the colonial brick of Connecticut Hall where Nathan Hale once lived, to Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's dark glass box containing the university's IBM computer center. At one end of the campus is an electricity-generating powerhouse in, of all things, Gothic; not far away is a student dwelling, Davenport College, so eclectic that its street facade is pseudo-Gothic and its courtyard colonial brick.



GRISWOLD
Intent on creating a renaissance.

Humpbacked Spine. "No common denominator, except beauty," proclaimed President A. Whitney Griswold, whose 13-year tenure (1950-63) produced Yale's architectural renaissance. Under Griswold, no fewer than 26 new buildings were commissioned. He turned first to his own architecture department for a man whose reputation is greater than the number of buildings he has put up, Louis Kahn. Kahn gave Yale its first real 20th century building—a daring new glass-sheathed art museum, an extension to the existing Lombardic-Romanesque one. Kahn, like Corbusier, let the concrete shapes retain the rough marks of the wood forms in which they were cast. He also made his ceilings support themselves, by means of small concrete tetrahedrons, which replace obtrusive beams.

The next architect to catch Griswold's eye was the late Eero Saarinen, Yale '34. Commissioned to do simply a hockey rink, Saarinen achieved a daring structure whose wooden roof is slung from a single humpbacked reinforced concrete spine, so that inside there are no pillars to block the view. Saarinen spent far more than the money that had been budgeted for the project, but the hockey rink so pleased critics and trustees alike that Saarinen subsequently was put to drawing up a master development plan for Yale. Along the line he won a commission close to his own heart: two brand-new colleges (*see color*)—Yale's first since 1940.

Between Saloon & Gym. At a time when many college architects around the U.S. were building contemporary campus structures as neat, clean and impersonal as factories, Saarinen decided to come to modern terms with the gargoyle. Given a site over which loomed the 197-ft.-high Gothic gymna-

sium, he designed his buildings to be "good neighbors." To capture the masonry spirit of nearby older pseudo-Gothic buildings, Saarinen pumped wet concrete into frames that were filled with stones, simulating inexpensively their handcrafted finish.

Drawing from his recollections of the Italian hill town of San Gimignano, Saarinen plotted a multilevel alleyway between the two new colleges. Lying between Mory's famed saloon and the gym, this walkway separates the colleges in a cavernous passage while louvered windows peer through sandy slabs. The atmosphere is similar to Yale's Gothic buildings of the 1920s—though one modern-for-modern's-sake critic likens it to a set for *Ivanhoe*. Determined to avoid the typical cookie-cut module, Saarinen decided that as far as possible no two rooms should be alike. Result: though at first scorned, his Stiles and Morse colleges are the most sought-after digs at Yale.

"The Waffle." To build the new Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale turned to Gordon Bunshaft, who won fame for designing Park Avenue's green glass Lever House. Given a site facing the classically colonnaded Freshman Commons, and money from the S & H Green Stamp magnates, Edwin ('07), Frederick ('09) and the late Walter ('10) Beinecke, Bunshaft resolved to create a "treasure box." He erected a 58-ft.-high cube of granite-covered steel trusses and translucent marble set on four steel bearings atop its own Woodbury White granite plaza. Headlined the irreverent Yale Daily News: **TOMB CONCEALS DECAYED BOOKS.** Students instantly dubbed it "The Waffle," but it is the most frankly dramatic of the new buildings at Yale. In his new library, Bunshaft has made books the monument. First editions are arrayed in a glass tower for all to see—and to use. To keep out damaging direct rays of the sun, Bunshaft has pro-



SAARINEN

Anxious to be a good neighbor.

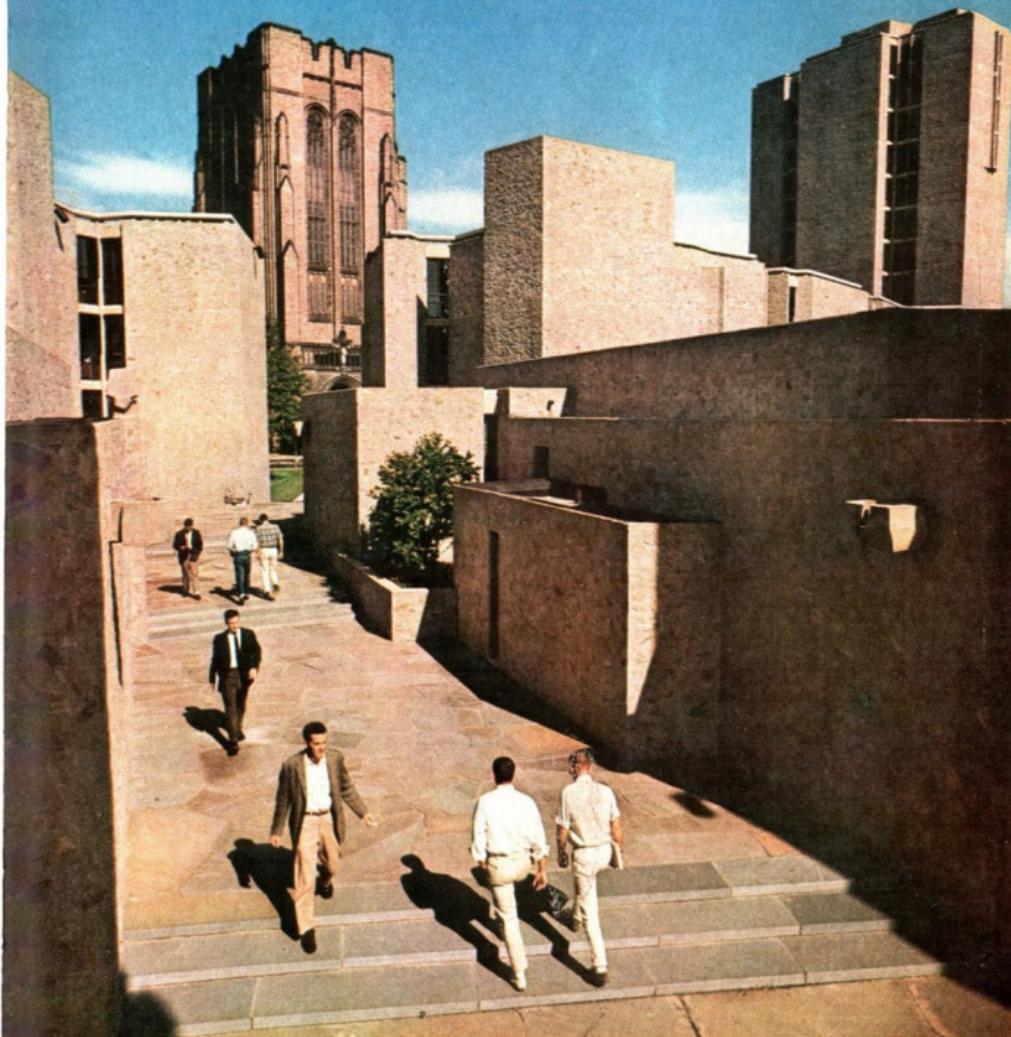


ALFRED STATTLER

BUNSHAFT

Looking for space to breathe.

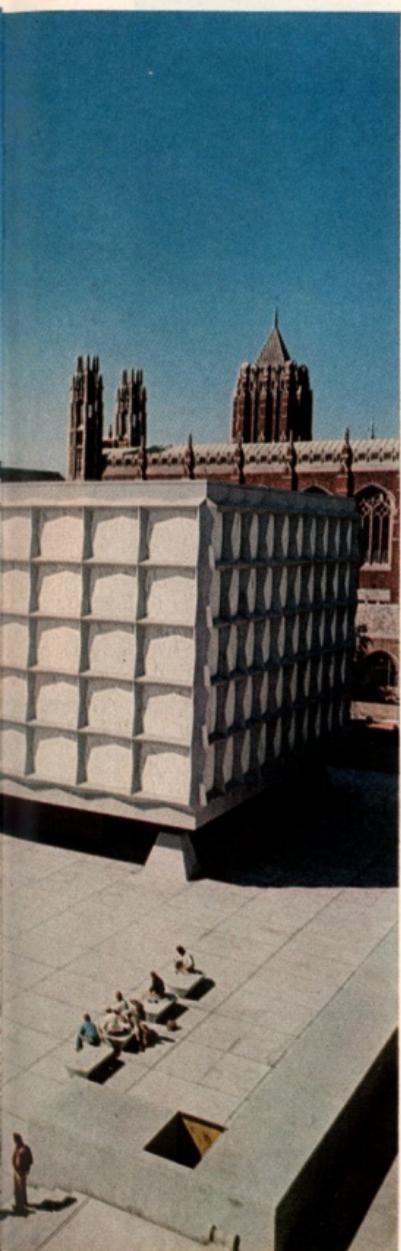
NEW ARCHITECTURE AT YALE



RANDOM MASONRY of Eero Saarinen's new colleges blends with pseudo-Gothic tower of older gymnasium. Walkway, likened by architect to "small Italian hill-town street,"

separates Stiles College (*left*) from Morse, though common kitchen joins them underground. Sculptured wall lanterns by Costantino Nivola overlook alley like abstract gargoyle.





RARE BOOKS hang like a golden tapestry within glass stack, kept

constantly at 70° and 50% humidity to prevent deterioration.



LIGHT GLOWS THROUGH MARBLE WALLS

COOL CUBE of Gordon Bunshaft's Rare Books and Manuscript Library sits atop underground vaults for other volumes. In background, from left, are Berkeley College, University Library tower and Yale Law School.



EMPHATIC TOWERS of Paul Rudolph's School of Art and Architecture soar upward at corner of Yale's campus, supporting profusion of terraces.

ASPIRING ARCHITECTS work in a multilevel loft watched over by statue of Minerva, who, says Rudolph, "casts benign eye on their shenanigans."



vided outer walls of translucent Vermont marble that luminously filters the outside light.

A new library should have space to breathe, so there is room beneath the sun-splashed plaza for triple the 250,000 rare volumes the library now contains. The librarians' offices and the 45-person reading room look out onto a sunken sculpture court by Isamu Noguchi.

By the time Bunshaft was at work, Yale was used to getting buildings from their name architects quite unlike the buildings they were usually known for. Philip Johnson lives in a severe bachelor glass house in Connecticut, the kind of place beloved by *House Beautiful*. But in designing for Yale a new science complex on Pierson-Sage Square, John-

J. ALICE LANSLEY



RUDOLPH
Making beautiful ruins.

son surprised everyone by designing a turreted architecture of burnt umber brick and purplish Longmeadow stone that reflects the sullen soil of the area. So far he has finished the \$3,500,000 Kline Geology Laboratory, a medieval keep whose slit windows admit daylight willy-nilly—and which one Yale Corporation member dryly describes as "solid as rock and functional as an electric log." Its fortresslike appearance will be repeated in a 13-story tower for the Kline biology quarters.

No Locked Doors. In the beginning, the inspiration for Yale's contemporary architectural renaissance was Griswold, but since his death last year much of the talk at Yale centers around the bouncy, crew-cut figure in baggy tweeds, Paul Rudolph, Yale's 45-year-old architectural *Wunderkind*. Harvard-trained Rudolph is regarded by many as the fastest comer on the U.S. architectural scene. His Wellesley Jewett Arts Center was acclaimed as

a dazzling display of design pyrotechnics. For the city of New Haven, which like Yale is astir with architectural activity, he has put up a parking garage that stretches for two entire blocks, and is probably the world's most aesthetic place to stack automobiles. Most recently he has been coordinating architect for Boston's radical new Massachusetts Government Center.

Rudolph's whims have become campus parlance at Yale. He apotheosized the conversation pit, thinks cushions should replace furniture, has a phobia against locked doors. There is a streak of the romantic in Yale's young chairman of the department of architecture. He wishes his buildings to end as "beautiful ruins."

Last week Rudolph's latest "ruin" was dedicated—Yale's new Art and Architecture Building, the most daring contribution in the entire Yale scheme. Rudolph works in the very building that he has designed and, as he says, "it's a very disconcerting experience." So is his building. A massive rack of rafters, the Art and Architecture Building staggers out by layers to shut off the vista up New Haven's Chapel Street. From the street there appear to be nine stories, but the inside is shelfed off into 36 different levels, with ceilings ranging from seven feet to 28 feet. Shunning sleek exterior finishes, Rudolph opted for corduroy-like concrete walls. To make them even rougher, he had workmen rough up the edges with claw hammers. The building is both massive and full of surprises. "All sorts of conceits," says Rudolph, puckishly pointing out fishbones, seashells and coral in the concrete, "are buried in the walls."

Encore, Beaux-Arts. Also planted in the walls are teaching tools that turn his floating lofts into a vast textbook. Yards and feet are marked off around the drafting room to provide architecture students with a quickly visible ruler. Students in each of the five years of architecture classes work on separate levels, but they overlook one another so that, says the architect, "you can literally eavesdrop to learn."

What Rudolph has built in essence is one lofty garret atop another, until one bursts onto the roof terrace where, he says "all hell breaks loose." At Yale, as in other urban universities, there is a student passion for roof-going and Rudolph intends to appeal to the eye of even the passing roof climber. Gesturing at a flat space against the horizon of East Rock, he says: "I think I'll put a Grecian nude reclining statue there."

One architecture critic calls Rudolph's building a "head-on collision between Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright." But, after all, everything going up at Yale these days is a collision with the past. Yale's new campus, set amidst the old, is proof that experimental design can yield functional, if often farfetched and fantastic buildings. Above all, it is proof that the mock gargoyle now belongs to history.

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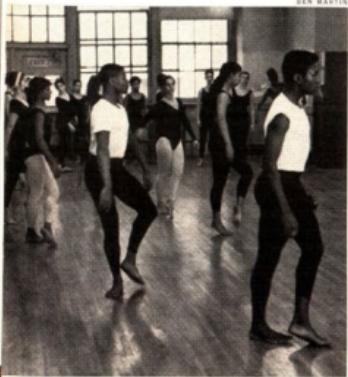
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HENRY GROSSMAN



PAINTER AT HIGH SCHOOL OF MUSIC & ART
Moved by a dream of salvation.

86

EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Civilizing the Blackboard Jungle (See Cover)

He skylarks down the scruffy street, the colored slum kid in the Northern city, headed for the public school. He wears a white shirt with a bow tie, and a good warm windbreaker. His smile is toothy, his epithets vile. He is eight, and can't read much. His teacher, a man with a heart of case-hardened gold, sometimes thinks of him as a "little bastard," but the boy has good intelligence and intentions. Such, in many variations, is the "disadvantaged" child, and he and his like now comprise one-third of all pupils in the nation's 14 largest cities.

They are the rural dispossessed—Southern Negroes, Appalachian whites, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans—who fill the urban void left by middle-class migration to the suburbs. They share the American dream of salvation by education and go to the public school that everyone says will save them. Why is it that just the opposite happens so often in city schools across the country?

Different Immigrant. The focal point of this question is New York City, where the nation's biggest school system has just acquired a highly skilled school superintendent who may have some of the answers. At 44, Calvin Edward Gross is a man with more than a million children, almost half of them Negro or Puerto Rican. Seven months in office, he feels ready to cope with the hardest school job in the country. "We are now enjoying the best fall beginning we've had for a long time," Gross peppy wrote his teachers not long ago. "Let's take it from here."

How far anyone can take New York City depends on reconciling the disparity between the nature of the children and the nature of the school system. New York City has long specialized in educating immigrants, but these children—being Americans to begin with—are different. They are shorn of the drive that spurred their predecessors, weirdly cut off from the middle-class culture that teachers abide by.

"I don't want to grow up to be any dumb guy," said one Manhattan slum kid recently. Such children know adults who cannot even read the want ads, and sense the despair of unskilled teen-agers loitering on streets where drink, dope or death is the only exit. Yet as other Americans reach new heights of affluence and aspiration, slum kids are made to feel all the more worthless by their poverty and the color of their skin. Often, dinner is a hamburger served in a paper bag; books are nonexistent; home is a rooming house so transient that in a recent year 50% of all Manhattan pupils switched schools, making a mockery of sustained education."

"**Try the Post Office.**" IQ tests use middle-class references that the slum child does not understand; his low score then plunks him into the slow group. He is repelled from reading by fatuous primers about "nice" children who seem laughable even in the suburbs, let alone in Harlem. Harried principals stand ready to expel him; guidance counselors are reluctant to encourage him too much. "Be realistic," they say. "Do what you can do. Try the post office."

"The battle for better education will be won or lost in the big cities," says Calvin Gross. It is the big cities that school most of the people: the U.S. is now 70% urban. There is no intrinsic reason why urban schools cannot join or lead the academic reform going on in suburbia. The secret, Gross believes, is to humanize and decentralize city school administration—freeing teachers to reach individual children.

The measure of this job in New York City is the number of individual children: 1,047,800. They outnumber soldiers in the U.S. Army. To meet all his 42,000 teachers in one group, Superintendent Gross would need two Madison Square Gardens. If he tried to visit one classroom a day throughout the school year, he would not finish until the year 2184. Just to visit all of his 841 schools at the rate of one a day would take more than four school years. Gross frets: "The basic thing I've got to lick here is communication."

New York still has pockets of un-

matched excellence. Talented youngsters, including 7,000 with IQs above 150, can study anything from college math through Chinese or Russian to conservatory-level art and music. Bronx Science, one of four academic high schools with stringent entrance exams, is a famed gateway to M.I.T. and Harvard. Performing Arts supplies Broadway, television and the ballet with recruits. New York City public schools, with 2% of all U.S. schoolchildren have for 20 years averaged a remarkable 20% of all Westinghouse Science Talent Search winners. Of the 21,000 U.S. students taking Advanced Placement exams for college credit last year, almost 3,000 were New York City youngsters.

An able New York child rides an escalator to top colleges. In the fourth to sixth grade, he joins an I.G.C. (Intellectually Gifted Children) class that gets extra money and attention. Junior high puts him in an S.P. (Special Progress) class that skips a year or gets "enriched" work; he goes on to a specialized high school or Advanced Placement classes in a regular school. All the while, he sharpens his brains competing with some of the most aggressively bright kids in the country.

To Get a Bronx Accent? When a California woman moved to Manhattan two years ago, she plunked her two daughters in private school at \$1,000 per pretty head. This fall, divorced and shy of cash, she nervously switched the girls to what is supposed to be a "blackboard jungle" junior high school on the upper West Side. Both girls are thriving in S.P. classes, and the one with a talent for art has never had better teaching. "Private schools are living on their waiting lists," says their mother, Calvin Gross, who has two children in Riverdale's P.S. 81, promises to "give private schools a little competition in this town. They've had their way too long."

But casting a child adrift in New York's schools, perhaps to find excellence and perhaps only to acquire a Bronx accent, is not to the taste of most white parents affluent enough to afford any alternative. New York is losing four students to the suburbs for every one it gets back. The city's total public school enrollment is up 20,000 this year. But nonpublic enrollment is rising faster: 25,000 youngsters are in private schools and 400,000 in parochial (chiefly Roman Catholic) schools. Negroes and Puerto Ricans last year comprised 40.5% of the city's total enrollment and 76.5% of all elementary pupils in Manhattan.

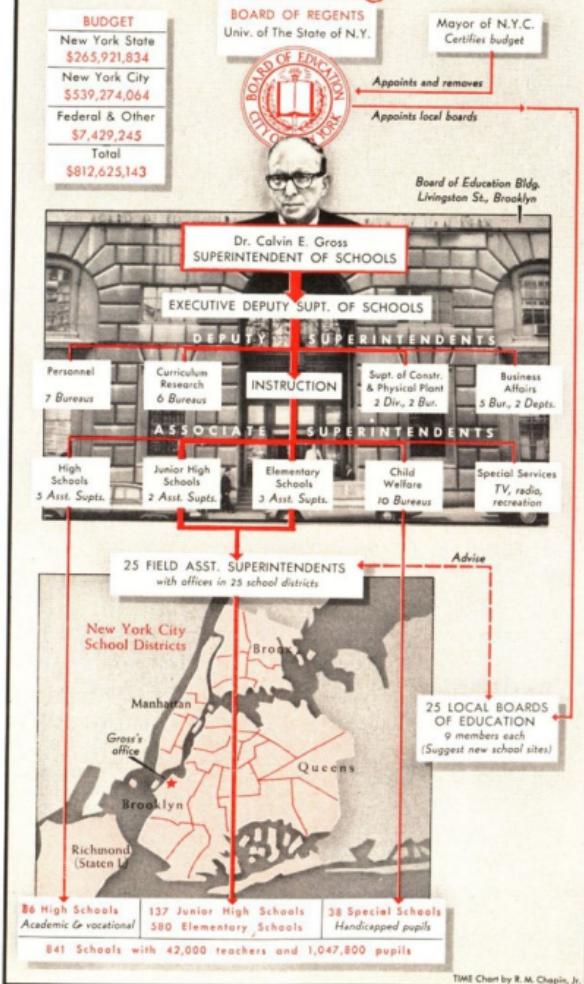
In a variety of pioneering ways, New York has tried to fight its problems. George Washington High School's three-year Demonstration Guidance Project freed teachers for intense work with slum kids, and turned many of the pupils into honors graduates and earnest collegians. The famed Higher Horizons program, a strong dose of culture and counseling, offers a measure of hope.

and confidence to 65,000 children in 76 schools. The city has poured extra cash and supplies into 274 schools that have a concentration of problems. It has brought in hundreds of bilingual Puerto Rican teachers to ease Puerto Rican kids into New York life. And it has established 28 "600" schools that drain the worst delinquents away from the rest of the system while trying to

handle them toughly but constructively.

All of this is far from enough. One out of three New York pupils is, as the latest educanto puts it, "culturally different"—a stranger to middle-class values. One out of three junior high students is at least two years retarded in reading—constituting the city's No. 1 academic deficiency. All too often those same youngsters are chuntered into note-

Gross's Building Blocks



moded vocational schools or diluted "general" academic courses that lead nowhere. Roughly half of all New York high school students drop out before graduation.

Dumber & Dumber. In short, the schools are still failing those who need them most. School officials blame "cultural deprivation," the slum kid's lack of drive and books at home. As he falls behind in reading, he gets "dumber and dumber" in school. At Manhattan's High School of Commerce, for example, only one-fifth of this fall's entering tenth-graders read at ninth-grade level or above. "We do our best for our

de facto segregation he intends to amplify the city's "open enrollment" plan by permitting children of all races "free choice" to enter under-used schools throughout the city.

Overburden. Getting money is a big problem, but not the biggest, for Gross. The city's board of education has no taxing power—probably an advantage, since it would otherwise have to persuade a presumably reluctant electorate to vote for higher taxes and bond issues. This means that the board must appeal for cash to the city's Democratic administration, which in turn depends on the state's Republican legislature for

teachers last year to give up New York's classroom battle—many quitting for the suburbs. Those who remain are willing but not always able. The greenest college graduate can get a substitute teaching job; a third of all New York teachers are substitutes, too many of them thrown into the difficult schools that veterans are allowed to avoid. Yet to get a regular teaching license in New York City requires not only a state certificate but also a special city exam given by the powerful board of examiners, a fusty fief run by nine old-minded men. "An Einstein who was also a Professor of Educational Methods at Harvard University could not get a regular position as a teacher of science in New York City without taking the examination," wrote Cleveland's former School Superintendent Mark Schinnerer in a 1961 appraisal of New York's schools.

Banished Board. The manufacturer of red tape in New York is "Livingston Street," or board of education headquarters in Brooklyn. Prolific with ideas for curriculum reform, it seems incapable of getting them into the schools. Years of big talk and tiny testing go into "pilot" studies and "demonstration" projects as generations of children pass by. For example, HQ has spent 17 years "developing" a new elementary math curriculum that is still not finished.

As petty as it is provincial, Livingston Street has long required teachers to punch time clocks, toil at trivial paper work and use rigid "lesson plans" that often ignore student needs. Many vital problems never reach HQ. To rouse the place on the telephone can take 40 rings. A commercial high school wired for AC just to get one home economics room equipped at George Washington High School took Principal Henry Hillson nine years. The rapid rise of the city's teachers' union is due almost entirely to the frustration they experience trying to squawk into Livingston Street's tin ear.

The court of last resort—when things get bad enough—is the New York State board of regents, who enforce the state's three dense tomes of education law. In 1961, Livingston Street got all three volumes thrown at it. Aghast at school construction scandals, the state ousted the entire New York City board of education. Out went Superintendent John J. Theobald, under fire for using a vocational school to build him a pleasure boat in someone else's name. In came a new, lively, politically sanitized board charged with invigorating the schools, dealing increasingly with the militant teachers' union and finding the best superintendent in the U.S.

\$\$ for A's. After four months of scouring 56 major cities, the searchers, led by Dean Francis Keppel of Harvard's Graduate School of Education (now U.S. Commissioner of Education), solidly recommended Calvin Gross of Pittsburgh.

Gross was something unheard of at



NEW YORK TRADE SCHOOL STUDENTS

The only exits on the streets are drink, dope or death.

students," says Principal Murray Cohn, "but they just can't keep up."

Negroes react to this sort of charge the way all parents do when their kids are criticized. In central Harlem, where some children are a year behind in third grade and most are three years behind in eighth grade, civil rights say that "the schools are manufacturing retarded kids" and blame white teachers who give up too easily (only 8.3% of all New York teachers are Negro). In the typical view of the Rev. Milton Galamison, the problem is "low expectancy on the part of middle-class teachers whose concept of a human being is not met by these children."

Militant, organized Negroes argue that the only solution is to import white students to Negro schools on the bitter theory that this will guarantee adequate teaching. Superintendent Gross has ruled that out. He backs every integration step "short of the compulsory interchange of Negro and white students between distant communities." Gross relies heavily on upgrading mostly Negro schools, but to mitigate the hurts of

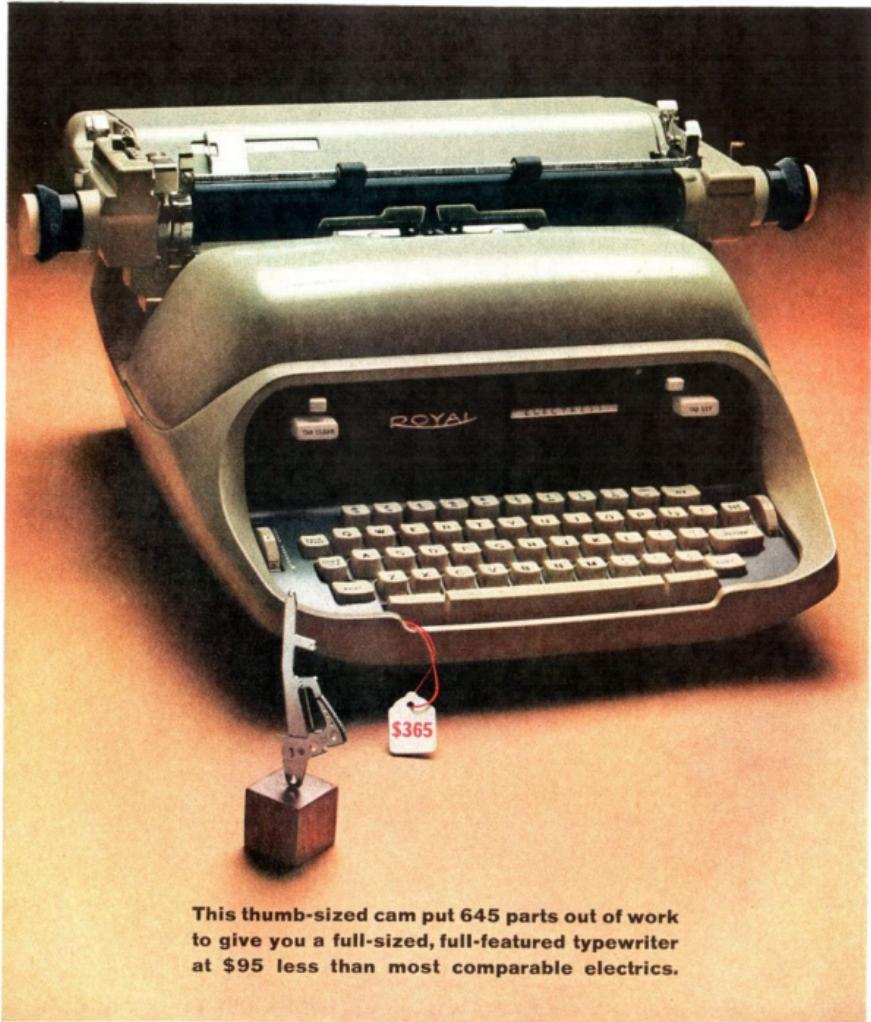
about one-third of its school funds, but New York does manage to scrape up more per pupil (an average of \$625 last year) than any other major city.

Yet, by one estimate, it should be spending at least one-third more to restore the schools' position of 20 years ago. The key barrier is "municipal overburden"—the expense of such extra city services as subsidized subways. Only 21% of the city budget goes to education, compared with as much as 70% in small communities.

Rush-Hour Education. New building is years behind—the city needs at least 20 new high schools. The 57 academic high schools in now are so loaded that last year Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High had 6,886 students, or 2,000 more than capacity. George Washington High has five overlapping daily sessions; students waiting for empty classrooms jam the auditorium like commuters in Grand Central. Last year 57,459 New York children got less than a full day's schooling, in effect cutting their school year by as much as two months.

Such obstacles, in part, led 1,018

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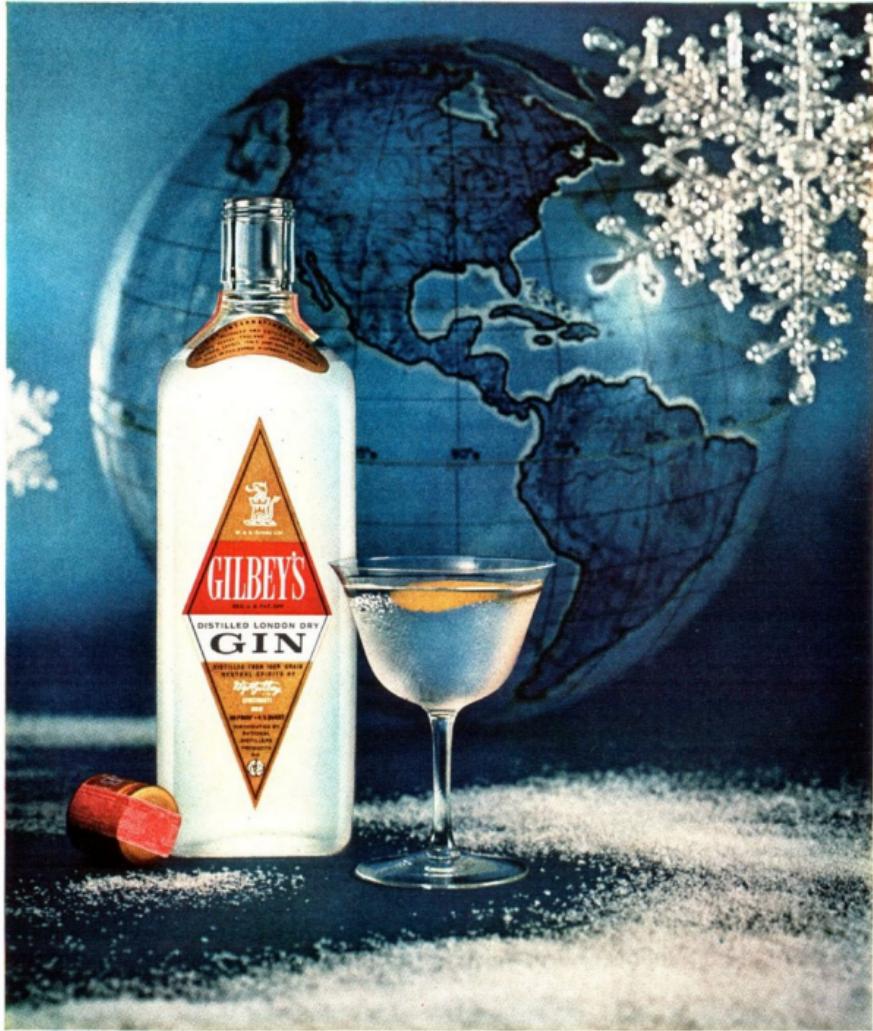
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Gilbey's Gin

Livingston Street: a superintendent from outside the city. But he did have a New York tie. His father Harry, the son of an immigrant Jewish tailor, was born in Queens, went through New York public schools and graduated from C.C.N.Y. With his wife, whose maiden name was Calvin, Father Gross migrated to Los Angeles in 1916 in a Model T Ford. A math teacher and engineer, he soon became the no-nonsense principal of San Fernando High School.

Son Calvin learned early that learning pays—at least sometimes. At the age of four, his father promised him a dime “if you can tell me what three fours are.” “Twelve,” piped the boy. Surprised, his father asked how he knew and was told: “Well, two threes are six, so four threes must be twelve.” Harry promised his son a dollar for each A on his report card, but chickened out when his son got more A’s than a barrel of aardvarks.

Skipping three grades, Cal Gross at ten became one of his father’s junior high students and manfully suffered the gibes of being “Old Man Gross’s son.” Skinny and underage, he survived by earning respect as one of the school’s least likely football lettermen.

Keep This Man. With a quick mind of the math-and-music kind, Gross won honors in math at U.C.L.A. (‘40) and picked up a Phi Beta Kappa key. R.O.T.C. led him to a lieutenancy in the Army, and as part of a wartime antiaircraft unit he followed the sweep from Normandy to Germany. He went home to meet a girl who had written to him in the Army as a fellow member of the city’s high school honor society. She was bright, modest Bernice Hayman, daughter of a Los Angeles fire captain, and Gross promptly married her. Gross had attended Presbyterian Sunday school as a kid; he and Bernice worked in the Baptist church; now both are Unitarians.

While earning his master’s degree at U.S.C., Gross became a math-science teacher in Los Angeles, went on to become chairman of the math department at Jefferson High School, a job held by his father 22 years before. Jefferson students were by then nearly all Negroes; the job gave Gross a closeup experience with the climate of a *de facto* segregated school. Gross’s personnel record at the L.A. board of education glows with such encomiums as “Outstanding” and “Don’t let this man go.” But he went, in 1950, to take a one-year fellowship at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, under Dean Keppel.

In 1951 Gross slid into his first superintendency in Weston, a Boston suburb with one-thousandth as many students as he now has. His main dress rehearsal for New York came a few years later in Pittsburgh. That system is far smaller (114 schools, 77,500 students), but it had plenty of big-city problems when Gross took over. Ag-

gressively recruiting in 18 states, Gross raised salaries 25% for beginners, offered a 10% merit bonus for master teachers. He brought in Andover’s Dean Alan R. Blackmer to start a full menu of courses for gifted students, hired “lay reader” housewives to grade English compositions. Experiment-minded foundations gave Gross \$1,500,000, and as one result Pittsburgh has the nation’s biggest team-teaching effort—teams of subject-specialists teaching 8,500 pupils in mainly Negro neighborhoods.

Locked Doors. Gross is a “three-R man,” and he interprets the goal of the R’s as high intellectual attainment. He abhors “extraneous subjects,” labels reader education “a good example of a

HENRY GROSSMAN



GROSS & FAMILY
Four threes made one dime.

certified, gold-plated frill,” refuses to let schools “hang out shingles as baby sitters.” Scornful of common-denominator teaching, he aims to concentrate on “children who are either very bright or fairly dull, or who seem dull because their intellectual potential is masked by the ravages of slum life.”

For exceptionally bright pupils, he proposes two years of college work in high school—thus spurring lesser students to greater effort. For the dull, Gross has an equally sweeping prescription: absolute insistence on mastery of reading before a child is allowed to go on. When a child slips in reading, says Gross, “put him in a class that’s half as big and double the time he spends on reading. If he continues to slip, cut the class size and increase the time once again, because he has to learn to read! If he can’t read well, he’ll find locked doors for the rest of his life.”

To carry out this basic strategy, New York’s new superintendent aims to use

all the new tools of suburbia’s academic reform. He welcomes the school curriculum ideas now coming out of universities. To free the bright and the dull from lock-step schooling, he wants all the new liberating procedures—nongraded classes, programmed learning, team teaching, flexible walls for flexible grouping. But no one man can decree this next Monday in New York’s monolithic system, nor does Gross intend to. He has other methods.

One of his principles is that the top boss of a vast organization, be it New York schools, G.M. or the U.S. Army, can deal effectively with only about five subexecutives. Another is that dictatorship by the boss is ineffectual; shrilling orders only freeze minds and breeds bureaucracy. Instead, a leader should spur incentive and competition among hundreds of groups and individuals.

Small-Town Spirit. Ideally, perhaps, Livingston Street should be all but abolished, its garrison troops sent off to the trenches. That day is far distant. But going for Gross meanwhile is a happy heritage of the 1961 school scandal.

To put the people closer to the schools, the new board of education revived the spirit of decentralization. It appointed 25 local school boards to work with the city’s 25 field superintendents, and they have generally proved to be composed of citizens avid to upgrade local schools. These boards are being consulted on such vital matters as building and integration, and Gross sees a chance to produce “something that makes sense—a small-town atmosphere that is totally unknown in big-city school systems.”

Almost certainly the local boards will play a role in one of Gross’s pet plans. Using foundation “start-up money,” he hopes to flood a few districts (notably in slum areas) with all the new academic reforms, thus attracting more money and setting new standards for all districts to match. This is an end run around Livingston Street’s all-or-nothing inertia. “System-wide reform brings in too much brass,” says Gross. “It kills the teachers’ spirit. We ought to let a few areas get out ahead, and then ask if the rest of the folks can catch up. What we need is real community participation and intramural competition.”

I-Can-Do-It. Everything Gross plans is aimed at giving teachers real freedom to use their abilities, “to try out a new idea, to make an original plan, to deviate for the sake of an individual pupil from a citywide norm or a prescribed routine. I want to see the shots being called as far down the line as possible.” Nothing appalls Gross more than the bureaucratic arrogance that feeds what he calls the system’s “I-can’t-do-it neurosis.” He abhors time clocks and lesson plans as “abominations” and says that “no one should have to stand around waiting for a civil answer—or be forced to shout to get one.”

It is too early to measure Gross’s success, but he has certainly set a new tone

* From left: Gigi, 9; Gary, 5; Glenn, 2; Mrs. Gross.

Inside Story on "Bottled-by" Bourbon

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



On his way to court one morning our county judge heard a passel of bad language coming from a sharecropper's cabin.

"What's going on in there?" the judge asked boy sitting on the front stoop.

"Pa and ma's fightin'," the boy replied. "Who is your father?" asked the judge.

"That's what they're fightin' about!" said the boy.

Also open to question, seems to me, is the paternity of the many "bottled-by" bourbons on today's retail shelf.

Now anyone with a funnel can pour bourbon into a bottle. The important thing is—who *fathered the whiskey?*

And if the same man did both, wouldn't you think he'd say so proudly on his label? Next time your present bottle is in hand, check its label to see.

At our 114-year-old family distillery we bottle every drop we sell and we make every drop we bottle. Nary a label of ours but reads "Distilled and Bottled by . . .".

For reasons best known to ourselves we have purposely refused to skyrocket our sales of Bonded OLD FITZGERALD to a point where we might require "alien" stocks to piece out our demand.

Rather, our famous OLD FITZGERALD is reserved, unchanged and constant through the years, for the favored few who recognize, appreciate and demand a bourbon of enduring character and authentic fullness of flavor.

If you are one who wisely judges a bourbon more by its sire than by its seller, we invite you to join an inner circle of discriminating hosts who have come to rely on the everlasting goodness of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Made in U.S.A.

in New York City. He started off facing a double crisis that threatened to collapse the school system on opening day in September: civil rights were set to boycott schools in protest against *de facto* segregation, and the militant teachers' union was hellbent for a massive strike. Won over by Gross's tough-minded sincerity, Negroes put off their boycott; softened by his ability to compromise, the teachers accepted a face-saving settlement.

Better yet, the union settlement produced something unheard-of—what Gross is pleased to call "a sort of alliance between teachers and administrators." For the first time in its hoary history, the board of examiners has consented to hold exams outside the city; in the drive for more Negro teachers, it is setting up shop this month in Washington, D.C. Beginning teachers with a master's degree will get \$6,425 a year—the nation's top lure for career teachers.

For the first time in 50 years, half of the city's first-graders are getting a full school day; elementary schools are team-teaching 7,500 pupils; 10,000 slow readers are launched on programmed-learning books. Starting next month, reading will be tackled at after-school study centers, and a new "sequential" system is aimed at forcing pupils to master specific reading steps before drifting upward. Gross has submitted a record one-year building budget of \$223.8 million that calls for 37 new schools by 1965. And by 1970, he hopes to overhaul the entire school plant to the tune of \$1.17 billion.

Unburied Bodies. Even the scandals have taken a different tone—now they crop up because Gross & Co. are deliberately unburying the bodies. To the shock of shoddy contractors, the city's able new school building boss, Eugene E. Hult, recently ordered a half-built \$2,500,000 Queens school to be partly dismantled because of weak concrete. Hult also publicized the quaint fact that school custodians, who get lump-sum maintenance funds and are allowed to pocket unspent money, have been getting rich in the process. Bushwick High's D. Paul Bishop reportedly got \$53,000 last year, topping Gross's salary by \$13,000 and the mayor's by \$3,000. The word is that the next overspending to be exposed is on chartered school buses. "I'm delighted," says Gross. "The system is beginning to use initiative and muscle."

It is indeed, which supports a surging hope among New York's parents that "maybe this Dr. Gross really can save the schools." Gross himself says: "I can't claim I've done a damn thing, really, but I see the potential for getting a lot done. This town is full of great teachers who deserve recognition. It could have a really efficient and powerful school system. What I want is to get things to a point where a parent can't take his child out blithely. I want him to have to think mighty hard about what his child is missing."

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RELIGION

EPISCOPALIANS

Faith & Prejudice in Georgia

What role should the church play in the bitter fight for Negro equality in schools? In Atlanta last week, the question was very much in the public eye as pickets bearing anti-segregation placards marched outside the fashionable, privately run Lovett School. It was a kind of civil rights protest that the South has grown used to—except that this time the pickets included Episcopal priests, and their protests were aimed at a school with Episcopal ties.

The pickets were objecting to Lovett's whites-only admission policy, which pits the practice of some wealthy supporters of the church squarely against the desegregationist preaching of their bishops. Atlanta's crusading

This was connection enough for Lovett's headmaster, the Rev. James McDowell. He promptly resigned, saying, "The church has spoken on the matter of segregation, and it is my duty, so long as I am a priest, to adhere to its teachings." At the same time, the Rt. Rev. Randolph Claiborne, Jr., Bishop of Atlanta, declared that the trustees' actions "have forfeited the right of implied or official support for the Lovett School by the Episcopal Church." But to many, the bishop's words seemed hollow, since he had hardly exhausted opportunities for bringing pressure on the school. He presumably could ask St. Philip's dean to resign as head of the trustees, or even forbid the holding of Episcopal services at Lovett.

He did none of these things, causing the Atlanta Constitution's Publisher



BISHOP CLAIBORNE

A small-scale but authentic Christian tragedy.

Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., a Baptist, raised the issue last February, when he asked the school to admit his son. The school said no to him, and later to two Negro children from Episcopal families. The ground for rejection was purely racial, and the arguments have been echoing across Atlanta ever since.

Communion Every Wednesday. Lovett's trustees obviously felt that their church connection was not involved, since the school is, technically, an autonomous corporation without church affiliation. But in fact, 14 of Lovett's 21 trustees are required to be Episcopal communicants; their chairman is the dean of St. Philip's Cathedral; and, in keeping with the school's chartered purpose of furthering religion in accordance with "the Episcopal faith as contained in the Book of Common Prayer," Holy Communion is celebrated by the dean each Wednesday morning for the student body.



LOVETT SCHOOL PICKETS

Ralph McGill, himself an Episcopalian, to resign from the cathedral, snorting "Utter hypocrisy" to an interviewer from the Atlanta church's monthly newspaper *The Diocese*. McGill's words never got into print, for a right-hand man of the bishop rushed to The Diocese's print shop after the press run was over, gave orders that the entire issue be destroyed and a new one distributed without the interview.

Pillars of the Church. Behind the bishop's reluctance to take tougher action, no doubt, was the fact that among Lovett's staunchest supporters is a group of Atlanta's richest and most influential people who also happen to be pillars of the Episcopal Church. An example is wealthy Lawyer Philip Alston Jr., a senior warden of St. Luke's parish. Since 1959 he has personally been responsible for raising more than \$350,000 for Lovett's building program—including one gift of \$100,000 that was

contingent upon the school's remaining closed to Negroes.

Whether or not Lovett ever caves in to the pickets and desegregates, the diocese has already been bitterly divided by the situation, and it may take years for the ill will to dissolve. To one priest in the diocese, the Lovett School has become "the Little Rock of the Episcopal Church." It is in fact a small-scale but authentic Christian tragedy.

As their years of service and support for the diocese indicate, the supporters of the Lovett School are in many respects dutiful and loyal members of the church who simply cannot accept this one summons to obedience on the question of desegregation. Yet the Episcopal bishops have made it unmistakably clear that in 1963 the real test of Christian service is whether a man lives up to this specific application of Jesus' command, "Love thy neighbor."

CLERGY

Shopping for Preachers

When the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Alexandria, Va., accepted a call to a bigger parish in Texas last winter, the seven laymen on the pulpit committee had to find a new preacher. It was not easy. During the next nine months, First Baptist's committee checked out more than 100 prospects in 16 states, spent three Sundays out of four listening to sermons of possible candidates, traveled as far as Texas and Florida before deciding on the Rev. J. T. Ford of Atlanta's Wieuca Road Baptist Church. Last week, after weighing the committee's offer, delivering two trial sermons and meeting about 600 members of the congregation, Ford took the job. "I came to work Monday feeling quite a load lifted from my shoulders," said Charles P. Little, the exhausted chairman of the committee.

Not since the days of the itinerant frontier preacher have so many Protestant ministers been afflicted with wanderlust, and for many churches the problem of replacing a departed pastor is infinitely more pressing than what to do about integration or support for the missions. In Houston, 40 of the city's 187 Baptist churches have changed pastors during the past year, and about 10% of the 1,500 Congregational churches in New England are now without a fulltime minister. In Winston-Salem, N.C., the First Presbyterian Church spent 13 months looking for the right man; one committee member traveled 12,000 miles on scouting expeditions.

"Challenge & Opportunity." Like the competition for good corporation presidents or college football players, it's all a matter of supply and demand. Wealthy congregations in the cities and suburbs of both the East and West coasts usually have more eager candidates than they can easily screen. When California's Pacific Palisades Presbyterian Church went minister hunting recently, the pulpit committee received an avalanche of messages from out-of-state pastors—

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A Heatherrr Tweed
Sportcoat

by

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We've been told a Scotsman knows a thrrrify buy at a glance. Like the H&M Heatherrr Tweed shown here. Costs more to start with, to be sure. Costs him less in the long run, though.

Why?

Take the lapels, for instance. Put your fingers behind one. Flip it forward. Notice how

it springs back. Lies flat every time. Secret's behind the seams.

Row upon row of interloop stitching inside each lapel.

Lot more than ordinary sportcoats. Lapels behave. Won't curl.

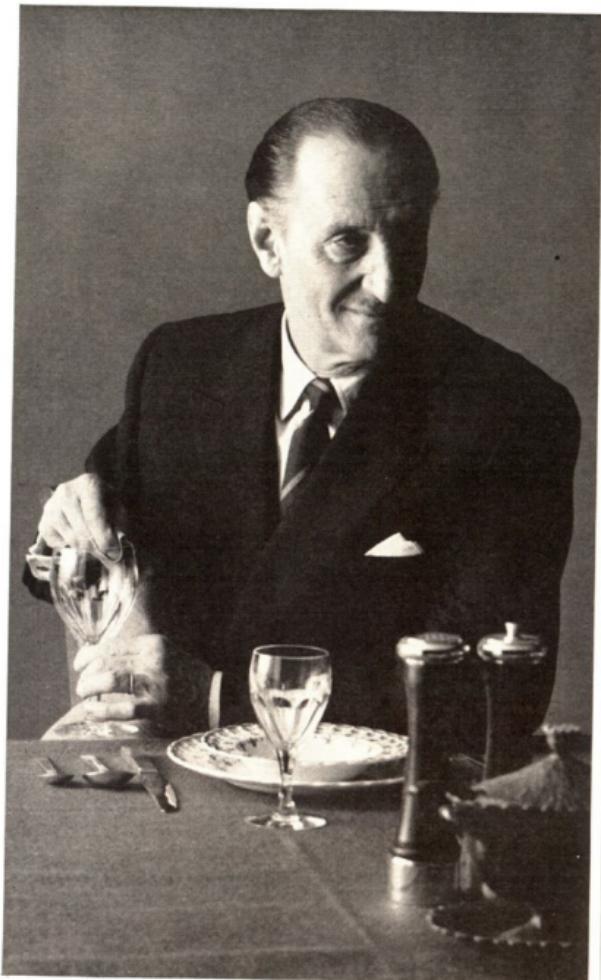
You can't see it when you buy it. Like the

H&M sportcoats from \$59.95 to \$110.

under-pressings inside the jacket. Every inside seam is pressed. This shapes and moulds the coat *during* the tailoring. Not afterward. The smooth fit you buy is the one you keep. It's the precious stuff called "Quality." Precious because it lasts.

As we said, "A thrrrify buy."





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some offering to take a salary cut to move to an area with growth possibilities. Rural areas of the South or small Midwestern towns have to take potluck.

The game of musical pulpits has a protocol as rigid as that of court tennis. Ministers never publicly announce that they are ready to move elsewhere, generally let the word filter out through clerical friends. As a rule, pulpit committees play up "challenge" and "opportunity for service" rather than salary, insist that a minister dispose of any other offers he has before considering theirs. Under the rules of the game, an out-of-town candidate is seldom invited to preach directly to an interested congregation; instead, pulpit committeemen drop into his church to hear him unobserved. But most committeemen are about as conspicuous as FBI agents at a Communist rally: they come in twos and threes, sit nervously on side aisles, usually fail to sign the visitors' book or stand when newcomers are introduced.

Stuck with the System. U.S. Protestantism actually has more unemployed ministers than unfilled pulpits. For most pulpit committees, the problem is simply finding a capable administrator who can preach well. Churches that offer impressive material as well as spiritual benefits set their standards higher. Everybody seems to want a nondrinking, tolerant intellectual who does not talk down to his flock—a man who is not too young, not too old, who is interested in the choir, is good at raising money, and who has a charming but unobtrusive wife.

Says the Rev. Walter Waggoner, executive director of the Fund for Theological Education: "These committees are looking for God Jr., and no one—living or dead—meets their requirements. Much of the problem results from a Horatio Alger complex, a belief that you can go out and buy a good minister the way college football coaches buy a 250-lb. tackle." Waggoner thinks that the churches could stem pulpit jumping by setting up denomination-wide salary scales (today the pay runs from \$3,600 to \$20,000 in the major churches) that reward ministers on the basis of length and standard of service.

But many committeemen believe that pulpit turnover prevents both preachers and congregations from growing stale, and that the present method is the only one compatible with the policy of churches—such as Baptists, Presbyterians and Disciples of Christ—opposed to a strong central authority. Argues New York Lawyer Arad Riggs, a committeeman of the Bronxville Reformed Church: "It brings the leaders to the top. It brings out the best in the ministry and the best in the churches."

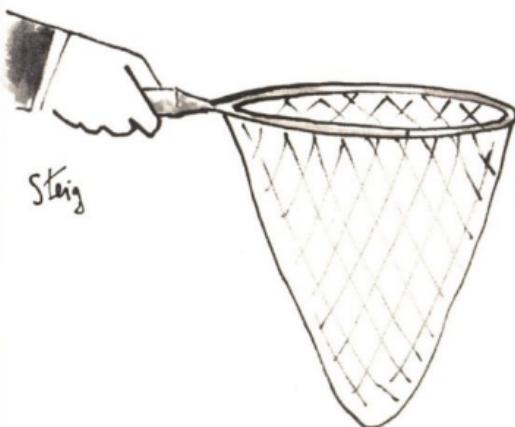
Lacking any plausible alternative, most churchmen conclude that preacher shopping is likely to go on forever. As the chairman of a pulpit committee for a Presbyterian church in New York put it, "I don't know if it's the proper way, but it is the Presbyterian way, and I'm stuck with it."



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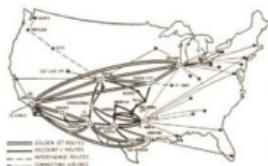
loss, an independent insurance agent helps with the details. He sees to it that the policyholder is paid promptly and fairly. The Big Difference in Insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent.



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CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

MILESTONES

Born. To Bob Newhart, 34, button-down comedian, and Virginia Quinn Newhart, 22, onetime TV extra: their first child, a son; in Los Angeles.

Married. Valentina Vladimirovna Tereshkova, 26, Soviet cosmonette who on June 16 became the first woman in space; and Major Andrian Grigorievich Nikolayev, 34, third Soviet cosmonaut: in a civil ceremony at Moscow's Wedding Palace, followed by a televised reception featuring songs, dances, a sit-down dinner for 300, and Nikita Khrushchev performing as father of both bride and groom, in which role he hoisted 21 toasts to the couple (sample: "May you have radar to avoid the girls and obstacles of life").

Married. Apollo Milton Obote, 38, Prime Minister of one-year-old Uganda; and Miria Kalule, 27, former secretary to the Ugandan U.N. delegation; in an Anglican ceremony performed by the Archbishop of Uganda in Kampala's Namirembe Cathedral, followed by a reception for 10,000 at Lugogo Stadium.

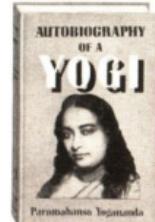
Died. Charles Floyd, 41, former FAA radar operator, who on May 20, 1958, watched his screen in helpless horror at the Washington control center as an errant Maryland National Guard F-33 crashed into a Capital Airlines Viscount, killing eleven aboard the airliner, an accident for which he was not responsible, but which plagued his thoughts thereafter; by his own hand (barbiturates); in Herndon, Va.

Died. George Theodore Baker, 62, founder in 1934 and president until his retirement in 1961 of National Airlines, an autocratic Chicagoan who flew his first plane at 16, bullied National from a small mail carrier to the nation's eighth largest line (2,311,000 passengers last year), strong enough to joust with giant Eastern Air Lines on the rich New York-Miami route, where he drummed up trade with the first cut-rate day-coach fares, packaged vacations and scored an impressive coup in 1958 by leasing Boeing 707s from Pan American, thus making National first to fly jets in domestic service; or a heart attack; on a visit to Vienna.

Died. The Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, 99, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, a fighting prelate whose concern with Australian temporal matters led him into crusades against conscription in World War I, later into a battle with Australian Labor Party Communists, during which he supported a splinter labor party and deflected enough votes in the 1955 election to give the Robert Gordon Menzies Liberals command of Australian politics; of cerebral anemia; in Melbourne.

'THE HUMAN MIND

can and must liberate within itself energies greater than those within stones and metals, lest the material atomic giant, newly unleashed, turn on the world in mindless destruction. An indirect benefit of mankind's concern over atomic bombs may be an increased practical interest in the science of yoga, a "bombproof shelter" truly." —from *"Autobiography of a Yogi"* by Paramahansa Yogananda.



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Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in TIME.

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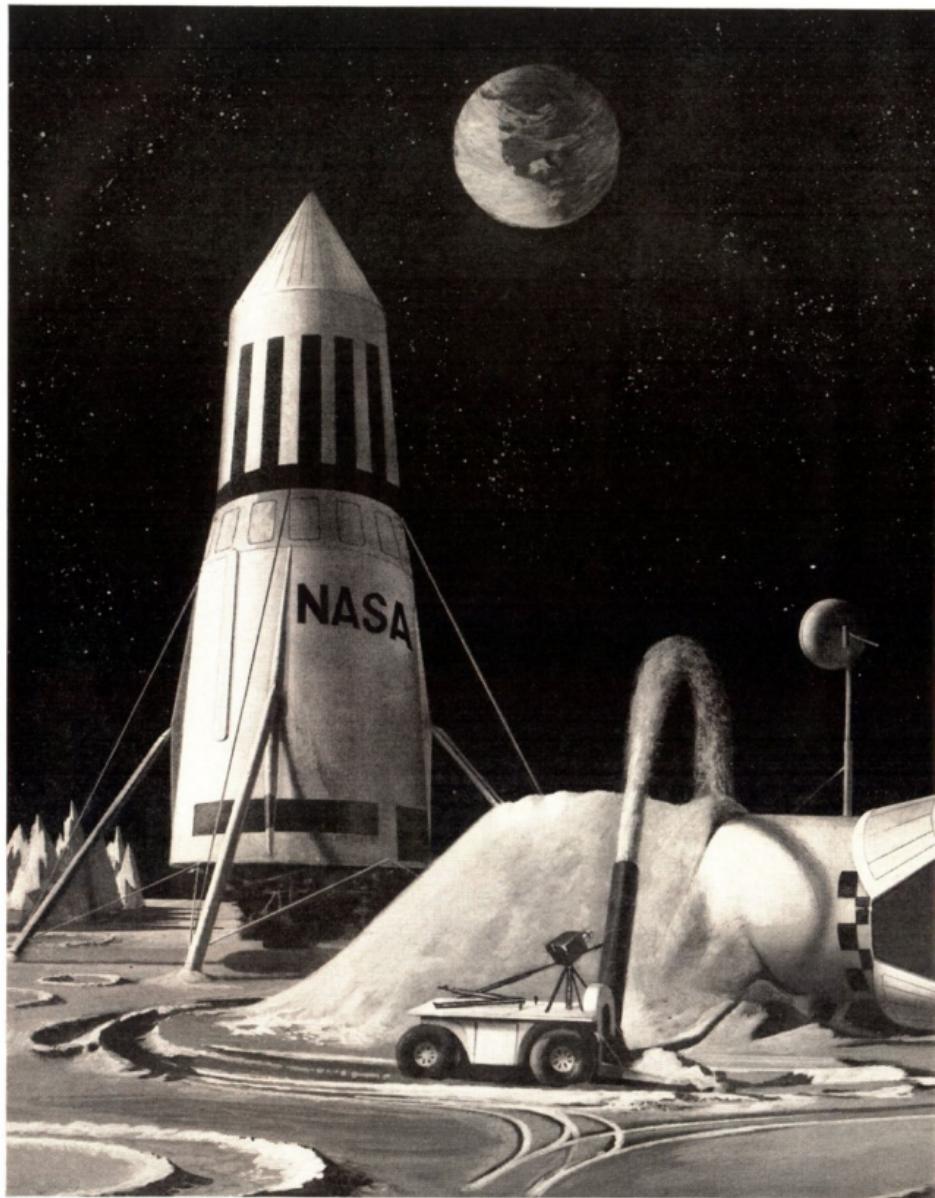
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You're a mother and, looking at this picture, you wonder if you *really* should let your 11-year-old go out for the team. Or you market breakfast food. What kind of campaign could you build around a picture like this? Or you think back to your own sandlot days, and try to remember if anyone on your street ever had this much equipment. Perhaps you wonder if your company should sponsor a hometown peewee football team (if you do, LIFE's story this week, on the dangers of midget football, could change your mind). Whoever you are, you'll be interested in LIFE's sideline view of a fast-growing sport. Each week, people like you find a lot to think about in **LIFE**



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Although our first fleeting visit to the moon is still some years away, plans for semi-permanent bases are already under way.

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Specific Douglas studies involve: design of the logistics system...the temporary lunar housing...the configuring of an Earth orbit space station which can be attained early in our space program.

Douglas engineers are also directing their attention to closed environmental systems in the vacuum of space; radiation protection for men and equipment; systems for communication between Earth and the lunar vehicle during its space voyage; and to the operation of a moon base.



Major Douglas Divisions are located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Charlotte, North Carolina.



JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLER watches over our whiskey just as his father and uncle before him and Mr. Jack before them did it.

We have several gauges in our still house. And our distiller uses them, especially this whiskey safe where the whiskey trickles out. But mostly he tells things are going right by listening, smelling, tasting—*feeling out the run*. You see, he holds that instinct and experience can never be replaced by instruments in any step of making whiskey. Compare a sip of Jack Daniel's, and we believe you'll agree.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Room at the Top

For the seventh time since World War II, the Federal Reserve Board last week made it harder for investors to buy stock with borrowed money. It did so by raising the so-called margin requirements from 50% to 70%—meaning that to pick up \$1,000 worth of listed stock, an investor will have to put down at least \$700. The Fed's seven governors, who often split on other matters, voted unanimously for the "precautionary" boost. But they passed the word around that they plan no further movement of margins for quite a time.

Why the increase last week? The Fed believes that the recent flurry of stock splits and dividend increases has at last begun to tempt many small investors back to the market, and it wants to protect them from going too far out on a limb. Loans for stock purchases have jumped 43% in the past 16 months to \$6.9 billion. While this is little more than 1% of the value of the shares on the New York Stock Exchange, the Fed figured that the upward trend meant it was time for tightening, and felt that the market was strong enough to take the margin increase.

Strong Footing. When margins have been raised in the past, the market has usually responded by dropping for a fortnight or so, then climbing anywhere from 5% to 27% for three months to a year before topping out. Last week the Dow-Jones industrial index worried off 5.19 points in the first day after the hike, but came back 6.78 points in the next two days to close the week at 750.81. Where the market will move next depends much less upon margins than upon the soundness of the U.S. economy. As of last week, U.S. business was climbing toward all kinds of new records in 1963: a \$584 billion

gross national product, \$462 billion in personal income, \$27 billion in after-tax corporate profits.

The Dow-Jones index has risen 40% since June 1962, and the market is on much firmer ground than it was at the time of its previous peak in December 1961. The average price of stocks in the Dow-Jones average is 19 times per-share earnings now v. 25 times earnings then. Of the 30 Dow-Jones blue chips, 18 are selling for less now than at the end of 1961, although their profits are generally higher. (The index is up largely because of strong gains by eight stocks: Chrysler, G.M., International Harvester, General Electric, Texaco, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of California and Sears.)

Fastest Risers. Of 1,140 stocks on the Big Board, 880 have risen and 250 have fallen this year. The fastest risers lately have been the manufacturers of color-TV sets and office equipment, while the laggards have been the space and defense stocks. As of last week, brokers were generally bullish about many drug producers, airlines and electronics companies, and down on hotel chains, real estate firms, savings and loan associations. Perhaps it is time to be wary when most Wall Streeters start talking alike, and perhaps the market will take a beating if tax-cut hopes fail. But there is a consensus on Wall Street that the bull is strong and there is still plenty of margin at the top.

FINANCE

Charlie's Profit Instinct

One of the least known men on Wall Street is slight, balding Charles Allen Jr., 60. His investment banking house, Allen & Co., belongs to no stock exchanges, seldom joins in a syndicate deal with other houses. But few men on the street have as much wealth and power as this former brokerage-house runner. As the major and often controlling stockholder of half a dozen important companies—in steel, shipbuilding, chemicals, drugs, insurance and other industries—Allen & Co. supervises their financing, advises their management, and devises new ways for them to profit.

Last week Charlie Allen qualified as Wall Street's most happy fella. Ogden Corp., which he controls and has transformed from a loose holding company into a carefully diversified profitmaker, reported nine-month earnings up 260% to \$2,000,000. Other companies in which he holds a big interest—Colorado Fuel & Iron, American Bosch Arma, Warner Bros. Pictures, Teleregister—were also doing well. The star performer was his Mexico City drugmaker, Syntex. On the American Stock Exchange, Syntex shares have risen from \$35 in January to \$249 last week. With a controlling 25% of the stock, Allen

has earned a paper profit of \$12 million on that one company this year.

Quick Turns. How does Allen pick the winners? "I have hunches," he once explained, "a feeling backed by common sense. I never buy anything without that feeling—and of course there is always luck, most everything is luck." But not all. A lone wolf, who operates

SEN MARTIN



INVESTMENT BANKER ALLEN
LUCK, HUNCHES AND YAMS.

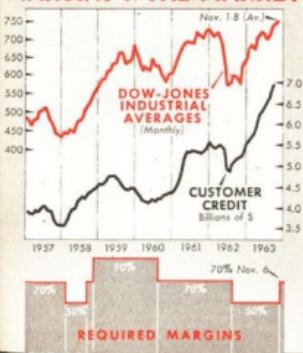
with his brother Herbert as his only partner, he sizes up a situation's profit potential and often commits his capital in a matter of hours. If the deal goes sour, he gets out just as fast. The decision to buy into Syntex, which he first read about in FORTUNE, came within half an hour after Allen had analyzed its balance sheet.

Syntex had been doing modestly well extracting male and female hormones from the barbasco (giant Mexican yam) and supplying them in bulk to other drug firms. Its bulk hormones are still the base for several birth-control pills, but Allen also had Syntex place greater emphasis on its own brand-name ethical drugs, which now account for nearly 80% of its business. Profits last year rose more than fourfold, to \$7.3 million.

At Ogden, Allen staved off an attempt to liquidate the company's assets a decade ago, has diversified it into plumbing supplies and filters, also bought New Orleans' Avondale Shipyards, now the nation's most profitable big shipbuilder. Generally, Allen gives management a free hand, but he also roots out failures. Says Ogden Vice Chairman Maurice Sindeband: "If things are going badly, he will come around and ask, 'Why aren't you making any money?'"

Back from the Crash. Bronx-born Charlie Allen left high school to start at the bottom in Wall Street. At 19, with \$1,000 in savings, he opened his own

MARGINS & THE MARKET





DU PONT WORKERS RETRAINING IN MICHIGAN

Pains with progress.

bond trading business, was later joined by his younger brothers Harold and Herbert. By 1929 they had "nickel-and-dimed" their way to their first million, then lost it all in the crash. Charlie's instinct for profit has served so well since then that his personal worth is close to \$500 million.

THE ECONOMY

More in Less Time

Not since the Roaring Twenties, when production per man-hour rose 5.3% yearly, has there been such a sustained rise in the productivity of the U.S. economy. While manufacturing productivity from 1947 to 1962 increased only 2.9% a year on the average, it has jumped more than 4% in each of the past two years. Last week the Department of Commerce reported that the gain will be 4.3% this year. "Most impressive," said Walter Heller, chief economist for the President.

But Government economists fret over the pains of progress in an economy that needs fewer blue-collar workers as it becomes more efficient. A 4% rate of rise in productivity means that the U.S. will have to create 2,400,000 jobs every year just to keep unemployment from climbing above the current high level of 5.7% of the work force. If the productivity spurt continues, factory production will double in the next 20 years without creating any new jobs. Some U.S. economic policymakers have characteristically begun to argue that the job of making jobs will require not only a cut in taxes but a boost in Government spending as well.

Bonus for Breakthroughs. Productivity is being increased partly by men but mostly by machines. In the past five years, such devices as continuous mining machines, automatic freight yards and automated pipeline networks have increased the productivity of coal miners by 35%, rail workers and oilfield roughnecks by 25%.

Though management argues that labor alone has done little to enhance productivity, labor has contributed by

becoming better skilled and schooled—with the help of management. Du Pont uses the new "teaching machines" to upgrade its blue collars so that when their jobs are made obsolete, they can shift over immediately to new ones. Kaiser Steel recently started to pay monthly bonuses for increases in productivity and reductions in production costs, has paid an average \$524 per man so far this year, finds that workers now take noticeably greater pains to prevent costly mechanical breakdowns.

Labor Becomes Impatient. Productivity has been rising faster than labor costs, which went up 3% in manufacturing last year. The pressures of unemployment have moderated union demands, but there are signs that labor is becoming impatient. The current issue of the AFL-CIO's monthly magazine, *American Federationist*, says that the productivity rise "justifies and even requires higher wage increases that have been occurring in the past several years." Everyone concerned expects a showdown next April, when the United Auto Workers are due to reopen their contract with an industry that is setting new highs in production and profits. Last week in Washington, U.A.W. President Walter Reuther said that labor chiefs should demand increases that at least match the gains in productivity.

Wage rumbles, on top of recent price rises by steelmakers and other manufacturers, have started the New Frontier worrying about prospects of renewed inflation. To head it off, a top policymaker confides, the Administration early next year will issue a new round of wage-and-price "guidelines" for labor and management.

INDUSTRY

Restless Virgins

The Virgin Islands used to be the place to forget about the factory. The sand is white, the weather right, the pleasures plentiful—and a Pan Am tourist book even advises women visitors to leave their girdles at home. Now industry is coming to the Virgins,

and the results so far are unsettling to many of the islands' 36,000 year-round residents.

In the vanguard are 57 small manufacturing companies drawn to the Virgins since 1957 by a favorable tariff concession: merchandise moves into the U.S. duty-free if 50% of the cost of processing it was spent in the islands. Seven watch companies—including subsidiaries of Hamilton and Buren—assemble movements from Japanese, French, Moroccan and even Russian parts that are imported at the Virgins' low 6% tariff rate. Other companies process shoelaces, textiles, pens and medical thermometers. Old-line sugar planters complain that they can no longer get cane cutters at 60¢ an hour while the new factories pay \$1.15, and housewives cry that the monthly cost of maid service has inflated from \$30 to \$60.

Freeze in the Tropics. Governor Ralph Paiewonsky, however, is after bigger business. He offers a ten-year corporate tax forgiveness and other come-ons that have blown up a storm of protest. Many islanders objected when Paiewonsky agreed to pay \$3,000,000 to Harvey Aluminum for dredging a ship channel near a \$25 million alumina plant that it is building on the island of St. Croix. To critics Paiewonsky snaps: "We don't want suitcase industry that comes in and takes tax concessions for ten years and then runs out. Heavy industry is what we need."

In the biggest fight of all, Paiewonsky is trying to shift the islands' agriculture out of sugar cane—which is raised on 155 mostly small, uneconomical estates—and into citrus and other higher cash crops. Over protests of the sugar growers, Paiewonsky is urging the federally run Virgin Islands Corp. to close the islands' one creaky sugar mill. "Vicorp" itself is negotiating a long-term lease of 1,700 acres of government-owned and money-losing sugar fields to Big Industrialist Daniel K. Ludwig (TIME,



GOVERNOR PAIEWONSKY
Sweeter without sugar.

*"What
was that stock
you mentioned
the other day?"*

Before there was time for an answer, the dealer had opened the bidding, and the evening commuter bridge game was in full swing.

But whatever that answer might have been, we knew from experience it had to be wrong.

Because whatever stock might have been appropriate for one of the men just couldn't, in our opinion, be considered suitable for the other — the one who asked the question.

No, we don't know the full facts about each man's financial circumstances. But we do know them both well enough to be sure that their investment situations differ radically.

Take the man who asked the question — let's call him Jones. He's 40 years old, a successful contact man for a big advertising agency, with an income of about \$30,000 a year. Good money, of course, but there's reason to believe he's living right up to the limit of his income — maybe a little beyond. We know because he told us he had re-financed the mortgage on his house in order to raise the cash to buy a new Jaguar. He's got \$2,500 left over, and he wants to "make a killing in the market" in order to ease the pinch of club dues, college tuition for his daughter, and boarding school bills for Jones, Jr. He asked us what to buy, and we told him he shouldn't buy anything. Just put his money in a savings bank.



He hasn't bothered to ask us for a tip since.

Now consider the circumstances of the man to whom the question was addressed. Smith is the head of a small but very profitable wholesale drug house, a business he inherited from his father ten years ago. Since then he hasn't had a worry in the world. Not about finances anyway. His three kids are all through school and even his youngest, Linda, has a good job as a teacher in our local high school. His home is all paid for, and his scale of living is considerably more modest than Jones's.

Over the years, he has taken the profits from his drug business and used them to build a solid, well-balanced portfolio of stocks, with increasing emphasis in recent years on growth stocks, even some of a rather speculative nature. Not all his purchases have been successful — not

by any means — as he has been candid enough to admit. But the important point is that Smith can afford to take sizable risks in the hope of making some attractive gains — and he has done that, too — while Jones, of course, can't afford to take any risks at all.

The moral is obvious: Prudent investing depends on individual circumstances. What's sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander. Not in the stock market, anyway.

If you would like to know what our Research Department might think about your situation — what you might prudently buy — you have only to write us a letter setting forth the essential facts about your circumstances and your objectives. We promise you a thoughtful, detailed, individual reply, including specific suggestions — without charge of any kind.

Just write to —

JOSEPH C. QUINN, Vice President



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MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

Aug. 2). Ludwig intends to raise citrus for frozen juice then blend one part Virgin Islands juice with nine parts of juice from his plantations in Panama; the higher cost of juice from the islands, plus the cost of canning it, would add up to 50% of the total and enable the mixed juice to move to the U.S. duty-free.

Live on Liquor. Now that industry is arriving, the islands seem less paradiseal. But then, there has always been a little trouble in paradise. Because almost everything has to be imported from the U.S. mainland, living costs are expensive—except for goodies that are brought in to the islands' free port to woo the tourists. Says one newly arrived businessman: "Only the luxuries are cheap. If you could live on liquor, cigarettes and perfume, you'd have it made in the Virgin Islands."

WALTER DABAN



BICKMORE & PRODUCTS

The package has to say "Buy Me!"

CORPORATIONS

Nabisco's Rising Dough

Take two cartloads of flour, sift, add 2,750 gallons of shortening, 3½ tons of salt, 190,000 packets of yeast. Mix well. Let stand and rise for 19 hours. Mix again. Let stand another four hours. Roll into thin sheet and cut into small squares. Place in 300-ft.-long oven for three minutes at temperatures ranging from 560° to 620°. Yield: 28,280,000 salting crackers.

That would be enough to keep 100 families in crackers for a lifetime, but it is scarcely a third of the daily output of one of the 74 plants of the National Biscuit Co. The world's biggest baker of cookies, as well as a pantryful of other goods from arrowroot biscuits to zwieback, Nabisco has increased its sales 27% in the past five years, to \$526 million in 1962, and white-thatched President Lee Smith Bickmore, 55, has reported that sales for 1963's first three quarters are a cracking good 7% ahead of last year's. Bickmore's sales recipe:

"We are in impulse merchandising. The package has to say 'Buy me!'"

Out of the Barrel. Packaging made Nabisco. The company began 65 years ago as an amalgamation of regional cracker bakers, quickly dominated the industry by taking the cracker out of the barrel and putting it into a box as the original Uneeda Biscuit. Nabisco now sells its 139 kinds of cookies and crackers in 307 different packages. Raymond Loewy designs them, and they are carefully test-marketed to gauge the lure of their colors, shapes and such gimmicks as "resealable linings."

Nabisco's 3,500 salesmen prowl groceries two or three times each week, checking coded numbers on packages to see how they are selling, and moving older shipments to the front so that shoppers will take them first. If a product spends too much time on the shelf, Nabisco buys it back from the store and grinds it into pig feed. Among the recent failures that went to the hogs were Sesame Thins and Celery Thins. When one shareholder asked at the annual meeting why Sesame Thins had been dropped, Vice President Nile Cave answered: "This happens to be an item I personally like, but unhappily other people don't seem to."

At a New Jersey plant, a panel of "schooled and trained" tasters snap, bite and nibble the 700 to 800 new products that the company whips up yearly on its research budget of \$3,500,000. Only six or eight of a year's budget of products ever get to the shelves. Currently Nabisco is test-marketing "Team Flakes," a four-grain cereal of wheat, rice, oats and corn.

Into Foreign Markets. Nabisco's top seller is still its Premium Saltine, which reinforces the company's principle that most Americans prefer plain foods. President Bickmore himself is a plain-food man. A tithing Mormon from Paradise, Utah, he began in 1933 as a Nabisco salesman in Pocatello, Idaho, but was laid off in a Depression cutback, and started again as a porter in a company warehouse. As he worked up the line, Bickmore took some studies on the side from both Dale Carnegie and Harvard Business School. Since becoming chief executive three years ago, he has bought out Cream of Wheat and the James O. Welch candy company* of Cambridge, Mass., as well as biscuit bakers in Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, England and France. A notebook in his unlettered desk holds his secret expansion plans for the company. All Bickmore will say is that within the next five years he intends to spread more products abroad, push sales close to \$800 million, and lift profits 50% above last year's record \$30 million. Helping out the cause, Bickmore logically begins each day with a bowl of Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

* Owned previously by the brother of John Birch Society Founder Robert Welch, who was himself advertising director of the candy company until 1957.

PERSONALITIES

A chief executive of Chicago's Bell & Howell since July, President Peter George Peterson, 37, always finds himself compared with his relentlessly energetic predecessor, Chairman Charles Percy, who is now running for Governor of Illinois after having built the movie-equipment maker from \$13 million to \$148 million in yearly sales. The two men, long tennis-playing pals, are cast in the same mold, but Peterson is if anything a shade more cerebral than his former boss. An advertising expert who has also taught marketing at the University of Chicago, Peterson was a vice president of McCann-Erickson by 27, moved to Bell & Howell as executive v.p. in 1958. He originated its series of TV documentaries on such controversial subjects as integration, and is an omnivorous reader on topics from politics to psychology. His chief problems today are to pull together Bell & Howell's extensive recent acquisitions in electronics and business equipment, and to reverse a two-year downturn in profits. Already, third-quarter earnings are up 20% from last year.

ARTHUR SIEGL

PETERSON



J. EDWARD BAILEY

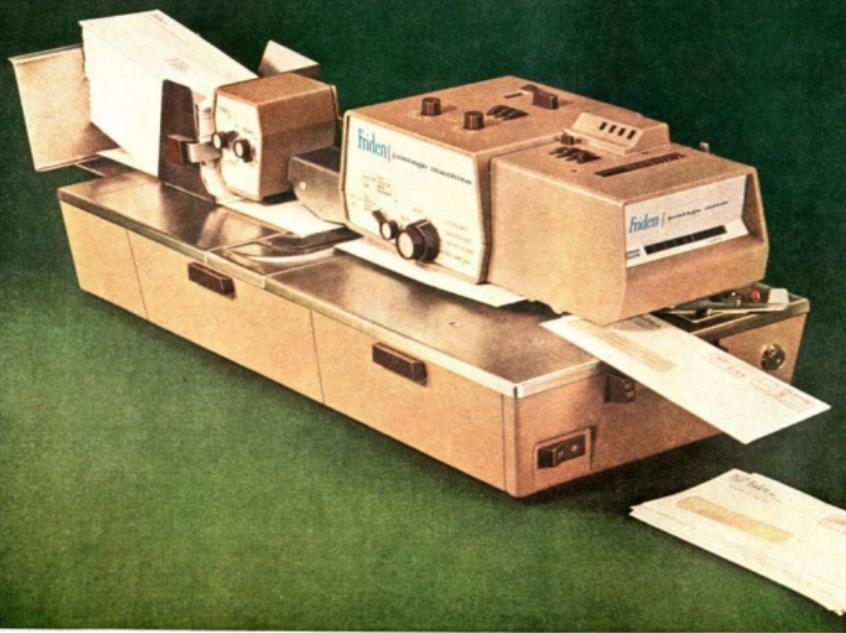
IT'S not hard to straighten out a company, but to make it grow—that's another question," says President William Edwin Grace, 55, of Detroit's Fruehauf Corp. Five years ago, when Grace was called in to straighten out the nation's largest truck-trailer maker, Fruehauf was loaded with \$250 million debt and a big fleet of unsold trailers, and was heading toward red ink. Grace overhauled Fruehauf's loose corporate structure, set up a rigid system of divisions and committees copied from General Motors, and "gave people authority as well as responsibility to get their jobs done." During 1962, profits more than doubled to \$16 million on sales of \$270 million, are expected to be higher this year. Now Grace is driving Fruehauf in new directions: recently it has begun to lease trailers, build freight cars and materials handling systems. A wiry Texan who has a disconcerting habit of juggling a tennis ball while he talks, Grace started as a male secretary in a small Fort Worth trailer company, made himself a millionaire in oil, cattle, real estate.

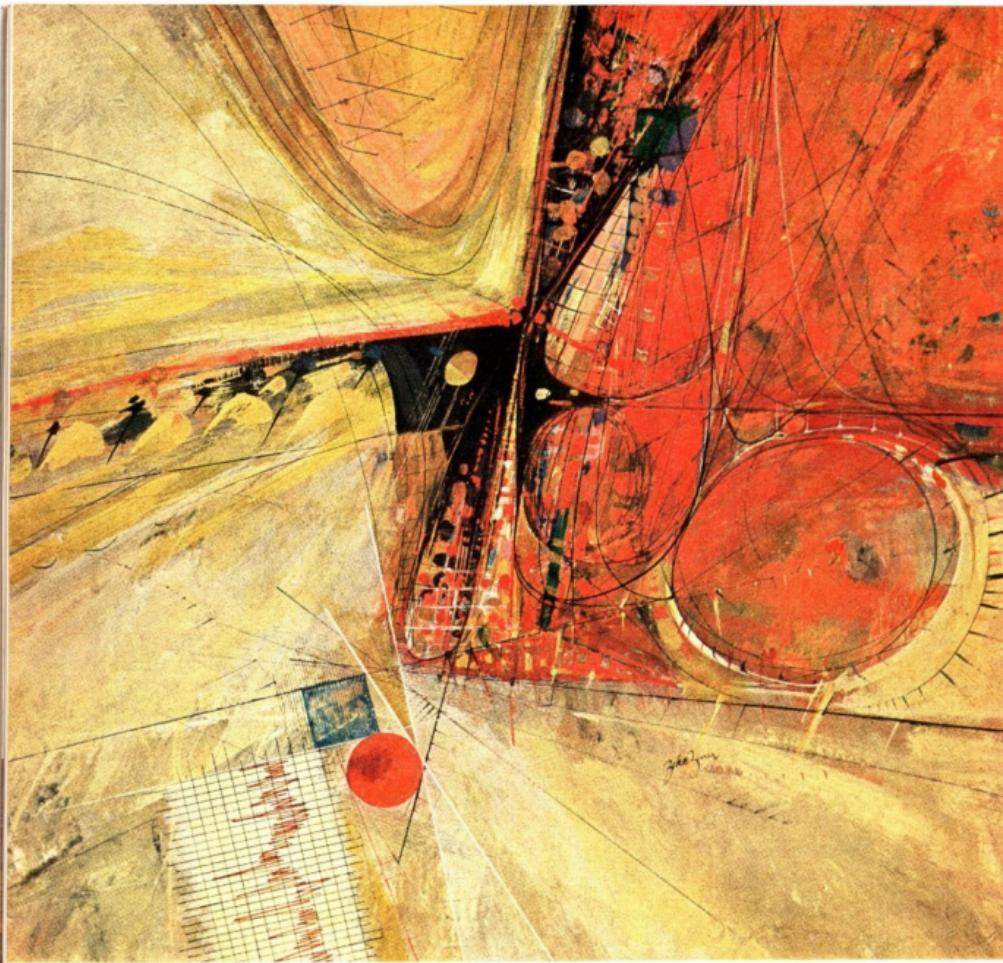
The all-new Friden Postage Machine: new speed, new ease, new accuracy

NEW FROM FRIDEN IN 1963 Now many bothersome chores are eliminated from the mailroom by exclusive features in the all-new Friden Postage Machine. ■ Easy-to-use dials change dates or select postage — no clumsy levers; envelopes are fed automatically, nested or un-nested; tapes are prepared wet or dry without presetting; postage values on gummed tapes are retained or cleared automatically; printing speed adjusts for short or long envelopes. And these are just half the features that insure accuracy, increase efficiency, save time and money. ■ This is another in a series of new products coming from Friden designed to increase the scope of practical automation in the office. ■ Before you buy any postage machine let the person doing the job try the Friden. ■ You can arrange for a no-obligation demonstration or receive a colorful folder by calling your local Friden man. Or write: Friden, Inc., San Leandro, Calif.

Friden

Sales, Service and Instruction Throughout the World





How to keep a Corporation Young

Everyone wants to be mature, but no one wants to grow old.

The task of being a mature corporate citizen in a rapidly expanding technically-oriented economy entails several areas of responsibility.

It implies, on the one hand, the ability to impose on oneself a variety of demanding disciplines—scientific, administrative, financial. And, on the other hand, to generate and encourage an unquenched spirit of inquiry, of

challenge, of willingness to try new ways of doing things.

At Celanese, we try to nourish the forces of innovation within a framework of corporate and scientific discipline. This policy is deliberately designed to encourage diverse points of view within the Corporation and to provide an environment in which continuous rejuvenation can occur, better to serve our customers, our employees, our shareholders and the economy as a whole.

Celanese®

Celanese

CHEMICALS FIBERS PLASTICS POLYMERS

WORLD BUSINESS

BRITAIN

London's Bridges Building Up

The icy shock of rejection by the Common Market has had an unexpectedly bracing effect on Britain's exports, which are heading to a record \$11.2 billion this year, 7% more than in 1962. Sales to the U.S. are up 9%, led by a profitable parade of Triumph sports

CATHERINE NEWS AGENCY



MANAGER PARKES & SALES AID
Every flight a lesson.

cars (now second after Volkswagen among cars imported to the U.S.), Perkins diesel engines and aircraft parts. British businessmen have also been working the eastern side of the street, selling large amounts of steel to Red China and machinery to Russia. But the fastest rise in British exports is to the Common Market, which will buy 15% more from its rejected suitor than it did last year.

Like many of his business peers, Lord Rootes, the auto manufacturer, believes that the rejection by Europe's Six "was perhaps a good thing, because it has put Britain on her toes to look for expansion in world trading."

The Language of Money. The newly aroused British could teach even the hard-selling U.S. trader a trick or two. One steel-products maker, Brockhouse Trading Facilities, found that its export manager, Reg Parkes, had been an R.A.F. pilot, bought him a small plane for calling on Continental customers. Wilkinson Sword Ltd., the blademaker, now treats the British market simply as part of Europe, and salesmen travel to Milan or Hamburg as casually as to Glasgow.

British businessmen are even shaking off many of their traditional notions about British manners, measures and money. Export prices are not so often quoted only in sterling these days, and delivery dates are no longer taken so

lightly. By learning to cut men's suits to Continental tastes, the Leeds tailoring firm of Atkinson Rhodes expanded its exports to half of its total volume. Senior executives are increasingly attending language schools, and their proficiency will be rated, from "elementary" to "advanced," in exams set up by the London and Birmingham chambers of commerce. For the recent "British Week" in Zurich, promotional pamphlets were printed not just in German but in *Schwyzerdütsch*, the Swiss dialect.

A Word of Caution. Booming exports are leading the way to a 4½% gain this year in Britain's total output, which did not grow at all last year. Auto production, helped also by strong demand on the home front, is pulling 28% ahead of last year. Consumer credit and retail sales have been rising for three straight months. The economy is moving so well that some British leaders are crossing their fingers. Last week Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling said that wages and prices have been holding steady, thus giving British exports a competitive edge that he hoped would not be blunted in the current round of wage negotiations.

Betting with Bill

In a luxurious London flat one morning last week, stocky William Hill, 60, puffed a delicious Havana and thumbed his *Financial Times*. Then he took his coat from the butler, stepped out to his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, and rode off for a spot of shooting at Harrow before he showed up banker-late at his office. Bill Hill is every inch a proper British tycoon. Commanding an empire with an annual turnover of \$126 million and 2,000,000 enthusiastic clients, he is the world's biggest bookie.

Coupons & Computers. While voters in New York City voted only last week to set up a committee to consider legalizing off-track betting, Britain has had long experience with the idea. Wagers on horse races, dog races and football (*i.e.*, soccer) matches are aboveboard in Britain and add up to a \$3 billion annual bet. Hill is a profit-making pragmatist: "Modern bookmaking is merely a question of buying and selling money. It's a business like a bank or an insurance company."

Risk Capitalist Hill owns more than 50% of the stock in Holders Investment Trust, Ltd., whose shares are listed on London's stock exchange and have raced from 28¢ each in 1955 to \$28 now. Holders has three separate betting companies and 3,000 employees. Telephone networks link them with Hill's agents at all the major tracks and stadiums, and a computer processes client accounts and prints checks. Hill has special training courses for his "settlers," the clerks assigned to sort out the winners, who theoretically can hit up to

24,000,000 to 1 in football for picking the precise scores of ten matches. (The longest shot Hill has ever paid was 3,-960,000 to 1 on a bet of threepence.)

Every week in the eight-month football season, Hill sends out more than 900,000 coupons to his clients, who are color-coded in his files according to where they live. Their selections are mailed back with postal money orders, to the delight of Her Majesty's post office. A blue-chip list of 100,000 clients also enjoys instant credit, ranging up to unlimited amounts for those whom Hill calls "oil tycoons, potentates and people like that." Luckily his bad debts run to less than 1%, for gaming debts are legally uncollectible. Hill's company averages a 5% profit on most types of bets, last year earned \$1,300,000.

Helped by a Law. Hill's eight-story palace of percentages is a long shot up from his beginnings in Birmingham, where he was one of ten children of a car painter. He left school at twelve to work for a farmer and soon made—and lost—his first bet on a horse. He became a bookmaker in his teens, eventually moved to London. Only bookmaking on credit was legal then; Hill built a clientele among the upper classes with solid credit ratings. His fast breakaway came three years ago when Parliament passed a Betting and Gaming



HILL AT HOME
Every inch a bookie.

Act, which outlawed bookmaking in the streets and was designed to reduce betting. But the act actually encouraged it by authorizing wagering for cash and off-track "betting offices"—15,000 of which have since opened in Britain. "I warned them then," says Hill. "Now even housewives are getting the habit."

Not all is gravy, even for a bookie. There is constant danger of big hits; jubilant Hill bettors collected a record \$3,600,000 in a single day last year.



CRASH PROGRAM AHEAD? INSIST ON THE GIRL WITH THE GUARANTEE
She'll hand it to you when she reports for work—our written
100% guarantee that she's right for your job. If you're not satisfied
with her job performance, you don't pay us. Call on KELLY GIRL® service for
temporary help on any special project.

*1963, Kelly Girl Service, Inc.

KELLY GIRL
SERVICE, INC. Headquarters, Detroit 3, Mich.
100% GUARANTEED TEMPORARY OFFICE HELP

Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.

has purchased the properties of
Texas Pacific Coal and Oil Company
for a consideration of \$60,579,443,
subject to a
reserved production payment of \$216,000,000.

The undersigned acted as financial
advisor to the buyer.

Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.

November 4, 1963.

There is competition from smaller bookmakers like Ladbroke's (whose clients include the royal family) and from football pools. The pools, playing it safer, give winners only a cut of all the money collected, but the "fixed odds" bookmakers such as Hill set their odds in advance, and sometimes lose more than they take in. Last season terrible weather ("all that bloody ice and snow") ruined odds, postponed football matches, cost Hill a loss of \$1,600,000 on his football business. "Fixed odds is a very risky business," says Hill.

Stud Poker. Hill intends to fight such adversity with diversity. He has branched into a blouse manufacturing firm, and a fortnight ago joined other millionaires, including Industrialist Charles Clore, in something of a stud poker game: they are starting a cattle-breeding service with a number of Friesian bulls. But despite the fact that gambling built his own fortune of \$30 million, Hill has not placed a bet for nearly ten years. He figures that he would not get a kick out of it if he won, and would be very annoyed if he lost. He has even become slightly moralistic about wagering. He advises Englishmen: "Don't bet. But if you have to, bet with William Hill."

THE NETHERLANDS

The Gas Battle

On the wind-whipped Waddenzee Islands of The Netherlands last week, battered landing craft disgorged load after load of equipment and intense men from as far away as Texas, Kuwait and Brunei. Growling Land-Rovers raced up and down sandy stretches recently surrendered by vacationing Dutchmen; helicopters whirred overhead. The invaders represented some of the 24 oil companies that are gunning for a share of the world's second largest natural gas deposit (after Texas). The Dutch government conservatively estimates that 1,100 billion cubic meters of gas bubbles under the Waddenzee Islands and the northern provinces. Others reckon that the fields contain five times that amount.

Though The Netherlands was long thought to have no natural resources to speak of, promising pockets of gas were discovered by Esso and Shell on the mainland four years ago in the course of a search for oil. The Dutch government, shrewdly invoking a vague Napoleonic law of 1810 that claims all underground natural resources as state property, forced the two oil companies into a state-dominated consortium called NAM (for Nederlandse Aardolie Maatschappij). The government takes 73% of its income, leaves 27% for Esso and Shell, and so far has granted every natural gas concession to NAM. Lately rumors of huge finds on the islands have brought other companies rushing in with hopes of getting a piece or prospecting offshore.

The gas war has its comic aspects. On Ameland Island in the Waddenzee



Sentry reports

on 3 common myths about Workmen's Compensation Insurance

Myth No. 1—That Workmen's Compensation Insurance coverage is a cut and dried proposition—you "pays your money and takes your choice."

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Don't take it for granted that your employees—or your liability as an employer—are fully covered in cases like these. If you'd like more information, drop a note to Al Carne, Sentry Insurance, Stevens Point 1, Wisconsin.

Myth No. 2—That higher premiums mean quality protection.

Fact: that the best costs the least is a somewhat tired slogan. But in the case of your Workmen's Compensation Insurance program, it happens to be a bald statement of fact. Sentry, like any of the major companies writing Workmen's Compensation Insurance, wants to lower—not raise—your premiums. And we will go to considerable lengths to help you do just that.

Myth No. 3—That insurance companies all offer about the same service.

Fact: insurance companies are composed of people, just like any other business, and they vary widely in their own cost of operation, in the way they train and supervise claims staff and safety engineers who serve you, and in the type and the amount of service they can afford to give you. Professional service in handling claims and preventing accidents means both low cost and good employee relations.

More than 36,000 firms carry Workmen's Compensation Insurance with Sentry. Work Comp started in Wisconsin and we were an early pioneer,

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group, half the rooms in the tiny Hofker Hotel are occupied by NAM, half by Caltex. After dinner, each side glares at the other in the lobby; at night, the prospectors push their beds across their doors to guard maps and working papers. After technicians from Socony Mobil Oil checked into the adjacent Hotel De Jong, scouts from Caltex and NAM began to frequent the De Jong bar, hoping to pick up valuable slips of the tongue. Last week British Petroleum and a party of French seismologists also landed.

Regardless of which company comes out ahead, the Dutch are bound to gain. Some of the gas will be used to fuel new aluminum and ammonia industries in The Netherlands, and about 15 billion cubic meters will be exported yearly to prop a narrowly unfavorable balance of trade. Gas will also replace the country's meager supply of coal as consumer fuel. As a result of the finds, gas prices for Dutch householders are to be lowered 25% next month.

GERMANY The Magnificent Dachshund

In postwar Germany, U.S. cars were derisively dubbed *Strassen Kreuzer*—street cruisers—because of their king size. Last week in Manhattan, Germany's Daimler-Benz showed off a new auto that is not just cruiser size but more like a battleship. Spanning 20 ft. from stem to stern, the Grand Mercedes 600 is the world's longest auto. It is also one of the lowest: less than 5 ft. high, it has the low-slung lines of a dachshund. Boasting all the latest engineering innovations (disk brakes, adjustable pneumatic suspension system, fuel-injection 300-h.p. engine), the 600 seats eight, including two on rear-facing armchairs, and sells in the U.S. at \$23,000. For the economy-minded, there is an 18-ft., six-passenger model for \$20,000.

The 600 is the proudest thing Daimler-Benz has created since Walter Hitzinger, 55, took over two years ago as chairman of the vastly successful automaker (1962 sales: \$900 million). Though the decision to build the 600 had been made earlier, Hitzinger sped it along in the belief that the company should resume its prewar practice of

producing an "ultraprestige" auto for nobles and moguls. Production will not begin in earnest until next summer, but Daimler-Benz already has orders for more than 400.

MIDDLE EAST

Cleaning Up after Lawrence

"A terrific roar, and the line vanished from sight behind a spouting column of black dust and smoke." So wrote T. E. Lawrence, in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, of his World War I dynamiting raids on the Hejaz Railway, the 782-mile "pilgrim express" whose single track linked Damascus with the Islamic holy city of Medina. Lawrence of Arabia reduced most of the line to a snarl of sprung steel and splintered ties. Nearly half a century of desert winds and systematic depredation have done the rest. Bedouins ransacked the abandoned stations, pried loose wooden ties for cooking fires. In Medina the station house is a shell, its doors torn off.

At last some modern contractors are going to clean up after Lawrence & Co. In Riyadh next week, government representatives from Jordan, Syria and Saudi Arabia will sign a \$28 million contract with a British consortium—Alderton Construction Co., Ltd. and Martin Cowley, Ltd.—to renovate the German-designed railroad. A team of 200 engineers, working from air-conditioned railway cars, will direct an army of Arab laborers as they rebuild 55 stations and 1,900 bridges and culverts, lay 750,000 ties and 23,000 tons of rails at a planned rate of one mile a day.

CINEMA

Wall-to-Wall Range War

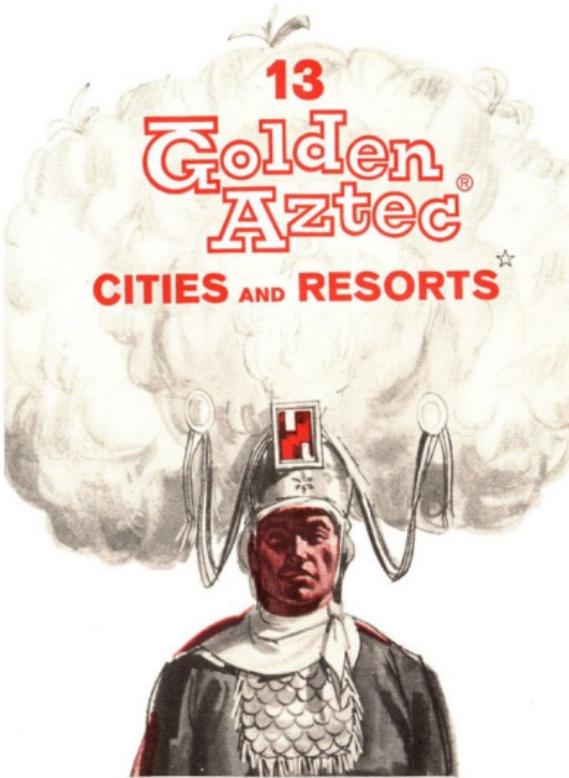
McLintock. A John Wayne western used to be as rigidly formalized as a Japanese *No* drama: sheriff v. badman, farmer v. cowman and all that. This latest epic shovels up songs, slapstick, civic spirit and a drawing room comedy cut to the size of a range war. It is dedicated to the proposition that where there's a will, there's a Wayne, or even several of them. *McLintock* is produced by Son Michael, 29, casts Daughter Aissa, 7, in a minor role, and features Her Apparent Patrick Wayne, 24.

But at 56, Big John is still king. As Cattle Baron George Washington McLintock, he rules a dusty duchy that includes a town, a railroad depot, and a couple of hundred square miles of the Mesa Verde. "I'm gonna leave most of it to the nation for a park," he says. The only thing G.W. can't rule is his missus, Maureen O'Hara, who keeps bolting out of the herd and heading East, where she picks up the notion that she wants a divorce. Mesa Verde's social horizons seem limited, since the highlight of the season is apt to be a free-for-all that ends with half the territory slugging it out hip-deep in a mudhole.

Before Maureen can slip away with Daughter Stefanie Powers to strike a blow for gracious living, McLintock takes Patrick on as a ranch hand. The youngsters' romance blooms as soon as Stefanie disposes of her Harvard-educated suitor. Out in Marlboro country before the turn of the century, Harvardmen don't amount to much—they are apt to sing and dance and run off at the mouth. "He says anyone who wants to sell at a profit is reactionary—that's me!" Wayne growls.

After seeing it that the old frontier

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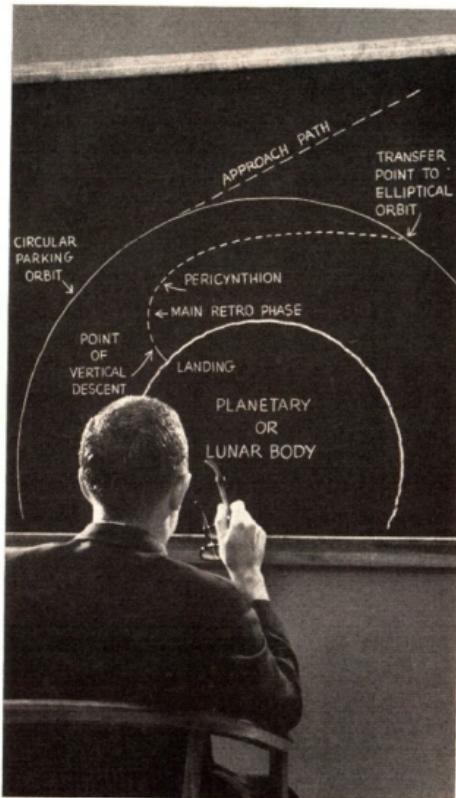
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How do you provide power for spacecraft?

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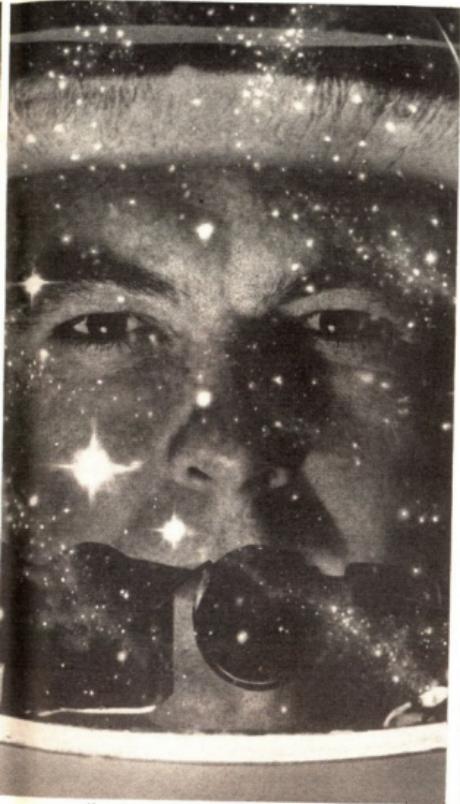
For example, in landing a vehicle on the moon, the most desirable paths and transfer maneuvers from one orbit to another must be determined. Our Analysis, Simulation and Computation Group found that the calculations necessary to define any point of transfer can be made relatively simple. This, in turn, permits greatly simplifying the mechanics of the total landing system.

In another area, we are developing on-board power systems which will provide long-life, electrical power for satellites and space vehicles. These include thermionic and thermoelectric generators, fuel cell systems and closed-cycle liquid metal and gas heat engines.

Our first time-of-flight mass spectrometer for analyzing the type of gases and ions found inside and outside a space vehicle was rugged, fast and accurate. But it weighed 700 pounds! While increasing performance, we reduced the weight to less than 20 pounds. Current uses of these new, small-scale instruments include analyzing both natural and space environments and spacecraft life-support atmosphere.

Our work in advanced space communications and radar covers almost every major space effort to date. A current example is our contribution to the success of SYNCOM, NASA's synchronous communications satellite. We developed the ground terminal complex of electronic equipment to communicate with the satellite as it "floats," in an apparently fixed position, 22,300 miles above the earth.

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How do you monitor a space environment?



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does not become too New, McLintock has to settle matters with his wife ("What put that burn under your saddle?"). For the film's showdown, Wayne and Actress O'Hara square off in the middle of town. Stripped to her shift, Maureen is dunked in a trough, turned bottomside up for a spanking, finally has to take a running jump onto the buggy to catch a ride home. But women need that. In Wayne's West, a bit of rough-and-tumble is all it takes to keep a girl's mind off divorce.

Too Much Remembered

Muriel, for all its flaws, is another absorbing exercise in style by Director Alain Resnais, master hand of the new French cinema. *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, which wove past and present into a breathless idyl snatched from the ashes of war, was followed by the romantic, enigmatic *Last Year at Marienbad*. Now, in *Muriel*, Resnais plunges into the labyrinthine corridors of memory, suggesting much, saying little, rarely glancing behind to see whether his audience is keeping up with him—as not much of it will.

Filmed in blatant color (plenty of raw sienna) in the booming channel city of Boulogne, *Muriel* delights the eye chiefly in the sentient beauty of *Marienbad's* Delphine Seyrig. She arrestingly portrays a frightened, fortyish widow who invites her former lover to a reunion after a separation of 22 years. A free-loading weakling and barfly, Alphonse (Jean-Pierre Kerec) arrives from Paris accompanied by a young actress he introduces as "my niece." The girl quickly attaches herself to the widow's melancholy stepson, recently returned from the war in Algeria. Soon the unlikely quartet is caught up in an orgy of reminiscence.

Eager to embrace the past, the widow keeps only tenuous links to the here and now. Her apartment has become an antique shop in which everything is for sale. "Be careful with these dishes—they are sold," she warns her dinner guests. Every evening she compulsively gambles away all she owns at the local casino. She spurns a stolid admirer who is in the demolition business, destroying the old to make way for the new in the "martyred city" of Boulogne. Most troubled of the four is the widow's stepson, who cannot forget (nor can any conscientious Frenchman, Resnais seems to suggest) the part he took in the torture and ultimate death of a young Algerian girl named Muriel. The boy's awful recollections are hidden away in recordings and photographs, part of his weird search for a sort of *son et lumiere* catharsis.

Thus everyone shares time's cruel burden, trapped by the memory of transient pleasures impossible to renew, tragic errors impossible to erase. Only the nubile "niece," played with a fine flair by Nita Klein, escapes untouched for now. "I've had enough of this dump with all its memories," she snaps, and



From molten metal . . .



to strip . . .



to you, quick

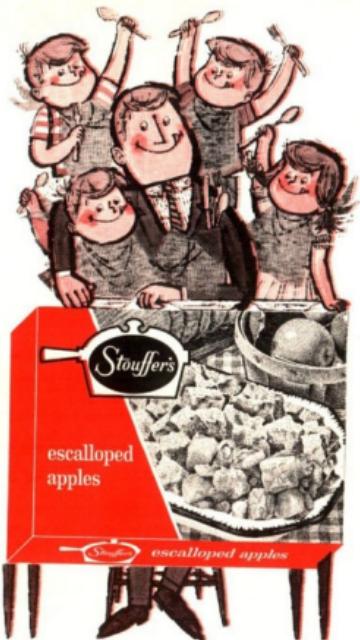
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TIME

w
w w
w w h

takes herself right back to Paris. Swiftly cutting from person to person, place to place, Resnais' camera leapfrogs through time, often with stunning effect. Even more daringly, he lets dialogue overlap—voices from one scene continue into the sequence following, or precede images yet to come. Sometimes confusing, the device at its best is a vivid projection of the simultaneity of events.

Resnais fails at last because of his very strengths: a thin narrative collapses under the weight of technical virtuosity. He offers shadow instead of



SEYRIG & KERIEN IN "MURIEL"
An orgy of reminiscence.

substance, a clutter of seemingly irrelevant minutiae (a shrill soprano on the sound track, doors endlessly opening and closing, limbo shots of notes being written, reams of small talk, and provocative clues to heaven-knows-what) instead of reality's elusive core. "When you get right down to it, it's a trite story," remarks Actress Seyrig to her long-lost vis-à-vis. A master without a theme, Resnais has claimed that his films are made to be felt, not understood. But *Muriel*, with characters who are basically tiresome folk, is more apt to pique curiosity than to stir the senses or touch the heart.

Bringing Up Father

Take Her, She's Mine, adapted from the Broadway play, enunciates a proposition to which any reasonable man would eagerly subscribe: "Girls turn into women." But Jimmy Stewart is not a reasonable man. He plays the doting dad of a teen-aged twiplet (Sandra Dee), and like most doting dads he has firmly decided that his little girl is always going to be a little girl.

Sandra has other ideas. She goes off to college and sings folk songs in "a place where everybody has a beard except one or two of the girls." Father rushes to the rescue, gets caught in a culture riot inspired by *Tropic of Cancer*, winds up with his name on the front page (**LAWYER BATTLES COPS FOR DIRTY BOOKS**) and his daughter kicked out of school. Sandra then shoots off to Paris



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One Car is Enough

With most car manufacturers promoting the concept of "2 car families," a new suburban community just to the north of Chicago is trying to reverse this trend. The place is Westbrook Farms; and, according to its developer, families there do not need a second car because almost every important facility and convenience is within walking distance of the homes.

Residents of Westbrook Farms (which is located within the 100-year old village of Wheeling) can walk to a new grammar school, a new junior high school, a new Medical Center and a local shopping center. An 18-hole golf course is right next door. A Cabana Club is soon to be built in Westbrook Farms which will have an Olympic-size pool, bath-houses and tennis courts. In addition to these "walk-to" conveniences, residents can go swimming, horseback riding, bowling, just a few minutes from their homes.

Since the working suburbanite is generally a commuter, this points up one of the special attractions of Westbrook Farms. Its ideal location provides residents with excellent transportation. They can drive



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PRESIDENT OF WESTBROOK FARMS
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in 35 minutes, on toll-free expressways, to Chicago's Loop or travel on modern air conditioned commuter trains or buses in even less time.

Plans and Planners

Dick Brown, an engineer-turned-builder, is the developer of Westbrook Farms. For years he planned what he hoped would be a "near perfect suburban community." Working with his staff and with leaders in the home building industry, he strove to find an answer to the housing needs of young, middle income families. It appears he has done just that.

With sales moving at an amazing rate, Dick explains his success quite simply. "There has been no special secret to it. We just gave the people what they wanted—the right combination of good home values

and a good community." But what he has actually done, *less simply*, is to provide families with the important things they have not been able to find in many other places . . . a suburban setting with city conveniences, clean, attractive outdoor play areas for their children and a community of neighbors eager to share a more satisfying life.

A New Suburban Look

Westbrook Farms has successfully avoided the "look-alike" dreariness of so many suburban developments. From street to street and along each street, homes vary in color, design and individual touches. An unusual "customizing plan" adds to the distinctiveness of these homes. Buyers are offered numerous variations on the original model home designs, often at little or no extra cost. Attached garages, basement plans, dining rooms, recreation rooms and extra bedrooms are among the options available at Westbrook Farms. Even great care is given to interior touches: the choice of hardware is made only after considerable consultation and planning with the company that produces Sargent locks.

Less Than Rent

Moderate price is the rule at Westbrook Farms, beginning at \$16,990 and ranging through the middle twenties. No down payment financing is available to qualified buyers. Monthly payments, which include principal and interest, are from \$94.26—probably less than many families are currently paying for rent!

"With Westbrook Farms' wide selection of home styles," says Dick Brown, "it is unlikely that a middle income family can't find what they want in a home here." With the production of homes in Westbrook Farms scheduled to continue without let-up through the winter season, buyers are indicating they like what they see.



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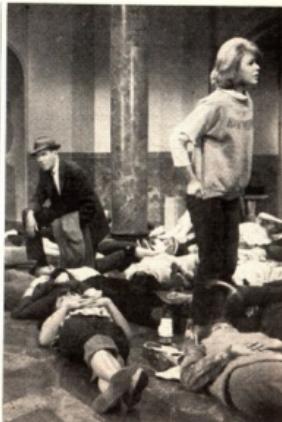
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STEWART & DEE IN "TAKE HER"
Girls turn into women.

to study painting, and gets a portrait of herself reprinted in LIFE—a portrait with five cubistic breasts. Father rushes to the rescue, steps innocently into a *maison de tolérance* to make a phone call, gets caught in a raid, winds up with his name on the front page (*LAWYER NABBED WITH UNDERWORLD QUEEN*) and his daughter disgraced in the eyes of her French fiancé's family.

And so on, till Sandra gets tired of bringing up father and the customers get sick of a script that finds sublimated incest cute.

A White-Hot Plot

Maniac is a lethal little thriller that succeeds in spite of itself. The acting and direction are so-so, and the character motivations cloudy. But the picture has an ingenious, neatly reticulated plot that packs some walloping surprises. An acetylene torch is the deadly weapon that keeps suspense sizzling.

In a creepy prologue, the terrors to come are capsuled in a roadside café owner's blazing vengeance on a rapist who attacks his daughter, lovely Liliane Brousse. For this, the father is adjudged insane and sent to an asylum. Four years later, itinerant Artist Kerwin Mathews happens along, promptly falls in love with Wife-Stepmother Nadia Gray and agrees to help her husband escape. What happens next? Just about everything, most of it unexpected, non-formula, and deftly contrived to lead the audience into a maze of wrong assumptions.

Maniac is good clean sadism that seldom falters until the final frames, when the fun is diluted in a 3.2 Hitchcock solution. A chase through an underground quarry might have worked out fine for Alfred, but this shock show scores highest when it is being its unpredictable self.

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Teller of Tales

DOROTHY AND RED by Vincent Sheean. 363 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

This memoir begins in the breathless manner of a modern Ouida. The place: Berlin. The time: 1927. The occasion: the brilliant polyglot birthday party of a great lady shining with the glamour of international journalism in an age of prima donna correspondents.

At 33, Dorothy Thompson was at the beginning of her later fame, and at the bitter end of her marriage to Josef Bard, a sponging Hungarian cad whom she had mistaken for a genius. Despite the presence of a former Prime Minister of Hungary, the "momentous guest" was a 42-year-old American novelist—Sinclair Lewis. After dinner, the guest wasted no time, cornered his hostess and asked her to marry him (he neglected to mention that he was already married). Replied Dorothy: "I don't even know you, Mr. Lewis."

Wet Lip. Biographer Vincent Sheean did, and what he did not know then he later learned as house guest of the Lewises at Barnard, Vt., and from the Dorothy Thompson papers at Syracuse University. "Jimmy" Sheean was "too pretty" and had "a wet lower lip," his friend Dorothy noted in her diary, but there was nothing the matter with his eyesight; his book about the private and public life of Dorothy and "Red" Lewis is an extraordinary thing. Involving as it does the privacy of two people recently dead and known to thousands of others who are still living, it has an awful fascination.

The fascination comes chiefly from Dorothy's letters and the excerpts from her diary; Lewis' letters are relatively short and humorously impersonal. Some of Dorothy's entries are almost embarrassingly intimate, such as the entry for Sept. 21, 1927, eight months before they were married. "A dreadful night . . . At 8:30 he phoned. His voice was thick. 'I'm shot . . . come here, darling.' She found Lewis passed out on his bed. 'I cried terribly. Something in me collapsed.' She bathed his face. He woke, and 'lifted me into his bed, clasped his arms around me, and went fast to sleep again on my breast.' For the next few hours, Lewis alternately woke and slept. 'All the time I was sobbing. I saw how everything is going . . . I saw that being a woman has got me, at last, too . . . All the time he was making love to me. Feebly, but tenderly.' Lewis got up, lurched into the night, and returned with a bottle of cognac, which he could not manage to open. 'Suddenly he looked at me. His eyes were like red moons. He started to whimper. 'I cannot ruin your life . . . you are wholly good . . . Get up—you mustn't stay here—I will take you home . . . Tomorrow I will go away . . . You will never see me again. I am finished . . .' I saw he

could not take me home . . . And so I went back to bed, and he held me close to his heart, and slept softly."

But Sheean found Dorothy formidable. His image for her is Boadicea, militant queen of the ancient Britons, who cut men down to size by affixing scythes to the wheels of her war chariot. In her letters to Josef (some of them never sent), she recited all his infidelities like a great divorce lawyer. She reproached him: "I was a girl and you made me a woman, a woman and you made me into a man." She developed a theory of marriage and love that could occur only to the unhappy.

"His sexual nature suffered to the very brink of impotence through this physical humility," writes Sheean, though how he could possibly know this is not made clear. This gratuitous bit is typical of other bits of amateur psychoanalysis that Sheean attempts throughout the book. He is more confident about including evidence that Dorothy—while demanding all of a man—had divided sexual loyalties herself. Her diaries do indeed confess to emotional engagements with other women. Especially bizarre is the fact that one of the women involved was the Baroness Hatvany, strapping authoress of that classic of the schoolgirl crush, *Mädchen in Uniform*. But, overall, the relationships did not seem to amount



SINCLAIR LEWIS & DOROTHY THOMPSON ON THEIR HONEYMOON
The love of Boadicea and a man who did not exist.

She proclaimed that men were getting worse and women better, and therefore men were unfit to dominate women. It was clear, her letters and diaries tell, that she could love no one but a philosopher-king of preternatural beauty who was also kind to children.

Clown v. King. Sinclair Lewis can only be pitied for having sponsored himself to fill this tremendous bill. On one count he did: he was the most famous American writer of the decade. But philosopher he was not, and in public he was more clown than king. His genius worked only when he was alone—and sober. And he was to prove very unkind to children—especially his own.

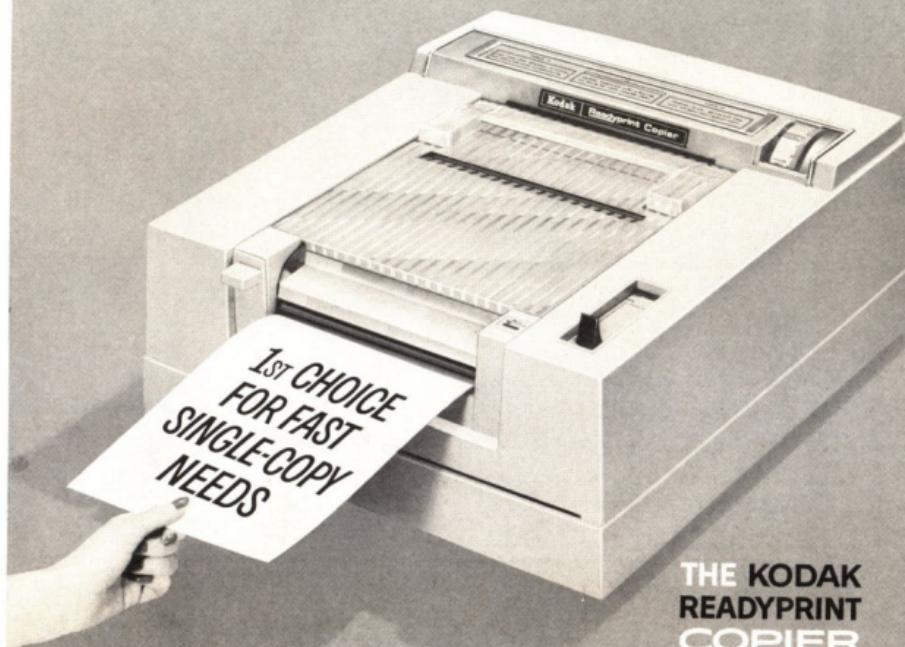
As for beauty, Dorothy had fallen for Josef's dark looks, and learned beauty was deceptive; she was prepared to settle for Red's mottled ugliness and honest gaucheries of manner. Sheean, however, finds heavy significance in Lewis' "disastrous" complexion—lumps and pustules which he called "hickies" and left untreated (with occasional exceptions: he got cleaned up by electric needles to receive the Nobel Prize). The hickies produced an "awful involuntary humility."

to much. "Have no fears, I ain't thataway," Dorothy wrote Lewis once.

Back to Babbitt. The Lewises spent their honeymoon rattling romantically by "motor caravan" over idyllic English and Scottish countryside, Sinclair diligently working on his next novel, *Dodsworth*, and Dorothy reporting the sights for U.S. readers. The trip was marred by Lewis' occasional outbursts of bad temper, but the marriage did not begin to run into real trouble until after Red and Dorothy returned to the U.S. in 1928. They found the country subtly but profoundly changed, and the change affected the precarious private balance between them. Mrs. Babbitt, whom Lewis had invented, had joined a women's club to listen to Dorothy Thompson. From her pulpit in the New York Herald Tribune, Dorothy became the most novel and formidable of a new kind of popular leader—the political commentator. As her fame rose, Red's receded, eclipsed by a sophistication he had helped to create.

But the fact is that private life for the Lewises had become impossible. When Lewis was not working, he drank like a

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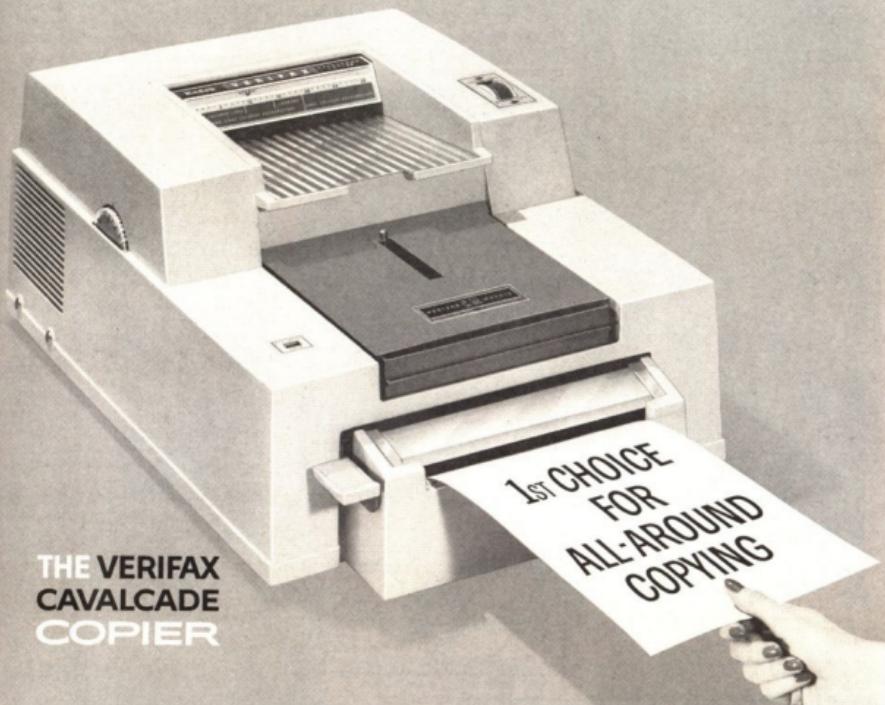
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school of fish. He liked to clown around with pals, and at a party would do everything short of putting a lampshade on his head. But Dorothy was deadly serious. Their apartment in New York, like their house at Barnard, was often filled with pundits or important news sources. He often taunted her: "You, with your important little lectures—You, with your brilliant people."

Dorothy wrote a number of long, sad, reproachful letters trying to make Red into something other than he was. They were unanswerable and usually were unanswered. Anyone could have told her that when a wife has to write letters to her husband, the game is up. It was the last straw when Red got badly stage-struck. He made a fool of himself in his own terrible play, *Angela Is 22*, and cavorted with a series of leading ladies in a series of other plays. "I am horrified," Dorothy wrote. "You are happy. I happen not to be. I have loved a man who didn't exist."

Wrong Fury. Lewis lived nine years after their divorce in 1942. The lonely, tragic fiasco of Lewis' last days has been told in Mark Schorer's biography, and makes nonsense of Sheean's theories. The furies that possessed Lewis were not traceable to a schoolboy complexion. As for Dorothy, her last days were calm, anonymous and happy in a third marriage, to Maxim Kopf, a thick-knuckled Czech painter who treated her, perhaps for the first time, as a woman with no knives on her chariot's wheels.

But Sheean's liberal use of her intimate diary has removed that anonymity from everything else. Sheean says that the fact some passages were annotated or edited proves that Dorothy wished them known to the world. Other friends insist that she had been going over her records with the intention of writing her autobiography. Certainly, those entries give the book its chief quality. Beside their directness, Sheean's running commentary often seems outrageously intrusive. It is as if the reader had been watching through a one-way glass the agonies and the ecstasies of two troubled people—then suddenly out pops Sheean, the friendly family psychiatrist, commenting learnedly on the painful scenes just witnessed as if they were just so much case history.

With Dash & Bitters

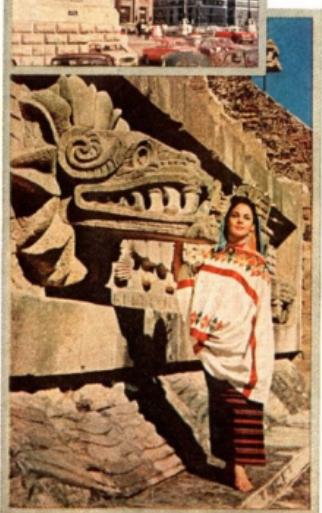
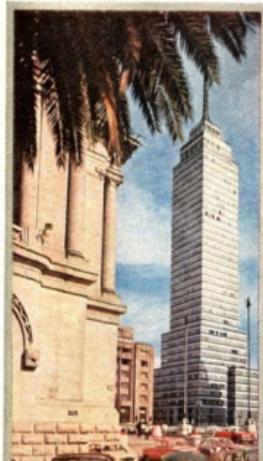
THE NEUROTIC'S NOTEBOOK by Mignon McLaughlin. 96 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

"My thoughts, I guess, are bitter," allows Mignon McLaughlin. "Who but the bitter have thoughts?"

"Mike" McLaughlin's brand of bitterness is more Angostura than *Anzg*. "What we love about love," she observes, "is the fever, which marriage puts to bed and cures." In this book of aphorisms, jotted down in the time she can spare from her job as managing editor of *Glamour* magazine, Authoress



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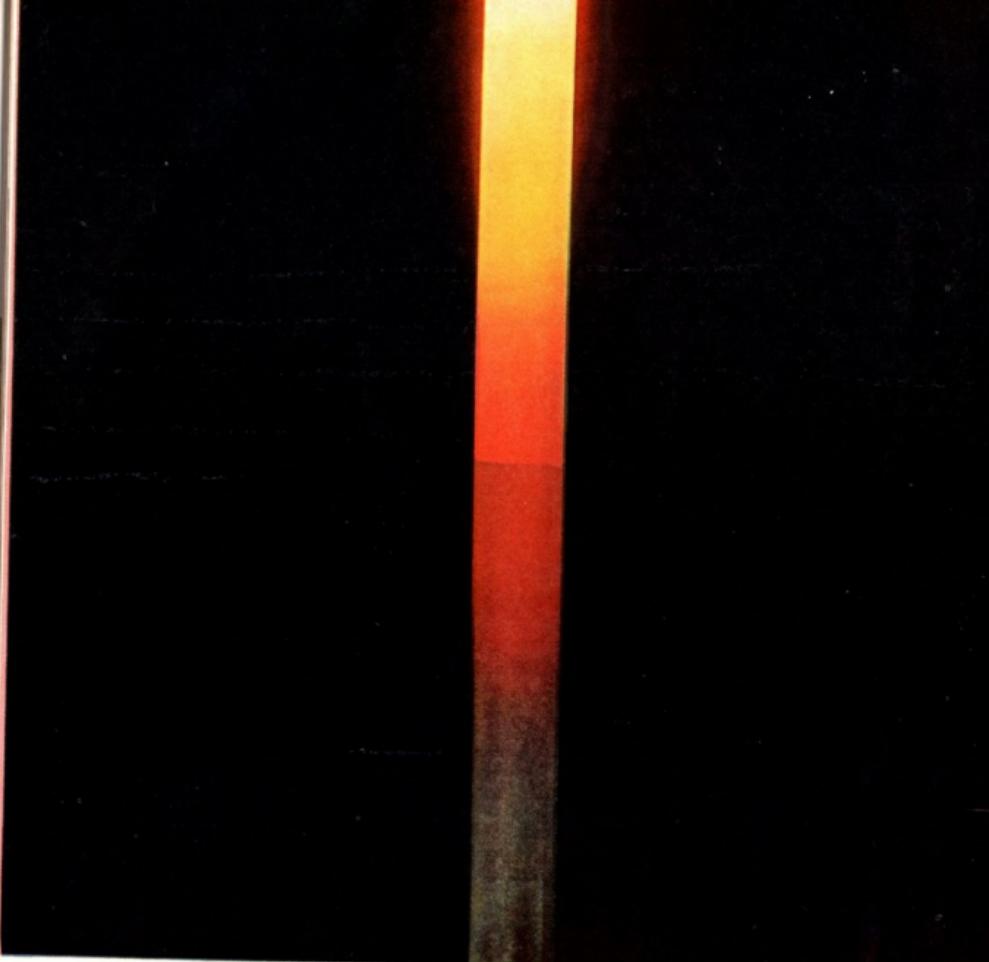
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McLaughlin impales her prey with the cool detachment of a lepidopterist. A neurotic, according to *Neurotic's Notebook*, "has perfect vision in one eye, but cannot remember which," and goes through life feeling "like a Christmas shopper who keeps dropping his packages, and it's raining." Other glimpses through the rain:

"A virtuous woman is perpetually threatened by a cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

"A man wants a woman who can still



MIGNON McLAUGHLIN
Impaled in the rain.

surprise him, but only when he is in the mood for it."

"Many wives are forgiven for falling; few for falling ill."

"Many are saved from sin by being so inept at it."

"We are always baffled and annoyed by a happy marriage between people we dislike."

"When a stranger identifies you from a friend's description, it's just as well you didn't hear the description."

"We are irritated by rascals, intolerant of fools, and prepared to love the rest. But where are they?"

Not in this notebook. According to Author McLaughlin, "Insult, not flattery, is the great aphrodisiac." It's good for aphorists too.

Realistic Fabulist

IDIOTS FIRST by Bernard Malamud.
212 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$4.50.

Bernard Malamud is a poet of the victim. Not the tragic or the hopeless victim, but the absurd victim. In his stories, fate is clearly placable, but his heroes never get the hang of it. They make fools of themselves instead, and, by robbing themselves of dignity, they become somehow more poignantly human.

Malamud's own case is less clear. Ever since *The Assistant* and his collection of stories *The Magic Barrel*, which won the National Book Award in



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1959, Malamud has been recognized as a unique voice in U.S. literature. He catches his vulnerable characters in lurid movement and mid-passion—as if frozen in the light of a signal flare. His ear for Jewish idioms is unfailingly exact. ("We didn't starve, but nobody ate chicken unless we were sick or the chicken was.") But the very quality that makes him an original talent—his feeling for the expressive, flaringly emotional reaches of the Jewish temperament—sometimes leads him astray, causing him to inject into a purely naturalistic story the stylized emotional patterns of the Jewish folk tale, told and retold through generations of racial experience.

That failing is too often apparent in this collection of short stories. The title story, for instance, tells of a dying man who travels about the city visiting friends, pawnbrokers, even a synagogue, trying to raise money to send his idiot son to relatives in California. He gets the money, but before he can put his son on the train he has to struggle with a ticket collector named Ginzburg—who turns out to be Death.

The *Jewbird* tells of a talking bird named Schwartz, who flies into the Lower East Side apartment of Salesman Harry Cohen, seeking refuge from the "anti-Semites" (eagles, vultures and hawks who pick out the eyes of other birds). Schwartz settles down, helps Cohen's small son with his lessons, and reads him comics when the boy is sick. But Cohen cannot stand the bird, finally drives him out into the winter snow. In the spring the boy finds him in a lot, both eyes plucked clean, presumably by "anti-Semites."

As a parable of prejudice, the story is a little too pat, almost embarrassingly funny—but also unforgettable.

Longer and Greater

A SENATE JOURNAL, 1943-1945 by Allen Drury. 503 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$7.95.

Among his fellow Senate correspondents, the United Press's Allen Drury was not considered much shakes. He had a preoccupied air about him, spent much of his time in the periodicals lounge just off the Senate gallery, always seemed anxious to get away as early as possible in the afternoons.

What he did then, no one knew. But now they do: Drury went back to his bachelor apartment and typed out the voluminous entries for *A Senate Journal, 1943-1945*. Published as his third book, it is unlikely to achieve the success of *Advise and Consent*. But for those interested in how the Senate worked and worried in that chaotic, mid-war period, Drury's moonlighting was well worth while.

The Bitterness. Few men are giants to their contemporaries, and while Drury was generally fond of his Senators, he also saw their political wens and warts. Yet it is also true that the Senators of that not-so-long-ago era

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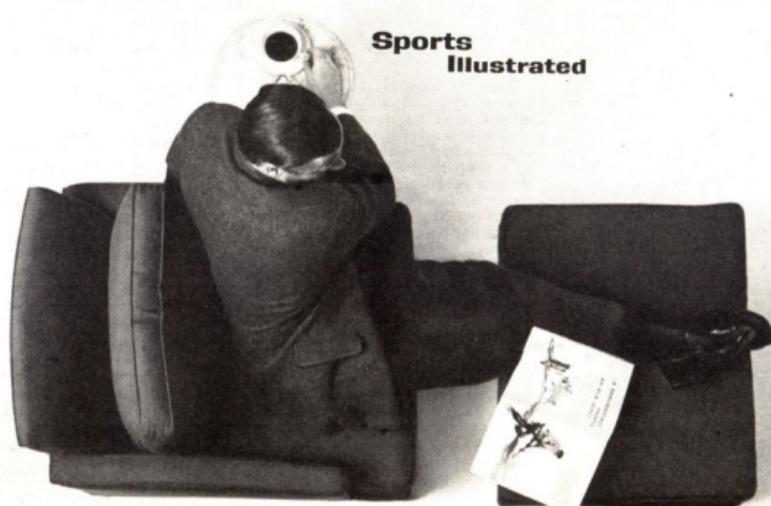
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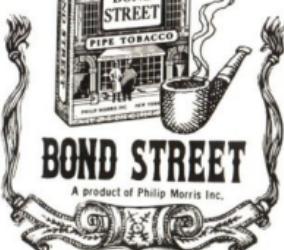
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seemed to walk with a longer stride, to oracle with a greater flourish, and to politick with greater passion than their well-barbered successors of today.

What comes through the book, more than anything else, is the extreme bitterness between the nation's wartime Senate and the U.S. Commander in Chief. On the soldier-vote bill, Senate critics were convinced that F.D.R. was merely trying another trick to gain votes for his fourth-term re-election. Drury quotes a dissident Senator: "Roosevelt says we're letting the soldiers down. Why, God damn him. The rest of us have boys who go into the Army and Navy as privates and ordinary seamen and dig latrines and swab decks, and his scamps go in as lieutenant colonels and majors and spend their time off getting medals in Hollywood . . . I took my oath to defend the Constitution of the United States and that's what I'm going to do. And then we're letting the soldiers down" when we refuse, are we? Why those bastards! Just a bunch of thimble-riggers, that's what they are, and them and that—that—that—man in the White House."

Way for Liberty. The war between Capitol Hill and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue came to a climax with F.D.R.'s veto, over the desperate pleas of Democratic Senate Leader Alben W. Barkley, of a 1944 tax bill. Barkley's one-vote election as majority leader over Mississippi's Pat Harrison had come only with the all-out help of the Administration, and he had felt obligated ever since. But this was too much. Barkley resigned from his leadership post in a highly emotional Senate moment. Senate Democrats promptly caucused and unanimously re-elected Barkley—now, they thought, a free man. Drury recalls the end of that caucus: "Suddenly the conference room door flew open. Again, there was that swift, mass rush toward it. Tall Tom Connally, with his long black coat, bow tie and picturesque long hair, lacking only a stovepipe hat to make the picture perfect, pushed his way out crying: 'Make way for liberty! Make way for liberty!'"

Top Man. Who was the most powerful man in the Senate of that day? It wasn't Alben Barkley, and it certainly was not Republican Leader Wallace White. Neither was it Bob Taft or Harry Truman or Tom Connally or Arthur Vandenberg. It was Tennessee's Kenneth McKellar, partly because of his position as chairman of the Appropriations Committee, partly because of his unmatched tactical shrewdness, and partly because of his histrionic talent for vituperation. Drury gives an account of Old Mack in characteristic action on the Senate floor, taking out after his longtime enemy, then TVA Director David Lilienthal. "The air was empurpled with denunciations and derogations. From time to time some particularly apt phrase would occur to the Senator, and he would repeat it with loving emphasis. His oily, ingrati-



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"When John Brill first recommended a career in life insurance sales I took only half his advice. I went into selling, but in another line. The second time we talked about it I had to admit I wasn't happy . . . too much travel, too little pay. More important, there didn't seem to be any real future. Again he urged me to sell life insurance, and this time I looked into it seriously. I joined Aetna Life in 1959. It's an exciting, rewarding career with all the challenge a man could want. I get a lot of satisfaction out of helping people plan their insurance programs. If I might offer advice, as John Brill did to me, I'd recommend this to anyone who really seeks opportunity."

Robert M. Connelly

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ALLEN DRURY

With a fond view of wens and warts.

ating, insinuating ways,' he cried once; and struck with it, paused for a moment and went back over it with tender care: 'His eely—oily—ingratiating—in-simulating—ways!"

Both Truman and Taft—the Democrat who didn't want to become President but did, and the Republican who aspired all his life to become President but didn't—are major characters in *A Senate Journal*. Drury greatly admired them both. Indeed, during his relatively brief tenure on the Hill, Drury discovered one fact that may never learn: Senators, being politicians, are generally good guys—after all, that is their business.

Dangerous & Rude. In his lengthy book, Drury displays real distaste for only four Senators. One was North Dakota Republican William Langer, who presented his ideas "at the top of his lungs like a roaring bull in the empty chamber, while such of his colleagues as remain watch him in half-amused, half-fearful silence, as though in the presence of an irresponsible force they can neither control nor understand." Another, more surprisingly, was Michigan Republican Arthur Vandenberg. After Republicans helped kill the anti-poll-tax bill, Drury recorded: "To Vandenberg, who as usual would not talk and said so with a smug bluntness verging on the downright rude, it was a matter that should not be boasted about. 'I never believe in boasting,' he said in his pompous voice, as though he had done it all singlehanded, an impression he may quite possibly be victim of."

Other characters people his pages. There was Hattie Caraway, the U.S.'s first woman Senator. There was the legendary Hirami W. Johnson of California. There were "Young Bob" LaFollette and Bennett Champ Clark, both sons of famous political fathers. There were "Cotton Ed" Smith and "Buncombe Bob" Reynolds, "Curly" Brooks and "Glad" Tydings. Today's Senators, alas, don't even have nicknames.



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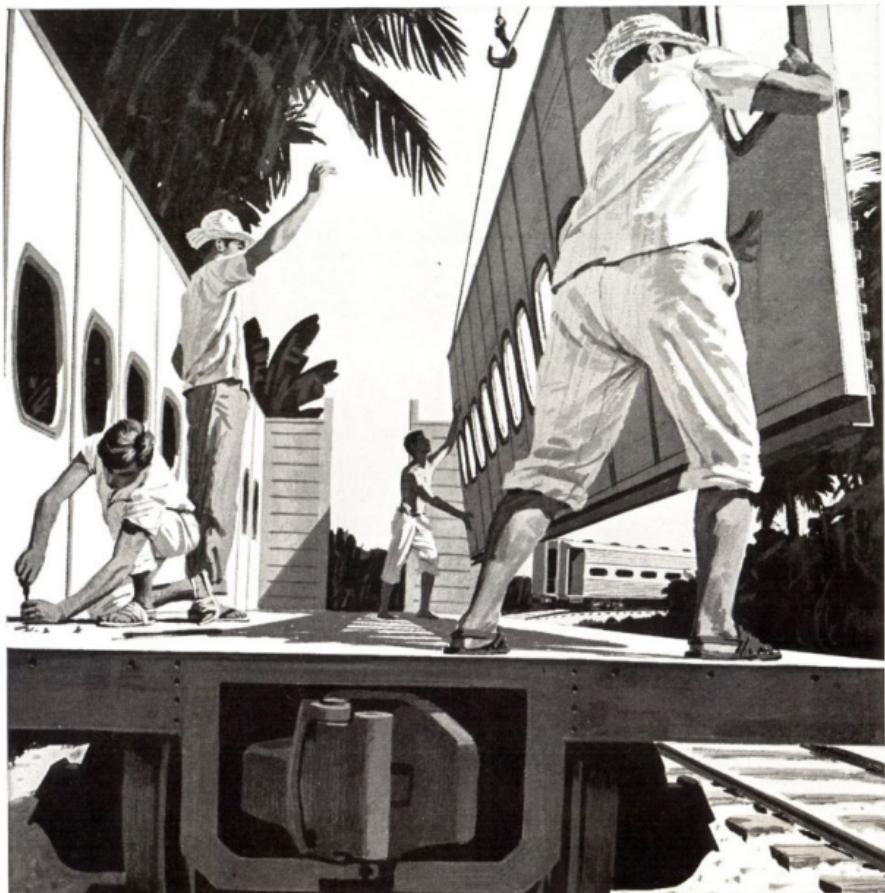
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